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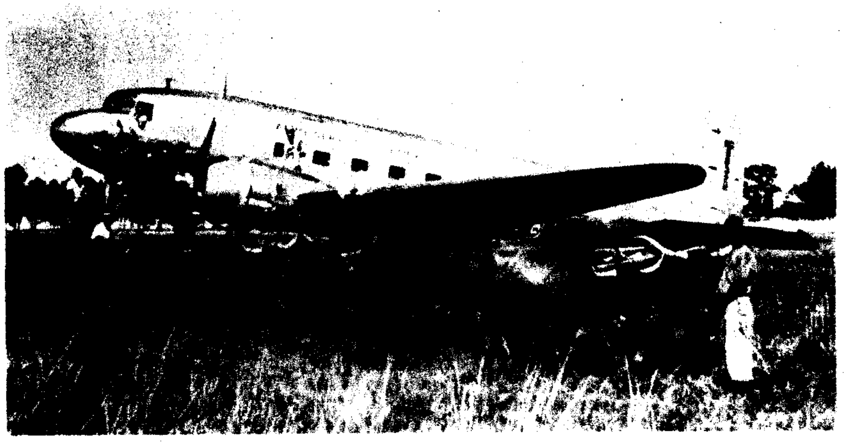
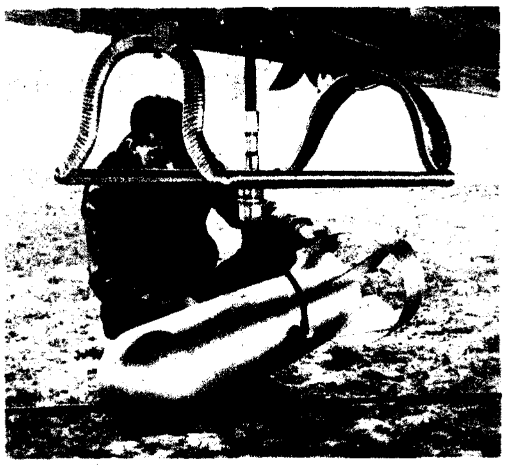
UNENDING STRUGGLE FOR STEEL ★ ★ ★ ★



SOUTH AFRICAN ORE-HUNT: Plane, being gassed from ox-cart in South Africa, is part of world-wide prospecting job being done by American steel companies. Plane hunts ore with Magnetometer (shown at right).



ORE SEARCHER adjusts Magnetometer before take-off. Ore fields cause bobble of electronic pen on map when plane flies over.

CHECKING FLIGHT photos in search of Canadian bush country, as part of the aerial search for iron ore.

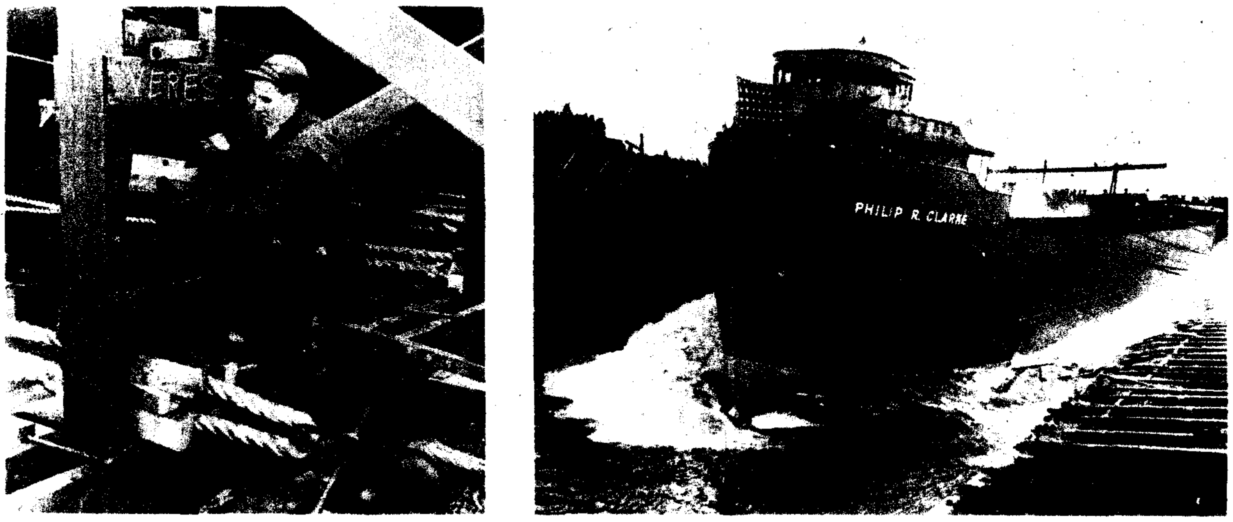
SLAG PILE RE-VISITED: Alloying materials are scarce and hard to find. One source of manganese is the old slag piles of steel mills. Above: technicians tap an experimental furnace in recovery tests for alloys.

EXPANSION CAUSES WORLDWIDE SEARCH FOR RAW MATERIALS

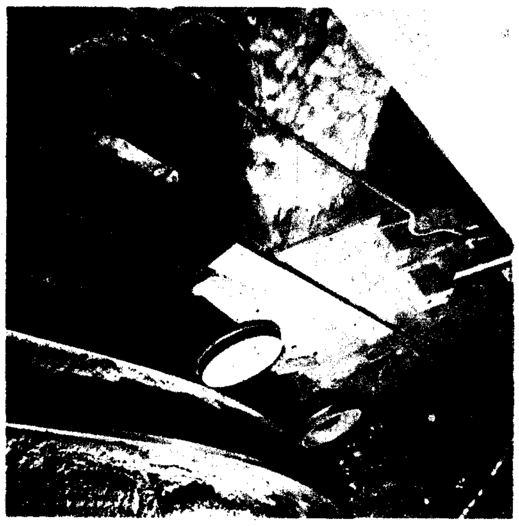
By mid 1953, steel companies expect to have an annual capacity of 120 million tons. That means the 250 companies of the industry could provide enough steel to meet peak re-armament needs with less than 2 months production. What's more, the remaining 10 months at this production rate would yield more steel than the U. S. has ever before used for civilian production in a full year.

To build this capacity, each steel company had to lay its own money on the line, and steel mills don't come cheap. (In mills built today, investments as high as $90,000 are required for each man employed.) Each company had to take a chance on how it will sell its bigger production when the emergency is over. In addition to new mills, the companies had to provide for greatly increased needs for iron ore and other production and transportation necessities.

The story of how the earth is being combed for ore; how ships, railroads and airlines are being built to provide the nation's need for iron ore, is told in a reprint from STEELWAYS Magazine called "The Flying Prospectors . . . and their Partners." Factual, descriptive. Excellent for schools and study groups. Sent free. Write to American Iron and Steel Institute, 350 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N. Y.



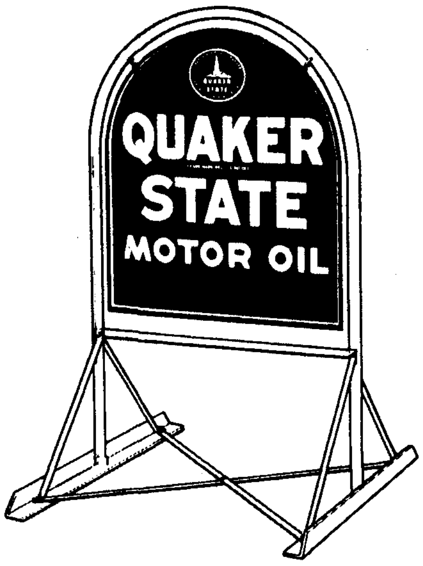
TRANSPORTATION is a story in itself. 120 million tons of steel will create a need to move about 480 million tons of ore, scrap, fuel, other materials. At left workman installs blade in guillotine used for launching new ore carrier. Right: 10 blades dropped simultaneously launching the new ore boat in less than 10 seconds.



GOING UP: Last vehicle in the transportation chain to a blast furnace is the "skip-hoist" car. Limestone is being loaded here.

Romance Cliff, St. Croix River, Minnesota

In every state it's Quaker State for quality!



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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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Some Common Fallacies About
HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

It is estimated that at least 4 million people in our country today have high blood pressure, or hypertension. Moreover, this condition is a major cause of heart disease in middle age and later years. Directly or indirectly, it claims the lives of about 200,000 of our citizens annually.

Despite this heavy toll, medical science can do much for people with high blood pressure. Doctors say, however, that certain false beliefs which many people have about this condition sometimes make treatment more difficult. By replacing fallacies with facts, patients are helped to develop a calm mental outlook—one of the most important factors in controlling hypertension.

Listed below are some of the common fallacies about high blood pressure, and some medical facts which may be reassuring to everyone.

FALLACY #1

That an increase in blood pressure is always a sign of trouble. This is by no means true. In fact, everybody's blood pressure varies from time to time as a result of physical activity or emotional strain.

Such temporary rises in pressure are perfectly normal and are *not* a sign of trouble. However, if such rises occur frequently and are excessive, they may indicate a tendency toward hypertension in later years.

It is always important to have the doctor determine whether blood pressure is *persistently* higher than it should be, and to search for the underlying conditions that may be causing it.

FALLACY #2

That nothing can be done to control high blood pressure. Far from it! Under living and working conditions specified by the doctor, high blood pressure may clear up in some cases before it has a chance to damage the heart and blood vessels. In other cases, the doctor may suggest special diets, drugs, or surgery to help lower blood pressure to a safe level.

In all cases, close and continued cooperation with the doctor in *every* phase of treatment is essential. This is why everyone—especially those who are *middle-aged or older*, those who have a family *history of hypertension*, or those who are *overweight*—should have periodic health examinations including a check on blood pressure.

FALLACY #3

That high blood pressure demands restriction in all activity. On the contrary, many people who have this condition continue to enjoy active, useful lives simply by following the doctor's advice. For example, special diets in which salt, protein, and fats are restricted have proved beneficial in some cases.

Among measures which the doctor also may suggest to help lower blood pressure are: *practice moderation in every physical activity; avoid emotional extremes; bring weight down to normal and keep it there; get plenty of rest; have frequent medical check-ups.*

By carefully observing these precautions, many people with high blood pressure can live long and nearly normal lives.

An extensive research program on high blood pressure is now in progress. Among the agencies that are sponsoring studies on this and other diseases of the heart and circulatory system is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 143 Life Insurance companies. Today there is real hope that the research attack will provide increasingly effective weapons against such conditions.

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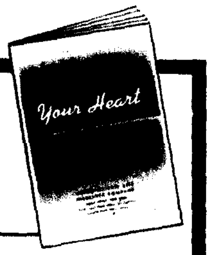
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 552-C, "Your Heart."



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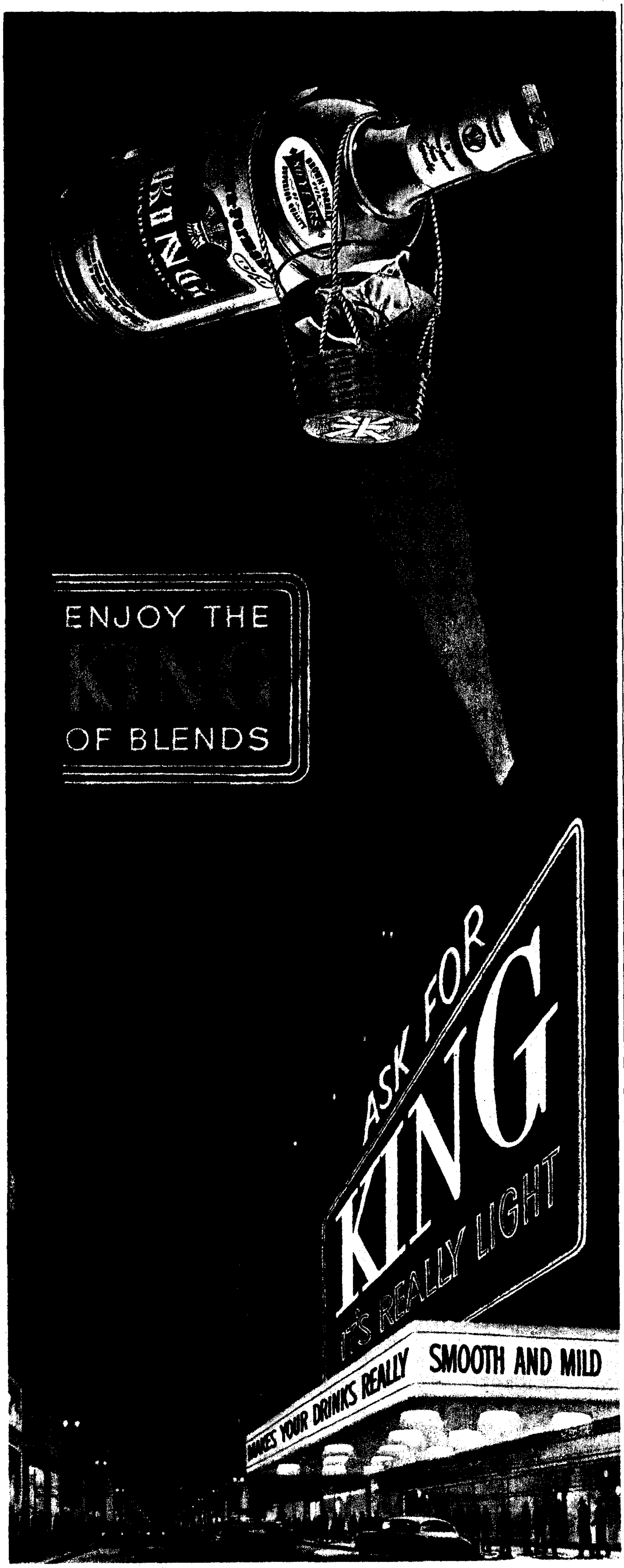

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The Cover

These earnest youngsters are choir members of the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine in New York City. With 34 other choristers, all between the ages of nine and fourteen, they live, learn, play and sing in their own Choir School until their fine soprano voices desert them. For picture story, see page 24.

Week's Mail

Hoffman Fan

EDITOR: Just a short note to tell you how much I enjoyed Irving Hoffman's article (It's a Smile World, Feb. 16th), depicting events and attitudes which he encountered on his world tour. It was quite the most amusing yarn on travel I've read since the Bemelmans articles in Holiday. (Hope the name of that magazine is not a naughty word in your personal publisher's lexicon.)

Irving has got some stories in there that are going to make me quite a popular raconteur around some of the Hollywood taverns these windy and rainy evenings.

BING CROSBY, Hollywood, Cal.

Word from Sid Wanted

EDITOR: Thanks for the entertaining story by Imogene Coca (I "Married" Somebody Else's Husband, Feb. 23d). It was wonderful. Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar are my favorite TV stars. Would like to have a story on Sid's opinions of it all.

BETTY J. ANDERS, Columbus, Ohio

Favorite Scriptures

EDITOR: Congratulations on your very fine feature article presenting The Favorite Bible Passages of 25 Famous Americans (Feb. 23d). It is most encouraging to realize again that our fellow Americans take such an interest in the Book of Books.

When we know that Americans base their thinking upon the Bible, we feel more confident than ever that the free nations led by America will surely win their fight against the forces of godless and tyrannical totalitarianism.

CYRIL CLEMENS, Webster Groves, Mo.

. . . Your frequent features emphasizing spiritual values, the latest being the double-page spread of Bible passages, merit the highest possible commendation. For they cannot but lend impetus to whatever ethical force may be working to strengthen our moral fiber.

I believe that everyone who read those oft-quoted lines must have felt much as I did: a deep stirring inside, a resurgence of old resolves, a shifting of sights to still higher aims.

Since mass evolution is dependent upon individual progress, what could be more helpful to mankind than these messages, delivered into the home by a valued publication such as yours?

WILL MONFORT, Halcyon, Cal.

. . . In The Favorite Bible Passages of 25 Famous Americans you gave titles to various persons, as the Rt. Rev. Henry K. Sherrill, Rabbi Max D. Davidson, Dr. Everett Clinchy, and the Rev. Dr. David De Sola Pool. All of this was fine, and due them. However, in stating the favorite passage of the Archbishop of Boston, you called him merely Richard Cushing, Archbishop of Boston.

The title of archbishop in the Catholic Church carries with it the title of "Most Reverend."

WILLIAM T. MCSHEA, Morgantown, N.C.

. . . How could the selection of so great a man as Herbert Hoover, the only living former President and the greatest statesman of our time, be omitted from The Favorite Bible Passages of 25 Famous Americans?

CLAUDE B. WACASTER, Hot Springs National Park, Ark.

Mr. Hoover was invited to contribute, but he declined with the explanation that it is his practice not to participate in symposiums.

. . . When you narrowed the selections to passages "particularly significant as a light and guide for us today," I was disappointed not to find what seems to me to be the key to the problems that beset us. It is found in II *Chronicles* vii., 14th verse:

"If my people, who are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land."

A. M. REEVES, Nashville, Tenn.

. . . The observance this year of Brotherhood Week, as important as any in its history, was also the most inspiring. Men and women in all walks of life took part. The co-operation of radio, television, magazines and newspapers was outstanding, and the National Conference is deeply indebted to all who made this possible.

We are grateful to you, especially, for your own splendid contribution. "Favorite Bible Passages" was . . . truly outstanding. You have earned the thanks of our entire organization.

I hope that knowledge that you have helped in a great cause will be some compensation for all the effort you have given.

EVERETT R. CLINCHY, New York, N.Y.

NAACP's Marshall

EDITOR: I am sending you congratulations and my thanks for your selection of the article Thurgood Marshall and the 14th Amendment (Feb. 23d).

It is a stunning revelation to me of a really remarkable man; a great portrait too, with depth, breadth and color, from an artist who reveled in his subject.

W. L. W. DARNELL, East Moriches, N.Y.

. . . THANK YOU FOR THAT MAGNIFICENT ARTICLE ON THURGOOD MARSHALL. IT IS OBJECTIVE AND FAIR. KNOWING HIM AS WELL AS I DO EVEN I LEARNED SOMETHING NEW ABOUT HIM.

WALTER WHITE, New York, N.Y.

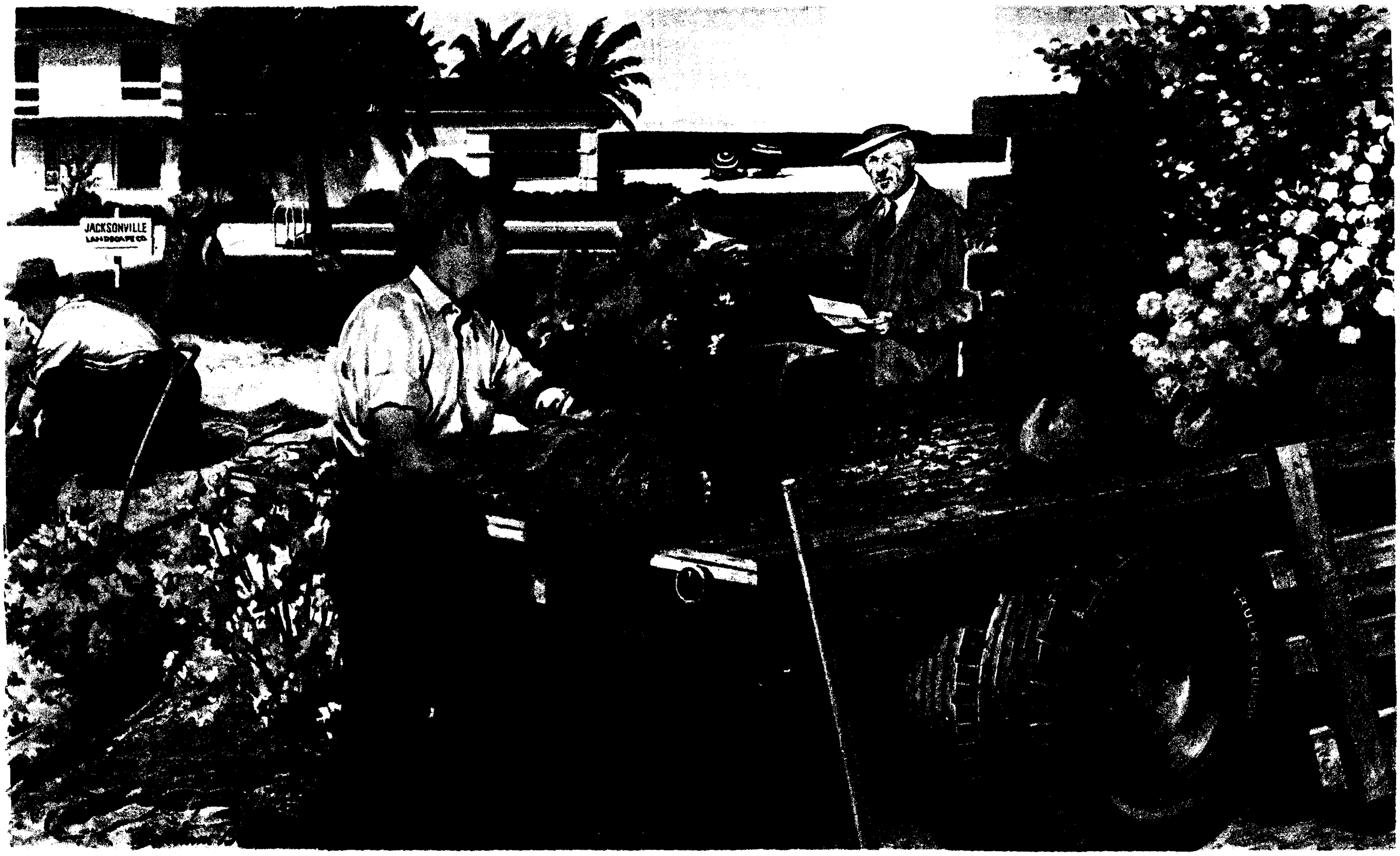
. . . In James Poling's article on Thurgood Marshall, this statement is made on page 29:

"Today, Negroes vote with relative ease in every state in the Union except Louisiana, Alabama and Florida—where registration is still made difficult for them, either by physical intimidation or by subjecting them to an intelligence-test question like,

(Continued on page 10)

"The harder you use 'em the better you like Atlas Tires"

says P. D. Shoemaker of Jacksonville, Fla.



"In my landscaping business, I've used Atlas tires for 15 years and have 'em on three cars and three trucks right now. They've always given me long mileage and safety, no matter how heavy the load or how bad the driving conditions. You bet I'm sold on Atlas tires!"

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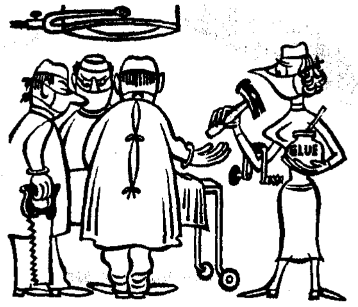
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

As you may suspect, we got pretty interested when Miss Mae Fiebelman notified us from Amarillo, Texas, that the Smith Hospital in a suburb of that highly livable city has never lost a patient. Our excitement almost got out of control when she said that the Smith Hospital accepts patients regardless of race, color or religion. And we were biting our nails as she went on to say that guaranteed cures are effected within a day or two. Sometimes 15 minutes. We looked into the matter at once and moped back to work. Doll hospital.



★ ★ ★

And we've found a university that's never had even a little athletic scandal. No athletics. Students don't fail in their studies. No students so far as we can learn. Faculty on the nonexistent side too. It's the Des Moines, Iowa, University of Lawsonomy. Boss man seems to be an eighty-four-year-old gentleman in Detroit named Alfred W. Lawson, who's also head of the Humanity Benefactor Foundation and the Direct Credit Corporation. Lawsonomy? Perfectly clear. Mr. Lawson says: "Truth is—theories ain't. You say there ain't any ain't? Well, that's the truth. Ain't does not exist at all. Lawsonomy stands for truth and harbors no theories. If it is not truth it is not Lawsonomy." You might visit DMUL if you happen to be touring through Iowa. Pretty place.

★ ★ ★

Before adjourning, the Georgia Senate came out strongly against teaching "subversive ideas" in the schools there. Didn't specify them, but Mr. Fibb Bessing, of Atlanta, says they'll be "smacked down as they crop up." While the Senate was doing that, the Lower House was passing a bill to pay a farmer $382.50 for 425 chickens that died in a panic when the maneuvering Georgia National Guard let go with an artillery barrage nearby. But the House refused to pay the farmer's $25 claim for funeral expenses for the chickens. That's about all we have from Georgia this week.

★ ★ ★

Here's news from Mr. Noble O. McClintock. He writes a mere line—18 words to be exact—to say that a judge in Massachusetts is charged with champerty. We almost broke a leg running to look it up in the dictionary. Shucks.

★ ★ ★

Picture of conscientious citizen prepared to listen carefully to broadcast by Presidential aspirant. Painted in carefully selected words by Mr. Bill Cornergone, of Walla Walla, Washington. He finishes his dinner, removes his coat, *unbuttons his collar* and puts on his slippers. He turns out the lights and opens a bottle of beer. He gets himself comfortably settled in his restful chair. He listens to the band play The Star-Spangled Banner, humming the last part. He hears the first few hundred frantic words of the chairman of the meeting and nestles down a bit lower in his chair. He listens vaguely to the thunderous applause of the audience. And then he falls asleep.

★ ★ ★

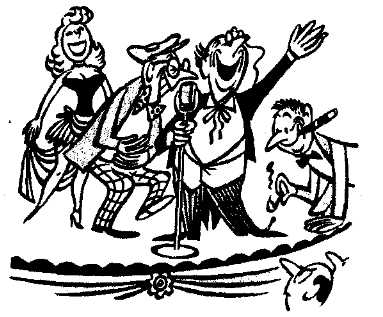
Mr. Frank Hathaway, businessman in Oklahoma City, has retired. They asked him what he aimed to do with all this leisure time on his hands. "Nothing," said Mr. Hathaway. "Nothing—except that I'm going to get up every morning and read the vital statistics in the newspaper. If my name isn't among the obituary notices, I'm going back to bed."

★ ★ ★

We tossed aside the latest issue of USSR, the information bulletin issued by the Russian Embassy in Washington. Peevishly we asked the guy at the next desk why, if everything was so poignantly beautiful and piercingly joyous in the Soviet Union, Russia didn't raise the Iron Curtain to let us have a look and listen. Here it was, all in black on white, about the ineffable splendors of life in Moscow, Kaunas, Dimitrov, Kuibyshev, Alexandrovskoye, Odessa, Novgorod, Ramenskoye, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Minsk, Uzbek—and Heaven knows how many more Red Edens. The guy at the next desk didn't bother even to look up from his editing. "Pure humanitarianism," he said. "Old Joe doesn't want us slaves of freedom to see his enraptured idolators dancing for pure joy as they do his bidding nor hear them singing his praises as they go about their happy tasks. Might make us discontented with our way of life and rebellious against our form of government. Please go get lost and don't bother me with childish prattle."

★ ★ ★

Colonel Ogburn Noel McWickert, retired, is about to get up in arms again. From Santa Monica, California, he protests "the presence of crooners, strip teasers, witless clowns, actresses and comedians on the same platforms with candidates for high office of President of these United States." We're not completely sure at what or whom the colonel is aiming but he makes clear what he wants. "Give us," cries he, "good solid talks, speeches if you will, at whatever length the candidate thinks he may need to set forth his principles. I like them long. Let's have no quips. Give us none of this humor. Let us have done with laughter in meetings with those who would lead us on to our glorious destiny. Let us have no ribaldry in our statesmanship. I am *shocked. Subversive influences* are *infiltrating* our political meetings with laughter. Let us have done with such dastardly raids



IRWIN CAPLAN

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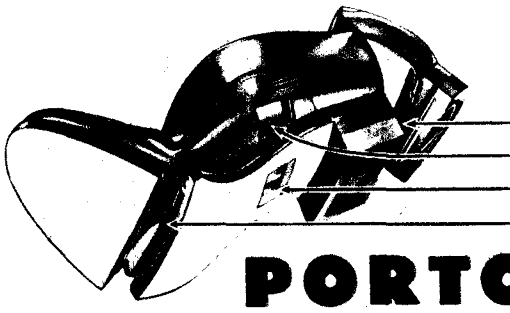

The Secret of
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on our American way of life. There is nothing at all funny or amusing about candidates for high public office. Print this and damned to you, sir."

★ ★ ★

It was a nice day in Bennington, Vermont, and Mr. Timothy Spurlock was snoozing on a bench in the front yard. A passing neighbor shouted: "Enjoying the fine weather, Mr. Spurlock?" Opening his eyes, Mr. Spurlock replied: "Nope. Just trying to worry myself sick about them French colonial problems."

★ ★ ★

Our realistic old friend, Mr. Henry Follansbee Long, Massachusetts Tax Commissioner, has ruled that the 5 per cent tax on all meals must be collected where served even if the food is fed intravenously in hospitals. But he did not say that, if necessary to boost the state income, citizens may be snatched off the streets and forcibly fed even as they are waddling back from lunch. Mrs. R. K. Middlecuff, of Brockton, is wrong about that.

★ ★ ★

Mr. John T. S. Terribratt has sent us a very pretty post card from Honolulu with a thought written on it. The thought: "Political experts are predicting like crazy one way and the other. In 1948 it was the other. Did you ever drink a pineapple kamikaze?"

★ ★ ★

Maybe you've been so busy you didn't notice that among the gifts admittedly accepted by United States Department of Agriculture officials from grainmen in Oklahoma were Bibles. Had Bibles been the only bribes accepted, doubtless the officials wouldn't have been fired, particularly if they'd read them. But Mr. E. N. Puckett, Enid grain trader, admits he sent the Bibles as general manager of the Union Equity Co-operative on the general theory that a bit of Bible reading isn't going to harm any government official.

★ ★ ★

We have written Mr. Rush Cullop, in Pierre, South Dakota, to say that we are unable to help him. Mr. Cullop, who seems to have something important on his mind, asks: "How can you get anybody to listen to you?" We don't know. Nobody—and we mean nobody—has ever listened to us. And the demoralizing part of it is that we cannot prove after all that it has made very much difference.

★ ★ ★

Social announcement from the Dahlonega (Georgia) Nugget: "Sheriff J. R. Gibson placed Texas Jimmy Davis of Yahoola in the cooler again Friday after he had wet his whistle with temperance drops and scattered his family far and wide like a covey of quail."

★ ★ ★

Lecturing scientist in Yreka, California, told an audience that civilization began 70 generations ago. It just goes to show you: we're so dumb, we didn't know that it had even started.

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

'How many windows in the White House?' "

In the interest of accuracy and in fairness to Florida, I think that statement should be corrected. Florida has no poll tax as a prerequisite to the franchise. Florida does not use "physical intimidation" or subject Negro voters to any intelligence-test question to discourage them from exercising their right at the polls. The Negroes in this state vote freely in all municipal, Democratic primary and general elections.
R. N. DOSH, Ocala, Fla.

Russians Against the Soviet

EDITOR: We were most gratified by the article They're Sticking Stalin with a Pitchfork (Feb. 23d). As members of the NTS organization described in this article, we feel that this was, indeed, the most comprehensive and intelligent account of the revolutionary anti-Communist struggle our members are leading, together with similar groups, behind the Iron Curtain.

We are very grateful to Collier's for giving the American reading public a valuable insight into this important sector of the world's struggle against Communism.
V. SOKOLOV-SAMARIN,
Jackson Heights, N.Y.

. . . I thoroughly enjoyed your excellent article on NTS by Robert Shaplen. Similar articles often tend to be emotional and to present a one-sided view of the subject; therefore, I especially liked the author's calm, objective, scholarly approach.

Your article will help people to realize that to help the Russians create an anti-Communist revolution is the only way to destroy Communism, to eliminate the danger of a third world war and thus to open the gates into a better future for mankind.
BORIS PUSHKAREV, New Haven, Conn.

. . . Congratulations for a most timely article. In view of the present world situation this is one of the best articles you could have published.

Alliance of the free world with the Russian people against Communism is the only way to freedom and peace. Only after Communism is destroyed (and it will be: tyrannies must fall) can freedom and peace be established.
GEORGE G. WERBIZKY, Grove City, Pa.

. . . The NTS, mentioned in Robert Shaplen's article, has something there. I believe the organization is on the right track even taking their mistakes into consideration.

Every little bit of propaganda for liberty that we can get through to the Russian people is of great help.
J. W. CHENEY, Manchester, Conn.

Brooklyn Ranchers

EDITOR: As a chinchilla rancher I would like to congratulate you on your article, Chinchilla—Silver Hair Turns into Gold (Feb. 23d).

Chinchilla raising started as a hobby with me and has developed into a profitable venture. The rancher you quoted certainly was right when he said that before long chinchillas work for you.
ERIC STEIN, Brooklyn, N.Y.

. . . We have been raising chinchillas for some time now and the chinchillas really do "work for themselves."

I am glad that you reviewed the chinchilla industry in such an objective manner. You certainly helped clear up some of the myths in the public's mind.
WILLIAM ALTSCHILLER, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Busful of Music

EDITOR: Many, many thanks for your colorful article Symphony on Wheels (Feb. 23d). We in North Carolina are humbly proud of Dr. Swalin and his fine group of artists. Enough cannot be done to praise and publicize their work.
MR. AND MRS. JAMES FERGER,
Wilmington, N.C.

. . . I enjoy the wonderful music more each time. Dr. Swalin's orchestra always leaves its audience with a greater desire to hear and enjoy better music.
MARY B. DAVIS, Warrenton, N.C.

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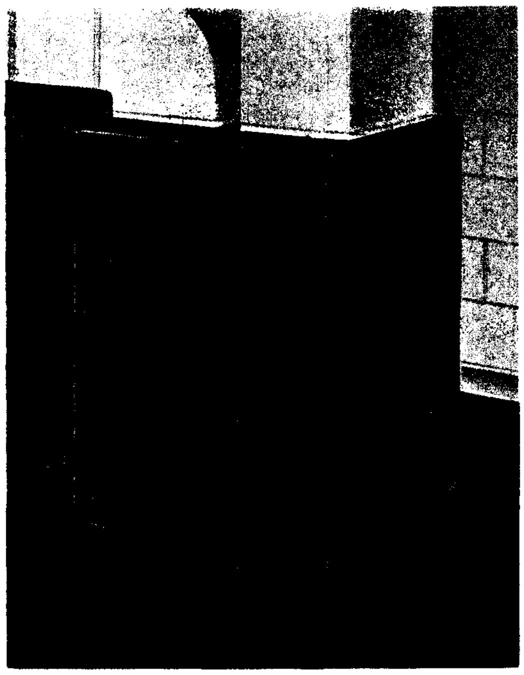

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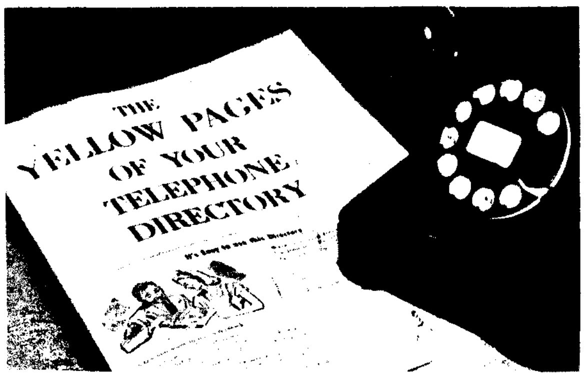

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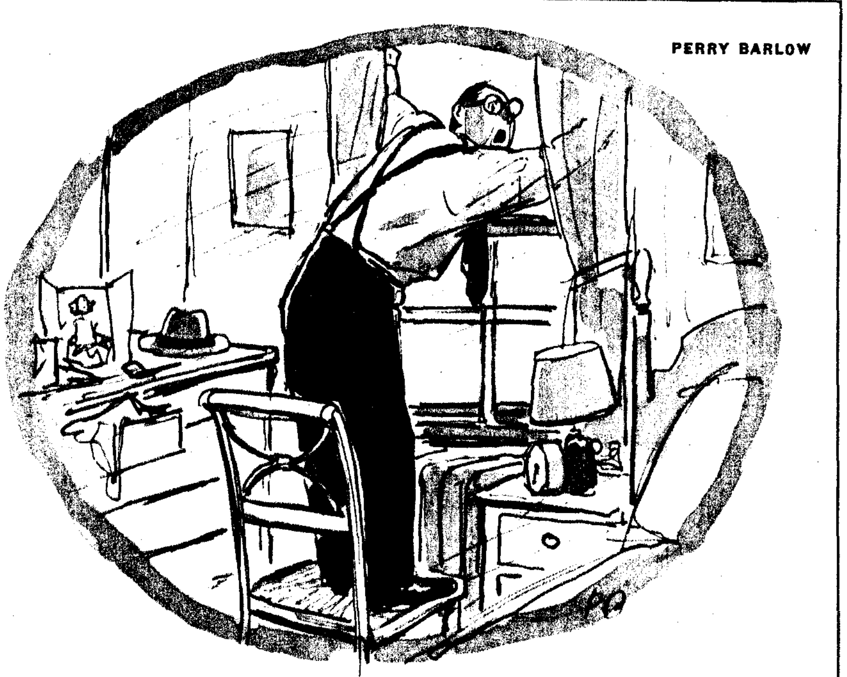
Only Sparkling Canada Dry Water gives you these two exclusives that make the most wonderful drink you've ever tasted. Ordinary soda water won't give them to you. Neither will plain water. For the best highballs, use the best club soda—Sparkling Canada Dry Water.



PERRY BARLOW

SCREW DRIVER!

By RALF KIRCHER

HAVE you ever found yourself teetering on a ladder and holding a heavy picture against the wall while the rest of your family wonders where the hammer is? Have you ever stood on tiptoe holding a curtain rod in place while your own flesh and blood debate the location of the small nail that would remedy the crisis? Have you ever—but you get the idea and may wish to join me in a mass meeting next Friday at which time we will all get our dander up and demand that something be done.

It is a well-known fact that a house cannot be occupied for any length of time without a supply of tools to keep it functioning smoothly. Here we are thinking of such basic equipment as a hammer, screw driver, pair of pliers, wrench, saw, and maybe a brace and bit. In addition there ought to be a supply of nails, tacks and screws, and a sort of stuff-box containing a nice selection of window-blind fixtures, old doorknobs, washers, wire, string, a Yo-yo, pencil stubs, one rubber glove, a broken penknife, a roll of friction tape, some fuses, and several light bulbs which you don't want to throw away because maybe they are still good. With this handy collection, plus the tools already itemized, a hardy householder is prepared to grapple with any emergency, two falls out of three and may the best man win.

It has been my observation that these tools and materials are generally located in one of three places: (a) the kitchen junk drawer, (b) the basement work bench, and (c) somewhere else.

It is the lack of any real certainty as to their location that makes for what is known in some circles as a great deal of confusion. By way of illustration let us take the experience of a man who shall be nameless but who, for the sake of convenience, we will call Ralf Kircher.

Not long ago he found himself standing on a chair at his bedroom window holding a storm window in place. Not being a very big man, there is a precarious balance of power between him and the heavy storm window. Book could be made on whether he will put the window in, or whether the window will put him out. It is at this not-so-jolly juncture that he discovers that the dingus is broken and that he will have to have a screw driver and a small screw in a hurry.

"Hey," he yells, "somebody bring me a screw driver and a small screw quick!"

Voices answer from various parts of the house. They all ask the same question, "What did you say?"

So the family is hoarsely summoned and told to get a screw driver and a screw quick unless they would prefer to see their doting old breadwinner pitch out the window and land on his lovable old head with a storm window around his neck. They look baffled. Where in the world will they find a screw driver and a small screw? In the basement or in the junk drawer or in the stuff-box, Kircher screams, and this sends them scampering.

In a few minutes they appear. One brings a hammer. One bears an eightpenny nail. One shoulders a T square. Will any of these things help?

Kircher is not touched by this show of co-operation. He remarks on it in a voice that causes a crowd to gather on the sidewalk in front of the house, and in terms that threaten to blister the paint on the bungalow next door, and he hoarsely inquires whether his myopic and thumb-fingered family will have as much trouble locating his insurance policies. This arouses resentment and occasions the indignant suggestion that Kircher probably mislaid these things himself, but they will look again if he will stop being such an unreasonable old crosspatch.

A few minutes later there is a yell. Seems the screw driver was found on Kircher's desk where it was gainfully employed as a paperweight. Someone also produces a loose screw, the window is repaired, and the weary householder steps down from the chair.

"For want of a nail the battle was lost. —B. Franklin, 1772," he mutters.

"What did you say?"

"I merely said, without tools a man is nothing, with tools he is all. —T. Carlyle, 1863."

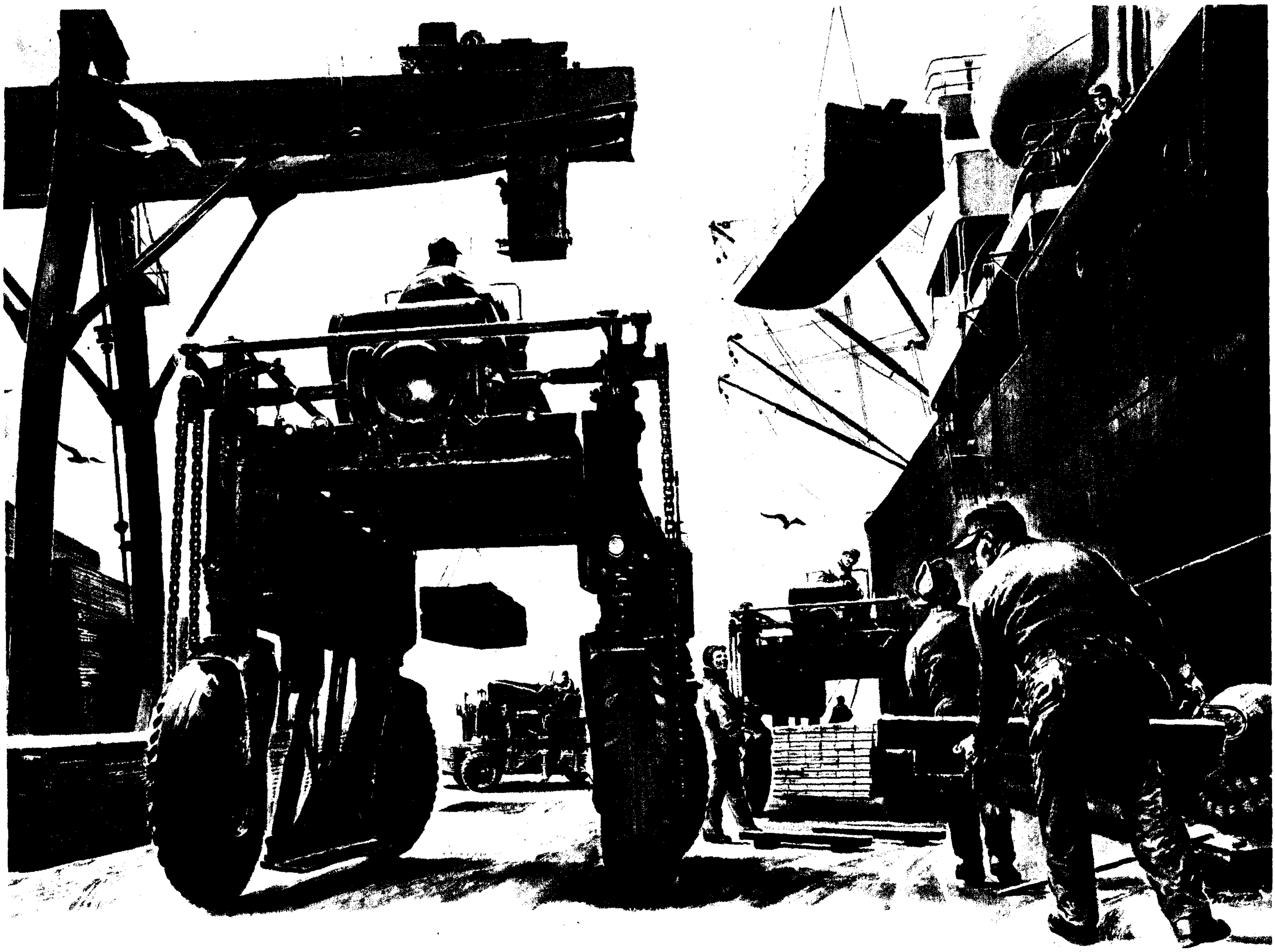
"What are you talking about?"

"Give us the tools, and we will finish the job. —W. Churchill, 1941."

"Make sense," they clamor.

"There ought to be a law. —R. Kircher, 1952."

Muttering proverbs in a similar vein, our hero limps from the scene, while his puzzled family shrug uncomprehending shoulders and agree to place the screw driver on the top shelf of the spare bedroom closet where it can be quickly found when needed again. ▲▲▲



A "draft" of timbers being lowered to the J. C. Turner Lumber Company's Hudson River dock at Irvington, N. Y. Motor carriers make it possible to move lumber shipments five times as rapidly as with muscle-power.

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A big lumber dealer sells material plus motion ... helped by an "Unseen Friend."

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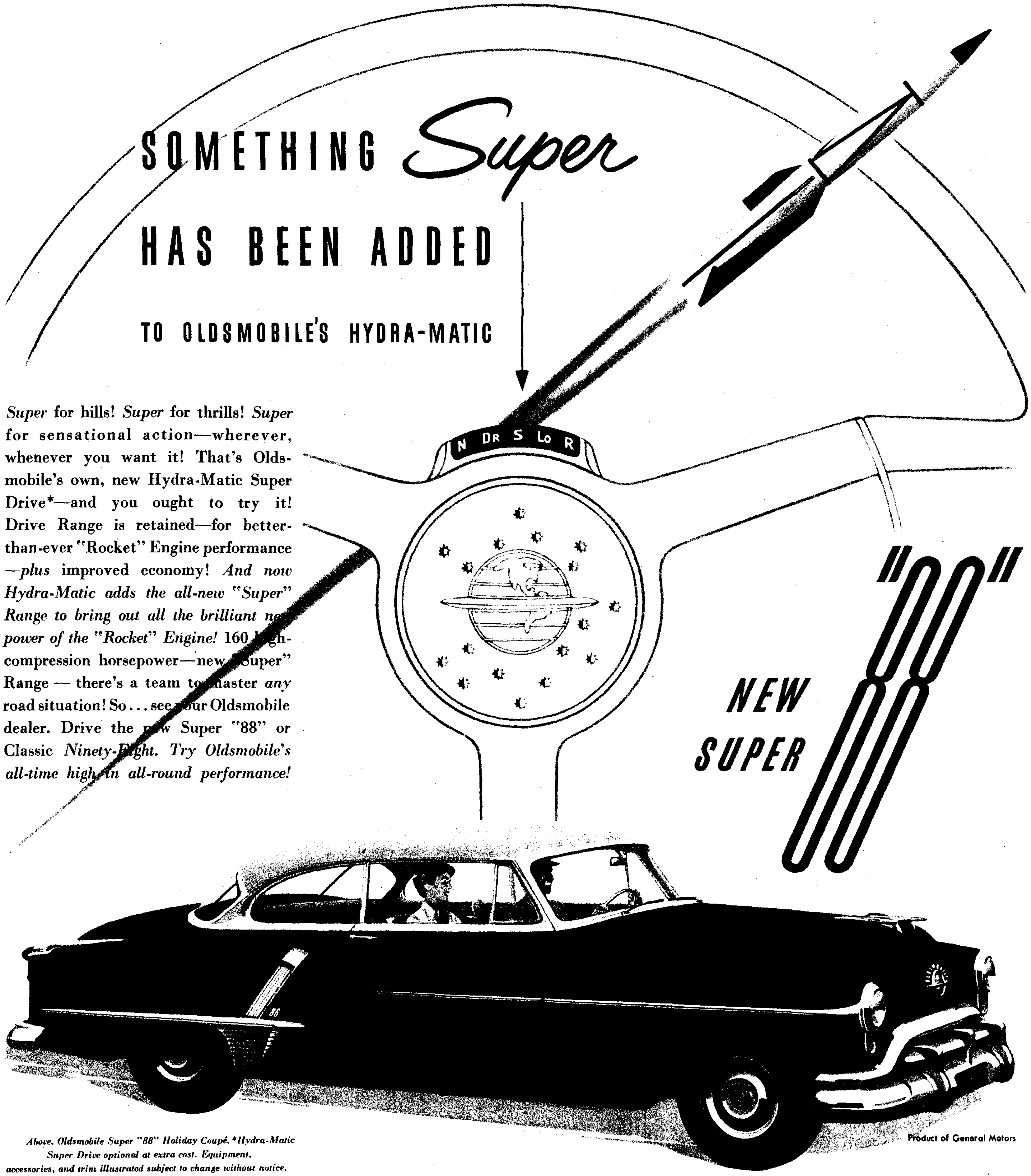

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*Above. Oldsmobile Super "88" Holiday Coupé. *Hydra-Matic Super Drive optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated subject to change without notice.*

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"ROCKET" OLDSMOBILE

Collier's, April 12, 1952

WHAT I BELIEVE

By Senator ROBERT A. TAFT

TOM O'HALLORAN—FRANK VAN STEEN

"Mr. Republican" pauses in his drive for the G.O.P. nomination to answer searching policy questions—and in doing so he reveals what he will do if he moves into the White House

Recently Collier's published a highly provocative article entitled What Ike Believes, which summarized Eisenhower's published views on significant questions facing the electorate. Now, in line with its policy of helping inform the voters about the issues of 1952, Collier's presents the opinions of Ohio's Senator Taft on many subjects on which it is vital to know his position. The questions were submitted to the senator by Collier's editors

Do you think it is wise to make foreign policy a major issue in a domestic political campaign?

I certainly do. Of course the administration doesn't want to have its failures in foreign policy brought out. Making foreign policy an issue won't injure American prestige abroad. It would be vastly more dangerous to the United States to have debate suppressed. In our form of government there must be no sacred cows. If there had been more publicity and open debate in years now gone, we might have a sounder foreign policy than we do have. The public was never even told the most important decisions made at Yalta or Tehran or Potsdam. There was no open debate about selling Chiang Kai-shek down the river.

President Truman still talks about the need for a bipartisan foreign policy. That's hypocritical. There hasn't been a bipartisan foreign policy since his election in 1948, because he threw it out the window. Republicans were never consulted about the policy followed in the Far East or China or Korea. Mr. Truman's concept of a bipartisan foreign policy is one under which we Republicans accept quietly any and all decisions in that field made by him or by Secretary Acheson. That's not my idea of the way two-party government should work.

Would you propose to cut government expenses, including the military budget, and if so, how?

I would try to put into effect all of the recommendations of the Hoover Commission with one or two exceptions where I

(Continued on page 82)

A Spring Motif

Bitsy couldn't believe she'd ever stop being huge and gawky and hopelessly in love with Everett Jones. And at the thought of the dance, she died a thousand deaths

By FRANCES GRAY PATTON

LIKE many very masculine men, Henry Cameron found the society of ladies refreshing. Their chatter had a tangential quality that loosed his mind from the tethers of grim reality; there was something debonair about the gravity with which they approached the prettier problems of life—the planning of a party, for example, or the frosting of a cake, or the selection of a frivolous, unnecessary hat—that made him feel protective and strong and determined to keep them contented. So, when court adjourned early on Thursday afternoon, he declined an invitation to play golf with the presiding judge and hurried home with the notion of working in the garden with his wife.

The weather was just right for gardening and he expected to find her already outdoors, but the yard was deserted and when he entered the house he guessed immediately that it was deserted, too. He went from one serene, airy room to another, calling his wife's name: "Julia! Oh, Julia!" But he didn't find her. There was only a faint odor of cologne in the air. Finally he said: "Isn't anybody *home?" in a loud, somewhat injured tone,* and went into his den.

The den was the sort of "man's room" that only a woman profoundly impressed with the difference between the sexes would have arranged for her husband. (Even the name by which it was designated—not library or study, but den—denoted feminine awe, Henry had often thought; for, by implication, the occupant of a den was a creature in whom the beast was not entirely tamed, a creature to be cajoled and fed raw meat and permitted to growl in peace.) An engraving of a lordly stag hung over the fireplace; a tobacco jar in the shape of a human skull stood on the mantel. The books that lined the walls were bound in somber colors.

The red leather armchairs, the sofa and the large kneehole desk all sacrificed elegance of line to a ponderous solidity that seemed calculated to withstand a kind of wanton mistreatment that Henry, who was fastidious to a degree, would never subject them to. There were times when he felt the room to be a fitting tribute to the pre-eminence of the male, but today it made him feel caged and lonesome. He went to the window, drew apart the monk's-cloth curtains, and gazed out.

The scene outside was charming. Near the window, a big cherry tree was "hung with snow," just as Housman had said. (Henry was fond of the poets and always pleased to see proof of their accuracy.) On the lawn, a host of daffodils danced, *for all the world as if they'd been reading* Wordsworth, and, beyond them, across the road, a patch of woodland was gauzy with the foliage of early May. Up the road, homeward bound from school, came three half-grown neighborhood children.

Those children—the Camerons' own daughter, Mary Anne; her bosom friend, Miss Bitsy Blackburn; and a boy named Everett Jones, who looked like the bookish son of a professor, which, indeed, he was—were all at that age, fourteen, which is traditionally accepted as representing, in the human life span, the carefree, budding season of the year, but they gave little evidence of juice and joy. They neither danced like the daffodils nor assumed, like the delicately brooding trees, an air of contemplative bliss. They climbed the hill with textbooks held sloppily in the crooks of their arms (current fashion scorned such tidy devices as brief cases or buckled straps) and appeared to be intent upon personal problems which no fine weather could dissipate.

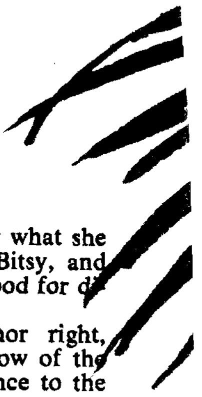
EVERETT JONES, a gangly boy who wore horn-rimmed spectacles and whose frame hadn't yet filled out enough to prevent his enormous feet and noble Roman nose from looking comical, was considerably in the lead. He walked with long, stiff strides, as if he were being pushed from behind by a steady wind. He lifted his jaw at a defiant angle that suggested studied contempt for the opinion of society, his own rapid growth, and everything else that mortified him.

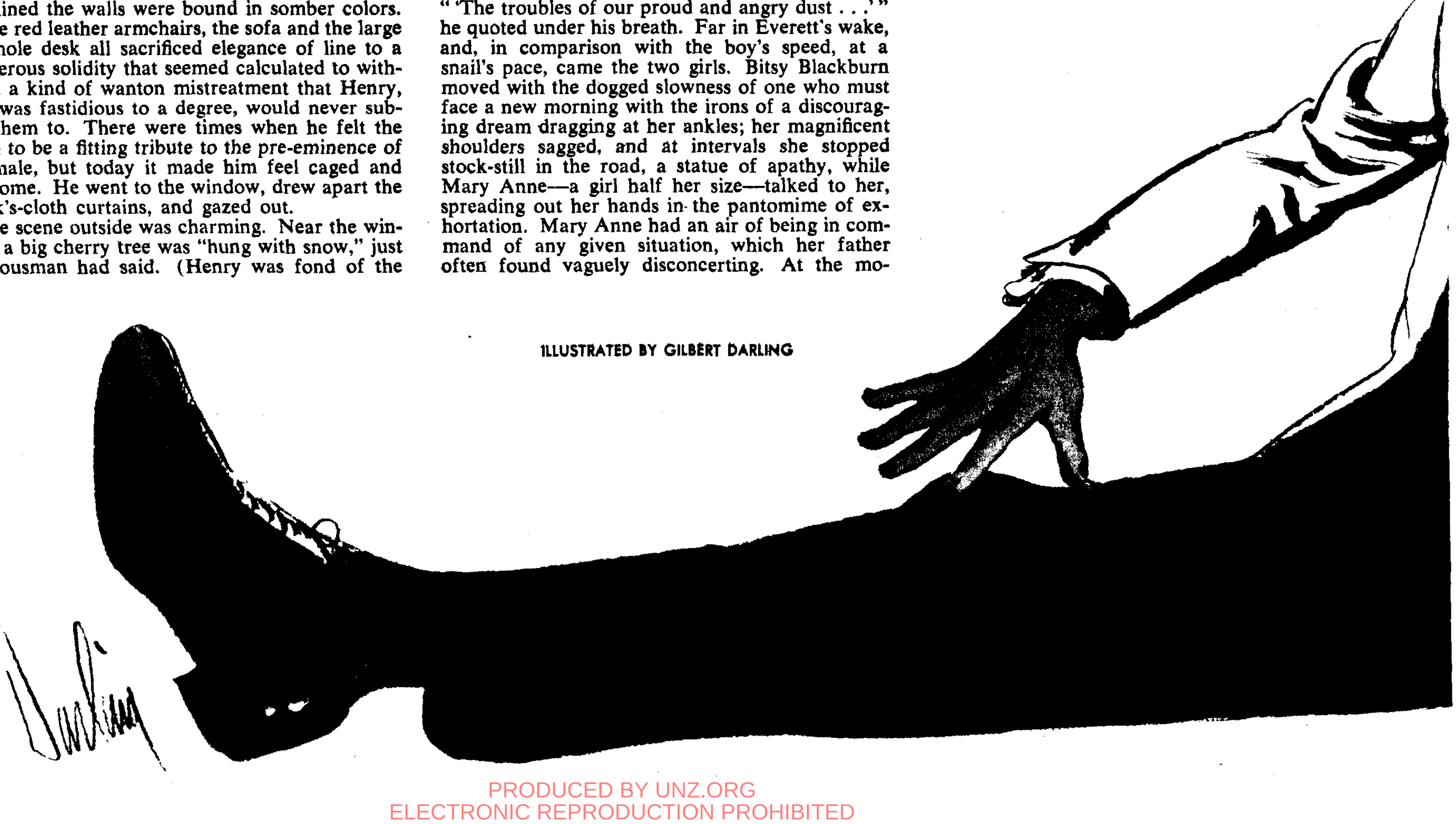
Observing Everett, Henry Cameron winced as if some old vulnerable spot of his own, still tender beneath the callus of years, had been pressed. "'The troubles of our proud and angry dust . . .'" he quoted under his breath. Far in Everett's wake, and, in comparison with the boy's speed, at a snail's pace, came the two girls. Bitsy Blackburn moved with the dogged slowness of one who must face a new morning with the irons of a discouraging dream dragging at her ankles; her magnificent shoulders sagged, and at intervals she stopped stock-still in the road, a statue of apathy, while Mary Anne—a girl half her size—talked to her, spreading out her hands in the pantomime of exhortation. Mary Anne had an air of being in command of any given situation, which her father often found vaguely disconcerting. At the moment, however, he was curious to know what she was saying—and to know what ailed Bitsy, and what had stung Everett. He was in a mood for diversion.

Everett, glancing neither to left nor right, stalked by and disappeared over the brow of the hill. The two girls paused at the entrance to the Camerons' yard. Bitsy stared up the empty road. Her muscles went slack. She stood there with her mouth half open and her free arm dangling so that her hand had the effect of hanging down below her knee. A pencil, stuck loosely among her load of books, slid to the ground. Mary Anne stooped and retrieved the pencil. She stooped correctly, as she'd been taught in dancing school to stoop for a handkerchief—not bending from the waist, but dropping gracefully to one knee—for seldom, even in the most remote and unlikely places, did she forget the possibility of a public.

Rising, she tapped Bitsy's shoulder and jerked her head toward the house. Her manner was brisk and bluff, like that of a man urging a friend who is down on his luck to come in and have a quick *one and drown his troubles. Bitsy raised her limp* hand slowly, as if through water, and made an indecisive gesture in the direction of her own house, whose white cupola was visible above the cedars in the Camerons' side yard. Mary Anne grasped her firmly by the elbow and steered her up the flagstone walk.

Henry Cameron *(Continued on page* 66)



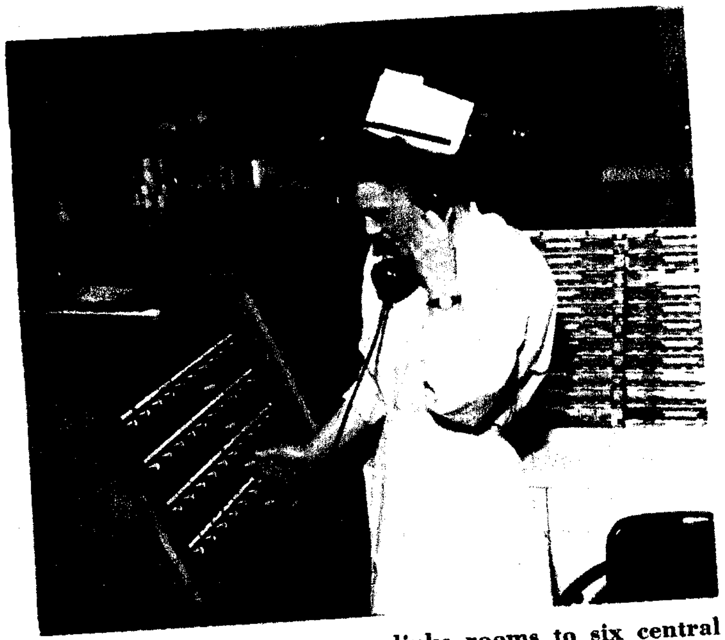


Everett, limp as a propped-up rag doll, sat against the wall with his spindly legs stuck out before him. And Bitsy, composed except for her heightened color, stood over him

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

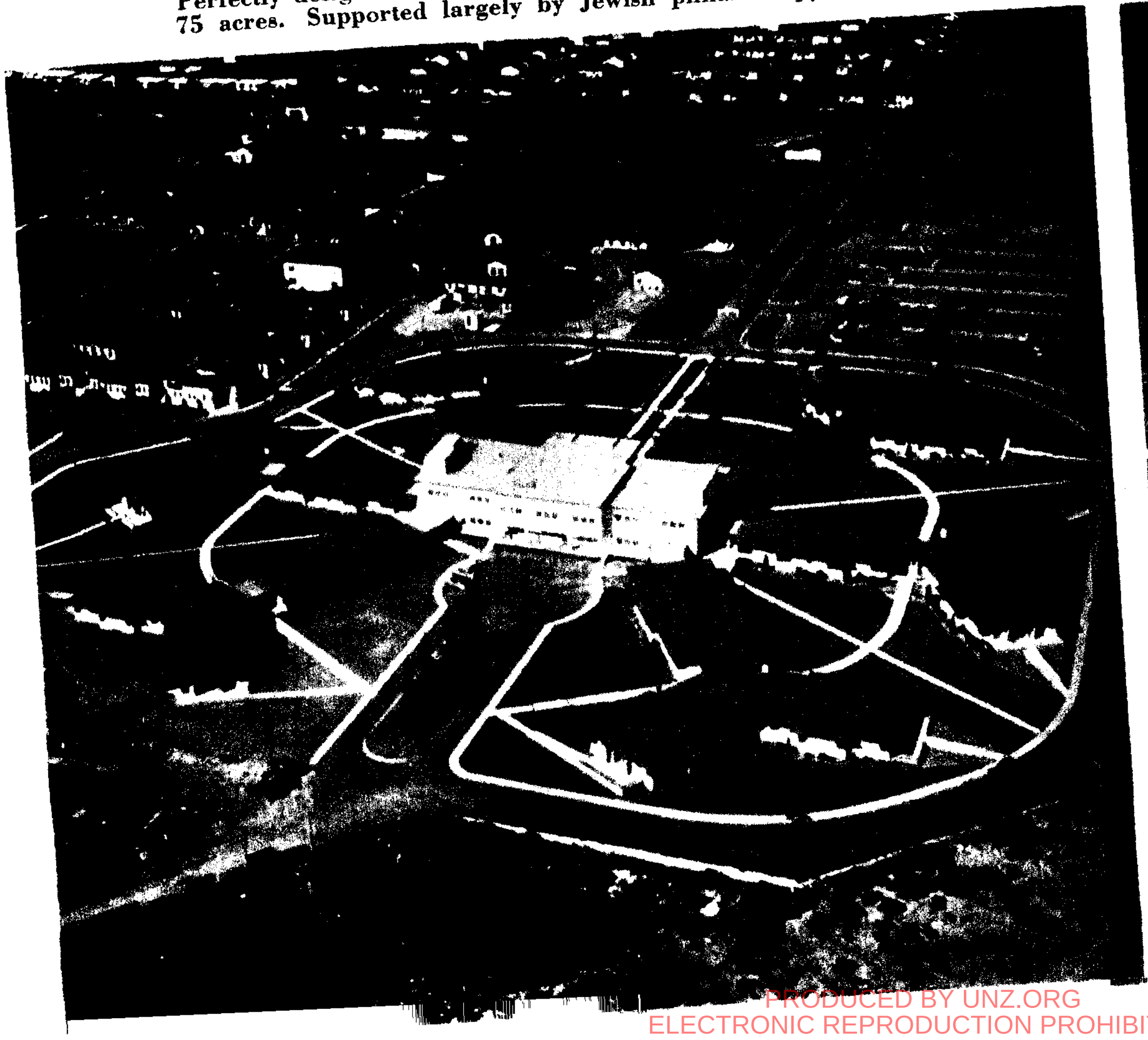
California's City of Hope hospital has one of the finest surgical staffs in the U.S. It is among world leaders in developing new surgical methods

City of Hope has no wards; all its rooms are private or semiprivate. All patients have radios, many TV



Intercommunication system links rooms to six central stations. Nurses can spot-check the patients' breathing

Perfectly designed as a complete health center, hospital covers more than 75 acres. Supported largely by Jewish philanthropy, all creeds help out



At the weekly conferences, medical director Dr. A. E. T. Rogers (at the X-ray board) discusses each patient's case

Hospital kitchens, following City of Hope's principle of personal attention, allow patients choice of meals

In hospital gardens, president Victor M. Carter (l.) and executive director Samuel Golter visit patients

On entering City of Hope, patients are greeted by social workers who help them get settled. Here Miriam Zissman (in white) chats with new arrival

America's Happy Hospital

A model of what can be done in terms of man's humanity to man, California's City of Hope cares for T.B. and cancer victims on a nonsectarian basis. It's all free

By JOSEPH STOCKER

THE year was 1912. Los Angeles was becoming a tragic asylum for tubercular refugees from the New York sweat shops, westward bound to seek a cure in the California sun. But they found that sunshine alone wasn't enough to cure their malady. One day a hemorrhaging T.B. victim collapsed on a sidewalk in a modest Jewish neighborhood. The pathetic spectacle spurred a small group of men to action. These men had one thing in common—a deep compassion for suffering humanity.

They called a meeting, proposed that a free tubercular sanitarium be built and passed the hat. A five-acre tract of desert land was bought at Duarte, California, 20 miles east of Los Angeles, and there two tents were pitched.

Thus was born the City of Hope, one of the most exceptional hospitals in America. For two years it consisted of no more than this pair of tents, with a handful of patients and one nurse in attendance. Los Angeles women would travel to Duarte by streetcar and buggy carrying homemade food and kettles of soup for the patients. The menfolk came in their spare time, week ends, to level the rocky desert land and do other odd jobs.

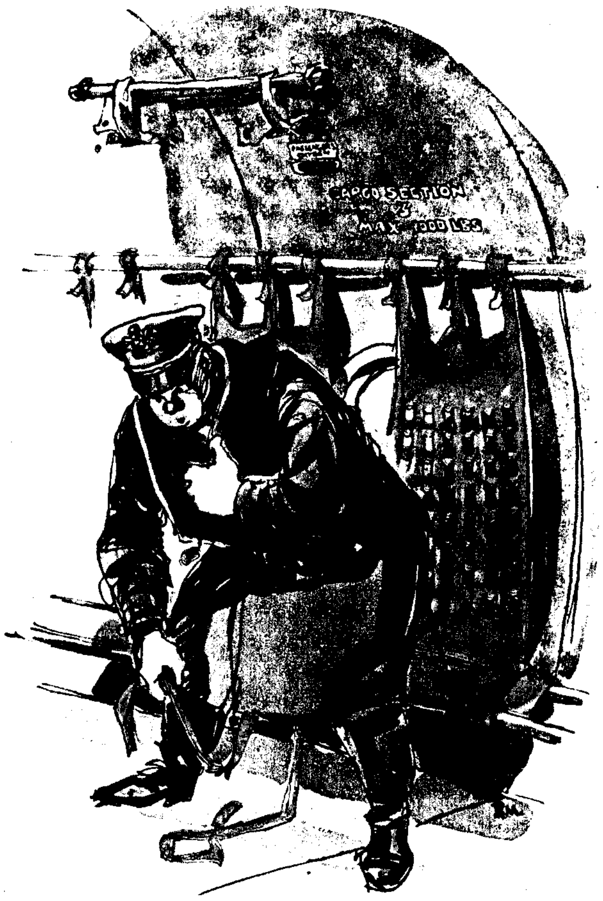
In 1915 the first building went up. Gradually the sanitarium took form. Today it is a $10,000,000 national medical center dedicated to an exciting humanitarian concept: free care and treatment for the victims of two of the costliest, most formidable long-term diseases known to man—tuberculosis and cancer. Although the City of Hope is supported largely by Jewish philanthropy and to a lesser extent by organized labor, its doors are open to all, of whatever race or creed or calling in life.

The patients of the 400-bed medical center, coming from all over the country, staying sometimes several years, are treated as anything but indigents. The hospital has no wards—only warmly decorated rooms accommodating one or two patients. Each room has a private porch. Patients choose their meals from a menu. Many of the rooms have television sets, and attached to each bed is a set of private radio headphones. The rooms also are equipped with an elaborate intercommunication system so designed that a patient may talk to the nurse on his wing at any *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LANDRY

UP FRONT IN

"We flew through some of the meanest-looking mountains you ever saw. How anybody ever fought up some of these slopes, especially a bunch of rotted-out old imperialists like us, I can't figure . . ."



The major was having trouble getting his Mae West on. "Give me a hand here," he said . . .

Dear Willie:

Like I told you in my last letter, that Japan place was a good deal and I was all for staying around there, but these other war correspondents, who I listen to because I am new at the job, told me you have to get over to Korea once in a while to make it look good on your expense account.

Well, I got on this bucket-seat airplane to Seoul and I hadn't any more than sat down alongside this major in a big tailored-looking trench coat, that smelled like he had been smoking good cigars all his life, than I found out I was still rank-conscious. I guess I just can't get away from it, Willie.

Everybody was supposed to put on those Mae West rigs while we flew over the water, and the major was having trouble getting the crotch straps under that big coat. He saw me sitting there in this pair of government-issue pants that didn't fit and a field jacket that I hadn't sewed my war correspondent patch on yet.

"Give me a hand here," he said to me. Just like that. No please or anything. After six years of getting used to the good civilian life you would suppose I'd tell him what to do with his Mae West, but before I even thought about it I was helping him with his straps. He didn't say thank you, either. I sat there stewing about it, sore as anything.

"What outfit are you in?" he asked me. He just couldn't lay off me. I guess I did look pretty sloppy.

"No outfit," I growled back at him, "I am a civilian."

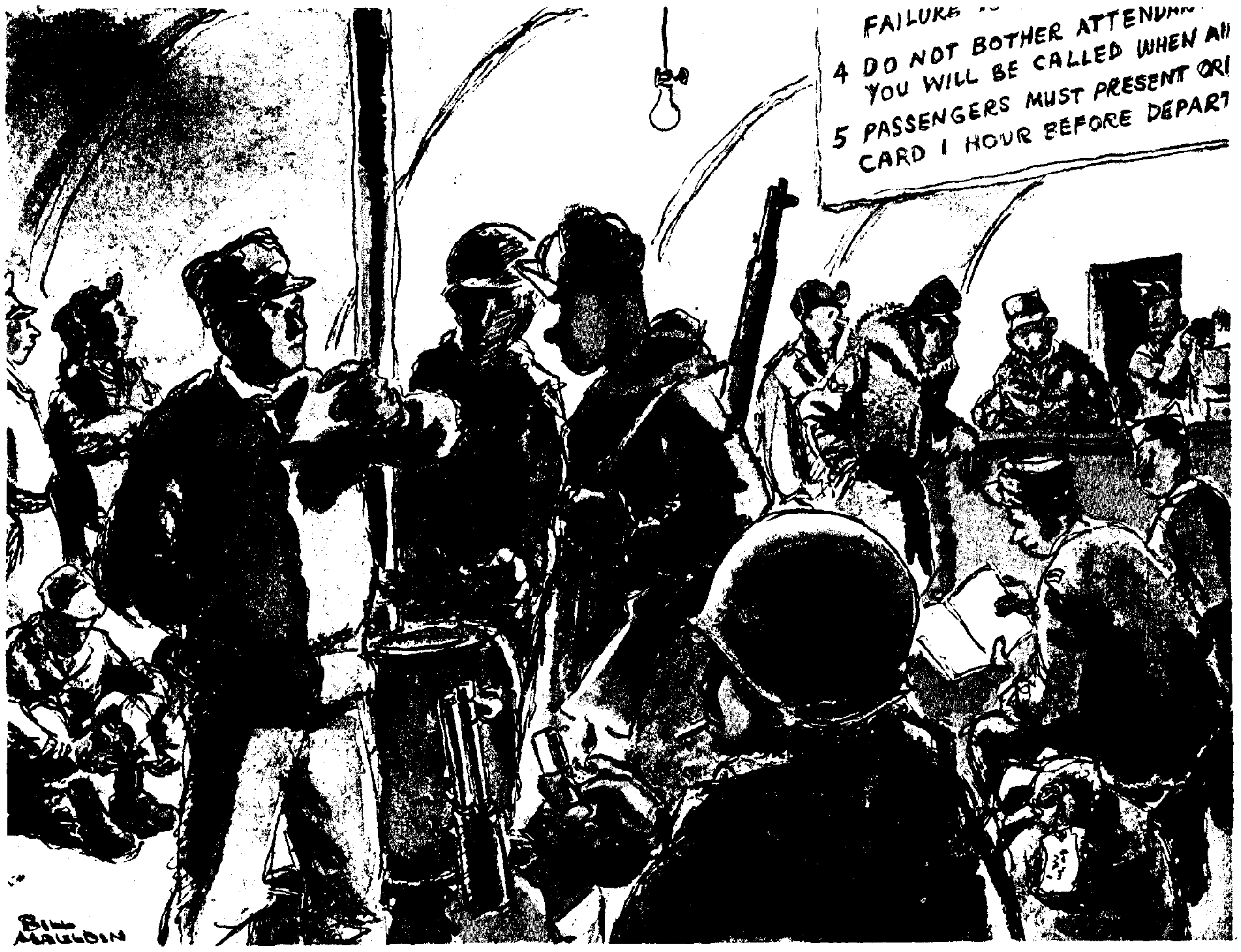
"Oh," he said, a little bit more friendly. "What do you do?"

"Work for a magazine," I said.

"Well, that is just fine," he said. "A lot of us fighting in the war over here have wondered when the magazines would send somebody to take subscriptions so we can get them in the mail. The reading stuff we get is always two-three months late."

I treated that crack with the ignorance it deserved and never did set him straight about me being a war correspondent, but I tell you I was ready to jump down the throat of the next man that spoke to me.

You never saw such a mess as Seoul. It is just one huge Cassino with big rubble busted into little rubble, except once in a while there is a building that looks all right from a distance, until you get close and see it is all burned out inside. In this Quonset hut for passengers at the airport I called the press billet in town to ask for a jeep, hoping it would come in time for that major to see me take off in it while he waited for a bus, and then I wandered around looking at the soldiers in the place.


FAILURE
4 DO NOT BOTHER ATTENDAN
YOU WILL BE CALLED WHEN AL
5 PASSENGERS MUST PRESENT ORI
CARD 1 HOUR BEFORE DEPART
BILL MAULDIN

The corps clerk was mad because he works closer to the front lines than some infantry, but it takes him twice as long to get rotated home. "Now that is splitting hairs," the sergeant said

Right away I knew something was wrong. Willie, you remember how you'd be back in a place like Naples on a rest cure and you'd see all the garrison soldiers and the Air Corps running around in snappy uniforms looking for shoeshine boys and laughing at the jokes in Yank Magazine, and every once in a while you'd see a sad-looking character from the infantry thinking about where he had been or the place he was about to go back to.

Well, here it seemed like the glummest guys were the ones with the sharpest creases in their clothes. They just stood around staring at each other like the other man had something they had been cheated out of, and I tell you I was ready to turn around and go home. I can't stand unhappiness.

* * *

Then I heard somebody holler over in a corner like you would if you had been poked in the seat of the pants with a rifle barrel, and I looked and sure enough that is what had happened. There were five guys laughing at the sixth one, and there was no doubt they were infantry, since they all had M-1 rifles which were clean but looked worn out in the right places.

Three of them had clean clothes and red eyes, and they told me they had been in Japan for five days of what the Army calls "R and R" for rest and rehabilitation, only these boys had some other funny words to fit the initials which I can't repeat in a letter through the mails. The other three looked pretty dusty and beat up and were on their way to Japan. They told me they have to keep their weapons on the trip, but no ammunition.

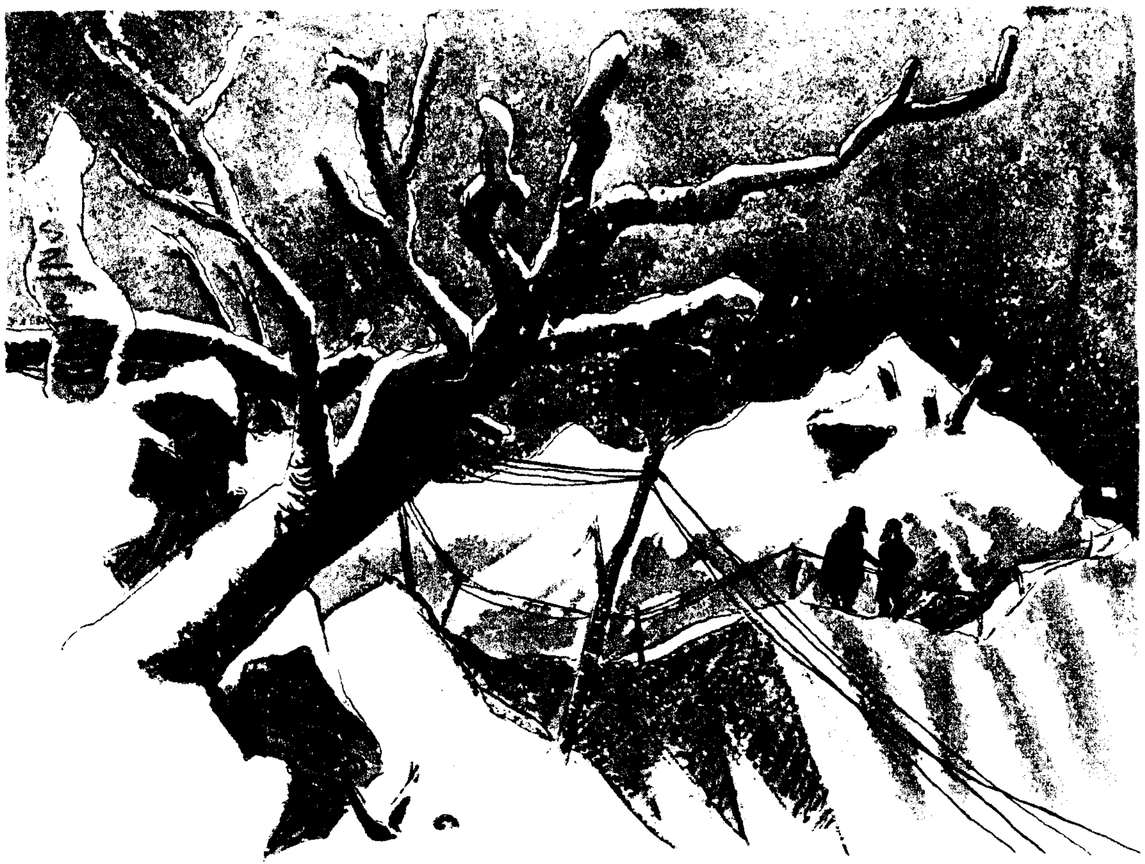
I asked them how come they were the cheerful ones in this place.

"I think I have got the answer," a dusty one said after some thinking. "I bet they all want to go home."

"That is fair enough," I said. "I just got to this

KOREA

By BILL MAULDIN ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



"Can you direct me to one of these bunkers?" I asked the sentry. "Well," he told me, "I sort of recommend the second platoon of Item Company. They have made some improvements"

Korea place and after one look I am ready to leave. But why aren't you glum too?"

"Well, for one thing," the infantry said, "it takes these rear-area guys twice as long to get rotated home as it does us."

"You get points for service in Korea," a sergeant in his middle thirties who looked like a grandfather alongside the rest of them said. "And you get them only for time served, not for any Good Conduct medals. Thirty-six points sends a man home, and we get four a month for being in an infantry division while everybody else gets two."

"A man with nine months to sweat out is naturally going to be twice as cheerful as a man with a year and a half," said one of the red-eyed ones. "And this R and R helps too. I got an awful head, but man, I'm cheerful." He got ready to poke somebody else with his M-1, but we all got out of his way.

"I was in Italy a few years back," this sergeant said. "You took a mountain and all that was ahead was another mountain, like here. But you knew that you were stuck there for God knows how many years, and long before any truces might be settled you were going to get carried out of the hills feet first. You may have heard that old prayer, 'Lord, hit me with a little one.' A hospital bed was the nicest thing you could hope for.

"Well, if it wasn't for rotation that is how it would be here now and we would be making the rest of these guys in here look like court jesters. Now we got something to look forward to and I swear it makes a man a better soldier. He takes care of himself better and he does his job right."

"It works about as good as anything the Army ever does," the red-eyed one said.

A sad-looking man wearing a corps headquarters shoulder patch detached himself from the stove that stood in the middle of this Quonset hut and came over to us.

"The hell you say," he hollered. "I work in a corps advance CP for my lousy two points, and we are nearer to the front lines than your division rear CP, and they get four points because they are in a division. What do you think of that?"

"Now that is splitting hairs," the sergeant said.

"What you need," said red-eye to the corps clerk, "is a drink to cheer up and brace you against those mortar rounds that come thudding into your area." He pulled a bottle out of his bag.

"No thank you," said this sad fellow. "I do not drink." He went back to the stove.

"Of course," the sergeant told me, "I ought to add that you don't always make it with thirty-six points. You can't leave until they got a replacement for you, and some guys stay overtime a while. But like I said, it is a pretty good system."

* * *

Willie, they take their war corresponding serious around here. I hadn't any more than batted my eyes in Seoul before they had me in one of those little hot rods of an airplane that takes off from a twelve-foot plank and we were flying through the meanest-looking mountains you ever saw. I swear a man with a good arm could climb up on top of one and stand off three regiments of Hannibal's elephants just by chunking rocks at them. How anybody ever fought up some of those slopes, especially a bunch of rotted-out old imperialists like us, is something I can't figure, but I sure am glad I wasn't mixed up in it. We didn't have to come down for a landing, we just kept flying way up there until the right mountain came up to meet us and our wheels were on it.

I pulled in at the 7th Division, which has been here a long time. They treated me real nice at this division headquarters, and told me reporters are in pretty short supply these days. Time was, they said, in the early days of this shooting match, when the place was crawling with so many war correspondents they could have issued them weapons and thrown them in the line and stopped the war right there. A rifle company was in bad shape when it was down to one officer, fourteen soldiers and three reporters.

Some public relations officers took me in to meet the general, fed me a fine meal, took me to a briefing where they showed me a big map of everything the division was doing, and led me to a warm tent with a cot in it.

"Listen," I told them, "you guys don't have to give me such a big snow job just because all the war correspondents have left you and gone to Europe to figure out Eisenhower's future domestic policies. I am a simple man."

The fact is I was liking every minute of it, but I had the idea I ought to show a little modesty.

"In that case," they said, "we will take you where you will feel more at home." And they passed me over to a regimental public relations officer, just like I was a stick in a relay race, and this boy took me up a mountain I couldn't have held on to the side of with my fingernails if there hadn't been a little trail cut in it. Man, it was cold up there. You could spit and hear it clink when it landed.

"This is where I leave you," the public relations man said as he started sliding back down the slope on the seat of his pants. "You are at the third battalion of the 31st Infantry."

The last thing he did before he was out of sight was to holler the password at me, which I needed right away when this soldier in a parka, with only his nose and the end of a carbine sticking out, challenged me. "Pretty rough," I said to him. "That wind could cut you in pieces."

"It is not so bad," he said. "From what I heard about last winter, they didn't even have warm clothes."

This is not natural, I thought to myself. It is dangerous when there is no griping.

"They were on the move and fighting all the time," he said, "and they couldn't even settle down and build a fire. That was rough."

"It's better this time, huh?" I asked him. I gathered by now there was a war around somewhere, but the only noise I had heard was my teeth knocking together in the cold. Then I heard some artillery whoomp in the valley behind us and there was that old stuff splitting the air over us and landing on the other side of the ridge.

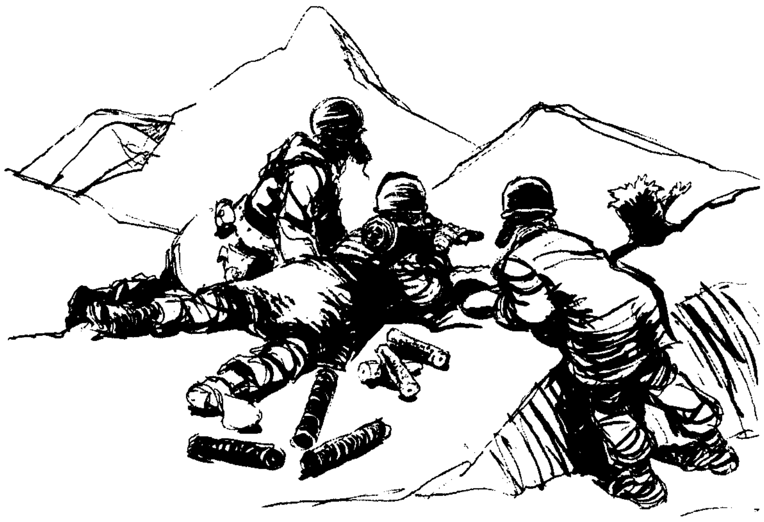
"Much better," this soldier said. "We have got bunkers up here."

"Can you direct me to one of these bunkers?" I asked him.

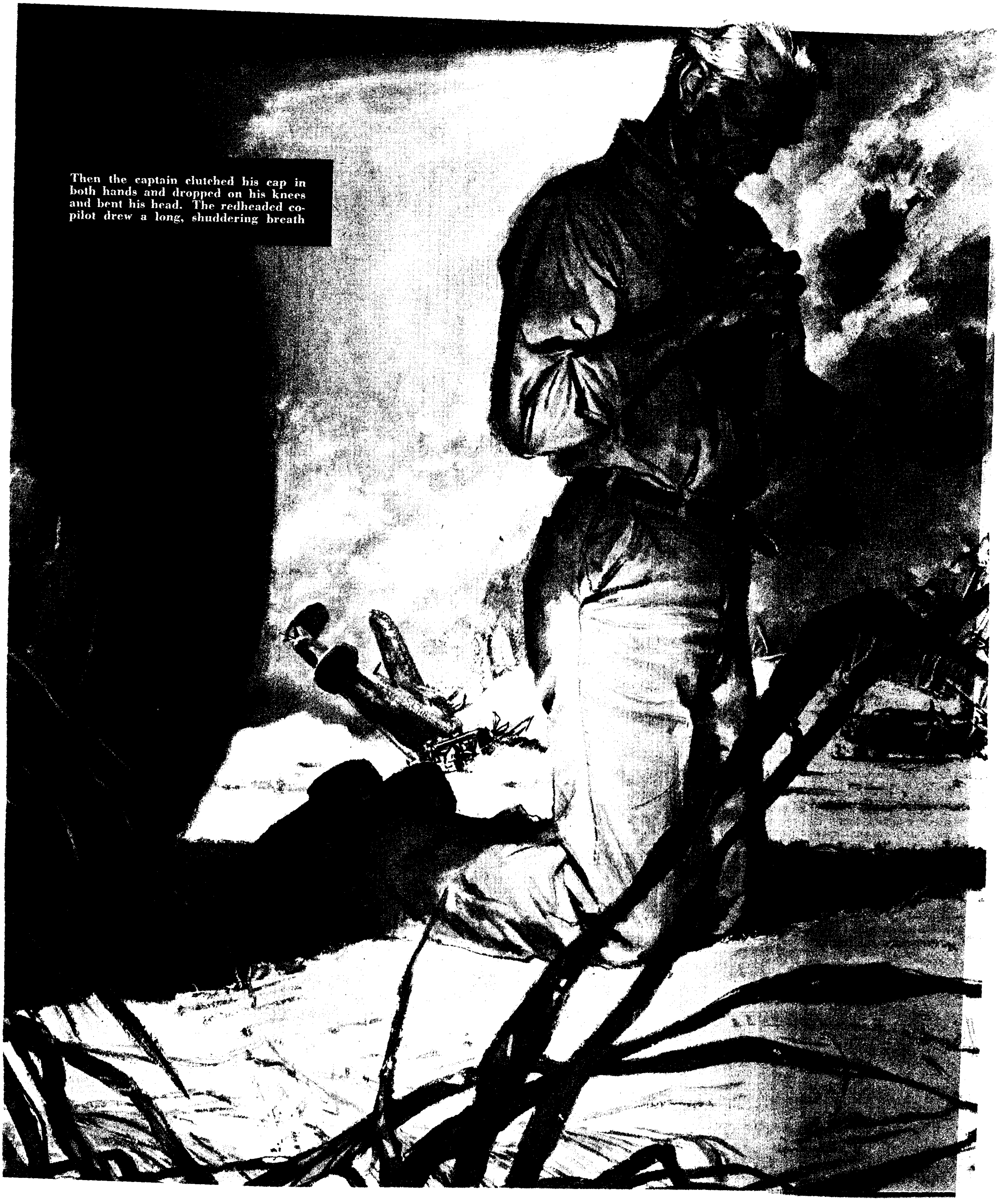
"Well, I sort of recommend the second platoon of Item Company, along that trail about five hundred yards," he said. "They have made some improvements."

I hustled along the trail and spotted what looked like the bunker the sentry had told me about. It had sandbag walls and a log roof with more sandbags on top of it, and there was a stovepipe sticking up, making it look real homey. There was more of this artillery stuff going over the ridge and you know how nervous that always made me, so I was headed for the bunker

(Continued on page 72)



Young was proud of his 57-mm. recoil-less cannon. "You fire this thing just like a rifle," he said



Then the captain clutched his cap in both hands and dropped on his knees and bent his head. The redheaded copilot drew a long, shuddering breath

"OLD FOLKS"

By WILLIAM BRANDON

The captain had risked his crew's lives to save the plane. He had a reason, and he'd do it again—if the copilot couldn't stop him

HIS name was Princeton. He flew a C-47 in the Pacific during the war. He was an old, old pilot. He had flown mail a long time ago, maybe as far back as the open-cockpit days; he was old enough. Then he had been with this air line or that. Then he turned up in the war, an old man, white-haired, although his eyebrows, heavy and bristling, were still black. The people in his crew called him "Old Folks" behind his back. He was thoroughly cracked up. That is to say, he was not sane. But there were many others in those days who were equally cracked up and went on working. It was said he had lost his mind over the death of his son, who had been killed in New Guinea.

His special madness took the form of devotion to his airplane. The first time I saw him, I was watching from the control tower at a very short, island airstrip—a little more than three thousand feet long—that was pocked with bomb craters, some still open and some hidden with soft, fresh fill, when he brought his old 47 in for a wheels-down landing. His transfer system had gone out and he had lost fuel and it was an emergency landing, but he had been instructed to ditch in the bay rather than try to come in. He replied that he wasn't going to ditch his airplane, and he came in anyway. Then the tower chief begged him to make a wheels-up landing, at least, as the strip was absolutely not usable in its present condition.

It was one thing for him to insist on killing himself and his crew, but it was another thing to insist on smashing up the tents around the field when he went pinwheeling all over the island, as he was sure to do. The 47 paid no attention to these pleas; it lowered and locked its gear and came in delicately, prettily, a twenty-four-hundred-horse ballet, leaping and spurting, picking its way, almost ground-looping, and throwing a tremendous spray of dirt from its tail wheel. Then it was safely down, and its captain called the tower, with no emotion at all in his voice, not even a trace of irony, for taxi instructions. . . .

The operations officer went for him on the run, but Princeton blandly said his radio had garbled and he hadn't been able to hear the tower's warnings. That was his story, and a thin one, but the operations officer, in spite of his anger, was enough awed by that exquisite landing to at last accept it.

The 47 was on its way to Guam to evacuate wounded. I had been waiting for transportation—the communications outfit I worked for was setting up a group headquarters on Guam—and I went to the hardstand to ask for a ride. The crew was just leaving the airplane after that remarkable landing. There was a woman among them, a flight nurse, wearing coveralls and white nurse's Oxfords, a slender girl with timid brown eyes. The radio operator and the flight engineer and the copilot looked very young, like half-grown boys, in company with the white-haired captain. I blundered in on a row among them; they were fresh from the captain's round with the operations officer.

The captain was speaking to the copilot, a lanky, red-haired lieutenant with bright, light-colored eyes. The captain said, "Report what you please."

"You're damned right I will," the lieutenant said in a strangled voice. His face was splotched red and white from his rage. His jaw was trembling.

The rest of the crew moved away, watching furtively. The flight nurse stood helplessly biting her lip until one of the others took her arm and said, "Come on." They straggled away, looking back over their shoulders from time to time.

It was clear they half expected the lieutenant and the captain to go to swinging at each other. I felt it coming too, especially when the captain took off his cap, a baseball cap, with the bars of his rank pinned to it. The lieutenant was standing with his fists doubled up and his eyes on fire. Then the captain turned away, holding his cap in his hand, and walked under the wing of the airplane. Then he clutched his cap in both hands and dropped on his knees and bent his head.

The red-haired lieutenant drew a long, shuddering breath and strode away. I walked along with him. I said, "What's he doing? Praying?"

The lieutenant said, "Yes."

It was very curious to see a man praying like that, in broad daylight, beside his airplane, like a camel driver on the way to Mecca. The captain looked very old, kneeling there, his white head bowed.

I explained to the lieutenant about wanting a ride out. He said it would be okay, they had room. He said, "But you've got a hole in your head if you get in that airplane when you don't have to. The guy's a maniac."

AFTER the airplane was repaired, I rode up to Guam with them. Nothing out of the way happened. I had supposed Princeton would be strict and distant and hard to get along with, but that didn't seem to be true. He certainly wasn't detached or remote where his airplane was concerned, and during the painstaking check before take-off he was entirely one of the crew, interested in what everyone had to say and friendly to everyone, the red-haired lieutenant included.

If Mick, the flight engineer, found something troublesome, the captain listened, absorbed, to his discussion of it and then helped him straighten it out, and when it was whipped they exchanged that cryptic grin that is a badge of companionship between mechanics the world over, and Princeton said, "Have we got her?" and Mick, pleased, said, "We got her."

No one made a point of calling him sir except the redheaded copilot, and that was obviously a holdover from the hostility I'd seen between them at the time of the landing. When the captain noticed it, he was troubled.

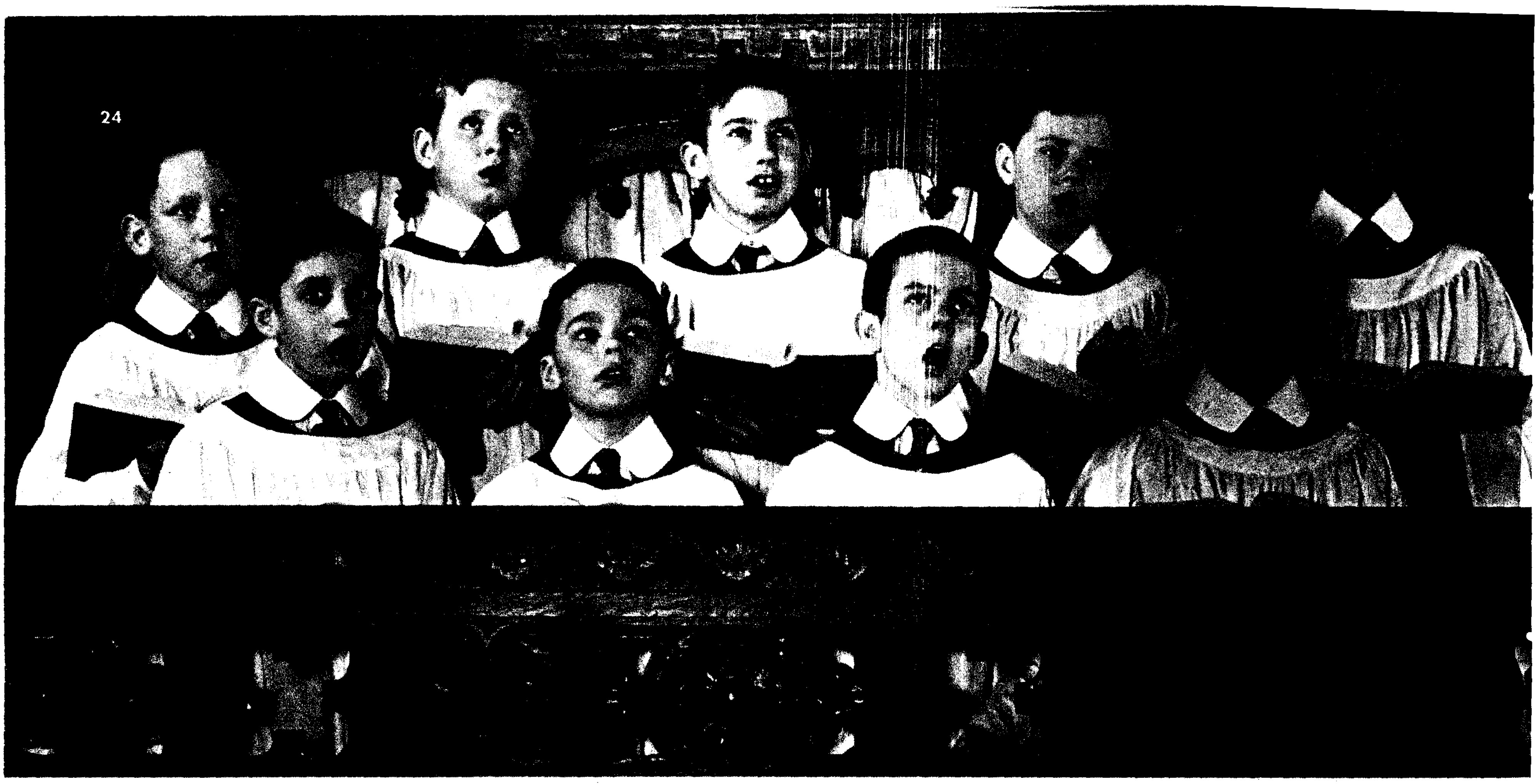
He said dryly, "Be at ease, Red." It was rather difficult for him to say; you could see that. You got the impression he was not a man who could find it easy to be articulate about emotion, his own or anyone else's.

Red, the lieutenant, said squarely, "Yes, sir."

Princeton sighed. He dropped his hand on Red's shoulder and

(Continued on page 54)

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY



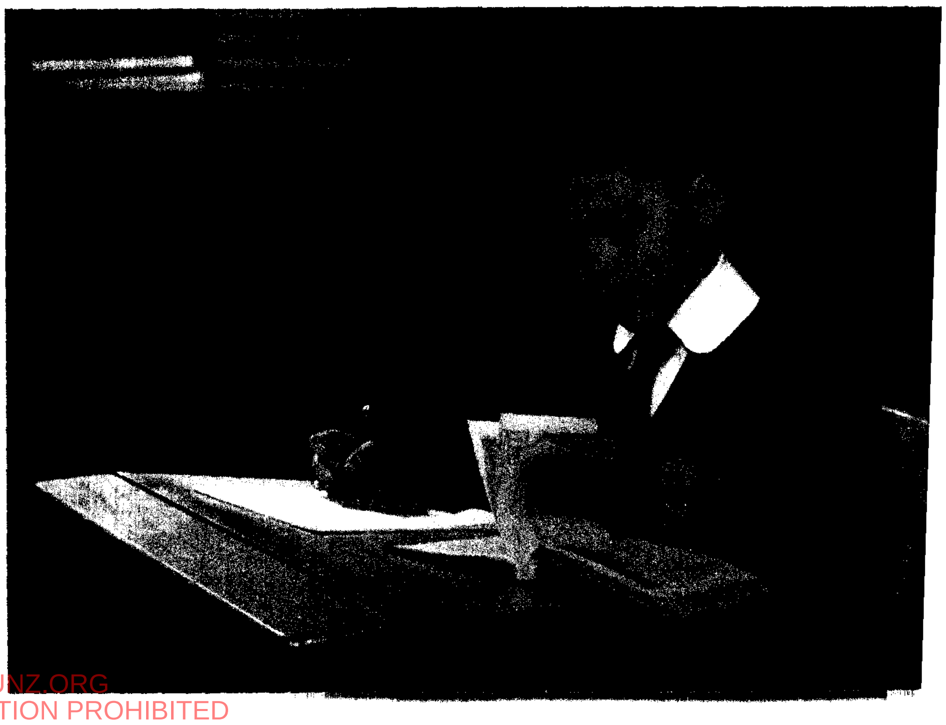
Standing in the choir of New York's vast St. John's Cathedral, young choristers let their sopranos soar in an Easter hymn (l. to r.): James Knapp, John Finegan, Gerald Ash, Donald Bill, William Christopher, Joseph D. Beaulieu, Robert Walker, Gary M. Graham, Judson W. Butterman

Ten-year-old Texan, Harry Prosser, runs through scales with Dr. Norman Coke-Jephcott, master of choristers. Kids love to solo

Francis Gray, Judson Butterman and John Finegan join in lively dinner talk. Boys have he-man appetites, but their table manners are perfect

Students get vitamin pills and milk at recess time. Canon Green says pills "hasten their growing up, and away go their sopranos"

At fifth-grade level, Don Bill studies English, geography, arithmetic. Academic standards are high, preparing boys for best secondary schools



CATHEDRAL CHOIR SCHOOL

THE huge Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, in New York City, is bigger than any other church in the Western Hemisphere. This Easter Sunday, a capacity congregation of some 10,000 people will occupy its 16,822,000 cubic feet.

They will come there not only to pray, but to hear the members of the Cathedral Choir School—one of this country's outstanding boys' choirs—singing the traditional hymns of Easter.

Marching solemnly down the one tenth of a mile from the church's entrance to its high altar, their cowlicked heads bowed low over hands clasped in prayer, their faces grave and innocent above the shining white of their cottas and Eton collars, the young choristers will look as though they couldn't possibly know what to do with a spitball. Their schoolmasters know differently.

Saint John's 40 youngsters may be enrolled at the Choir School primarily because they have voices as sweet as a Stradivarius, but they are healthy, vigorous, spirited specimens of boyhood—would-be cops, Marines and firemen.

While the institution, which is located on church grounds, is open only to the choir boys of Saint John's Cathedral, it is a regular private school in all other respects. Most choristers enter at the age of nine, start at the fifth-grade level and attend classes daily. Chosen from many applicants to live, learn and sing here, they come from all over the country and stay until their voices evolve into manly tenors, baritones or basses—for the average boy, a period of about four years. Then scholarships are usually obtained for them at good secondary schools.

Although it costs an estimated $1,500 a year to house, feed and educate a student, the boys are enrolled at an annual fee of only $450, in return for their services to the church.

The new young chorister, often painfully homesick at first, recovers quickly among the members of a large and sympathetic academic family. Everyone directly connected with the Choir School, from masters to maids, lives in the building. The door to the apartment of the Reverend Canon James Green, headmaster for 11 years, is never closed. A boy can turn for personal advice to Canon Green or to the school housemother, Mrs. Edna Carpentier; for individual tutorship, whenever he needs it, to the four masters; and for entertainment to his schoolmates, who will oblige him almost any evening, after lights out, with a solid, 40-man pillow fight.

A sprightly social life, too, is successfully maintained within the confines of the school. Saturday night is party night, a full dress-up affair. Other student bodies visit for occasional get-togethers. Mrs. Green often invites the boys in for afternoon tea. Through such gatherings as these, they acquire an easy poise and reproachless manner. For Choir School boys are always addressed as "Gentlemen," and gentlemen they must be.

They may play an occasional prank; but they also know how to follow a rough football session on the sports field with pleasant conversation over well-balanced teacups.

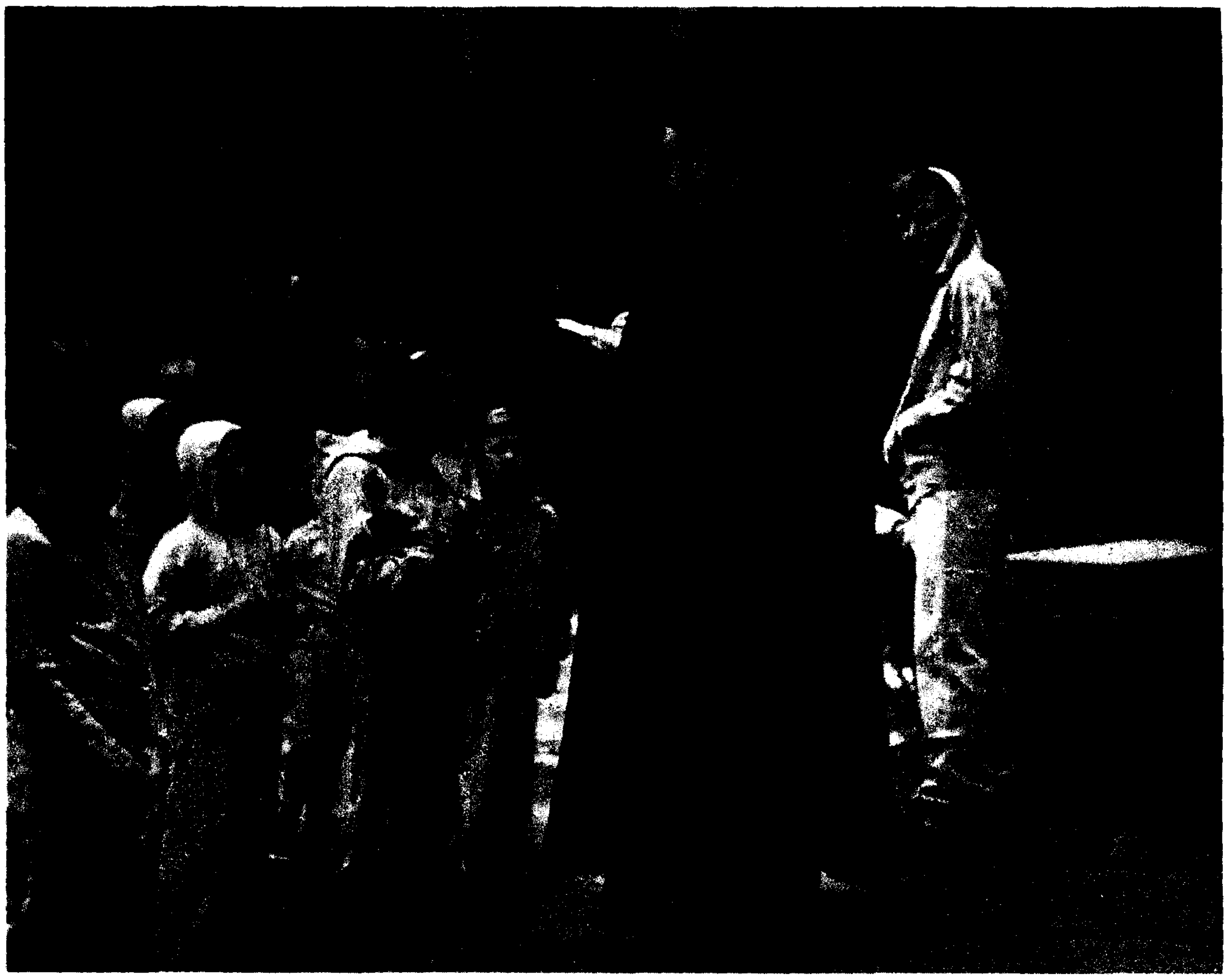
Of all their varied activities, the kids enjoy singing most. They sing on Sundays and twice each day, at Holy Communion and Evensong, in the great church beside their school. They sing at rehearsals every morning, and—of their own choice—after dinner, grouped about the school piano in their common room.

By the time his voice begins to desert him, a Saint John's student deeply feels the strength of his school ties. His departure is reluctant, usually accompanied by many protestations that this newly cacophonous sound he makes isn't a croak, "it's a cold."

"They weep over all four walls when they go," says Canon Green. "And I weep a bit myself. These are the best boys in the world—and not a Lord Fauntleroy in the bunch, thank Heaven!"

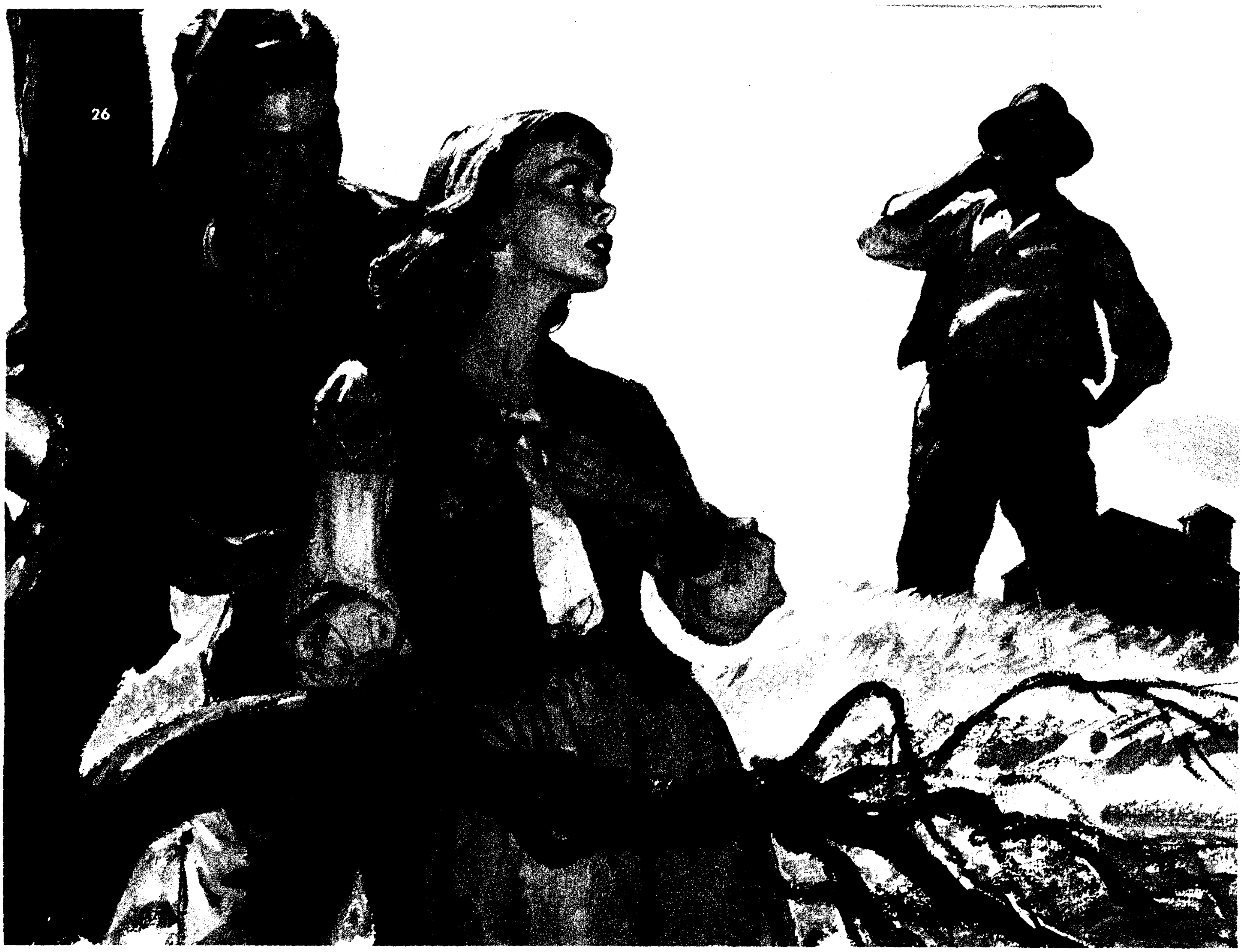
MARTHA WEINMAN

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TANA HOBAN



Playtime: Canon James Green, headmaster, calls the roll to his rugged, sports-loving brood

Teatime: Mrs. Green pours for Don Ormsby, 13. Boys under 11 wear knee pants for dress-up



"Rosie!" Mr. Wrycjoski's great bulk towered above the hill. "Bring Stanley in. What you standing there fluttering for?"

The Bargain Ox

I wanted to be a famous author so I could marry Rosie, but I didn't mean my article in The Happy Homesteader to make a fool of Father

By JOHN PATRICK GILLESE

I WAS up in my room under the eaves, typing madly with two fingers, when I heard my father's shout: "Stanley! If you're coming to Cramer's with me, look sharp!"

Abruptly, the enchanted coral atolls vanished, and I was back on a bush homestead in northern Alberta. I was seventeen, and already I had sold two pieces to The Happy Homesteader, which all the pioneers read. Now I was deep in a thrilling story of romance and adventure in the South Seas. My only worry was that when it was published someone would recognize Rosita, the passionate and beautiful heroine, as the exact counterpart of Rose Wrycjoski, the sixteen-year-old daughter of the most prosperous farmer in the valley. I was afraid Mr. Wrycjoski would be so mad at me that he'd forbid Rose ever to speak to me again.

"Stanley!"

"I'm practically there, Pa!"

I heard my father grumbling to my mother. "Ever since my sister in Seattle sent him that cursed typewriter, it's been a chore even to get him to come and eat, let alone do any work."

To Father, the land and all it symbolized was everything.

I remember once, when the unbearable loneliness depressed Mother and she wept for her home in Kansas, how my father tried to cheer her up, to make her understand why we had come.

"It's the country, Nellie. We're modern pioneers. Good black soil, a foot deep; plenty of water; all the land a family needs—for ten dollars a quarter section. Mother, only pioneers can have that! The others have to settle for worn-out lands—because they haven't got what it takes to pioneer a wild country like this. Aw, Nellie," my father said, "you know why we come!"

So to Father it didn't make sense that a boy of his shouldn't want to file a homestead alongside his own; and I didn't want to get him worked up to where he forbade me to write altogether. My two kid brothers were too young to help him much, especially if I was around, and, besides, they were away at school most of the year.

This once, however, Father couldn't be upset easily. He had that look in his eyes that always came when he was figuring on a bit of sharp trading—this time for another ox. "Is there any money in the house, Nellie?" he asked Mother importantly, though he knew well enough there was forty dollars.

My mother took it out of the old tarnished teapot and counted it slowly. "How much will it be, Sam?" she asked.

"Thirty-thirty-five dollars, maybe more," said my father impatiently. "That tightfisted little sidewinder wants the last (Continued on page 32)

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL TEPPER

COUNTY JUDGE

By CHARLES W. WHITE

Folks expect either perfection or the worst from him. What they get is a human being trying to be just

SOMETIMES Judge Joe Davis feels as if *he's* on trial, rather than the shabbily dressed criminal-case defendant seated over there facing the jury. The public, which jams courtrooms to the doors and windows during murder trials, follows a judge's every move. Trials and rulings, even the judge's decision to go fishing, appear on page one of local newspapers.

"You're always on the spot up here," the friendly, fifty-three-year-old Muncie, Indiana, circuit judge, now completing his first six-year term in the elective office, said recently. "Somebody's got to lose, and it's human nature for the losers not to like you for it."

One morning, not long ago, Judge Davis heard a bitterly contested divorce case, with custody of children involved. During recess, he had to answer important phone calls and sign legal papers for several lawyers. After lunch, there was a long legal argument over a politically hot school-board election case that had required some homework the night before. Later, when everybody else was quitting the gloomy old Delaware County courthouse for the day, there was a heart-twisting juvenile court hearing behind closed doors. That evening the judge and his wife, Ellen (he calls her "Babe"), attended an Exchange Club party. Judge Davis sang in the club quartet.

Next morning, he was back on the bench, with the American flag behind him and the American people out front.

Courts are pretty much alike all over the country. Wherever they are, they reach deep into the lives of the citizens—deeper than many of us realize. There has to be somebody to hear your side of it when you get sued, and somebody to watch over your rights when you are damaged. If you want a new name, the judge decides whether you may have it; when you die, he may be called on to determine the legality of your will. From the time you are born, he has direct power over you.

It's a tremendous responsibility, and judges like Joe Davis never stop being aware of it. And even when the man on the bench satisfies himself that he is dispensing true justice, there remain the tricky niceties of the law. Everything goes down in writing, and a slight error can make even a well-intentioned judge look bad on appeal.

"Sometimes I worry over a case," Judge Davis admits. Mild-mannered and deliberate, he's beginning to look his age.

A courtroom is a sort of theater, a community arena where everything is seen close-up. Sometimes what's on view there isn't very nice. For, in the process of seeking justice, many people find themselves revealing their own—and others'—dirty linen. About 400,000 divorces and annulments are granted in American courts annually, and Judge Davis gets his share of town scandal. Men stand trial for their lives, and others come to watch the spectacle.

Somehow, most of the time, justice gets done. Muncie is a town of 60,000 and there's a lot of interest in what goes on around the grimy, Victorian courthouse. There's usually someone watching in the high-ceilinged circuit-court room on the third floor, even if the public's representative is only a bum exercising his constitutional right to come in and get warm. Few citizens realize, though, how their machinery of justice really works. They don't know, for instance, that most of a county judge's work is done off the bench.

Judges divide their job into two main parts. There's the official part—His Honor looking austerely impersonal up on the bench, listening to evidence or writing in his docket. But the heavy end of his job is the unofficial part which is called, for some lawyer's reason or other, "in chambers." That means, roughly, "off the cuff."

Take the worried day laborer who came into the judge's private office one afternoon recently.

"Judge, I want to see you about my buddy," he blurted out. "There's a failure-to-support charge against him, and he's hiding from you. He's scared, that's all. Got a double hernia, and hasn't been able to work much. But every time he gets behind in his support money for his wife and kids, she cracks down on him. I think I can get him in here, though."

"All right, you get him in," the judge said. "If he's got any inclination at all to support those children, he'll be all right. I would rather have him supporting his children than send him to jail. But he's going to have to come in here with the understanding that he'll take care of those children. You tell him that."

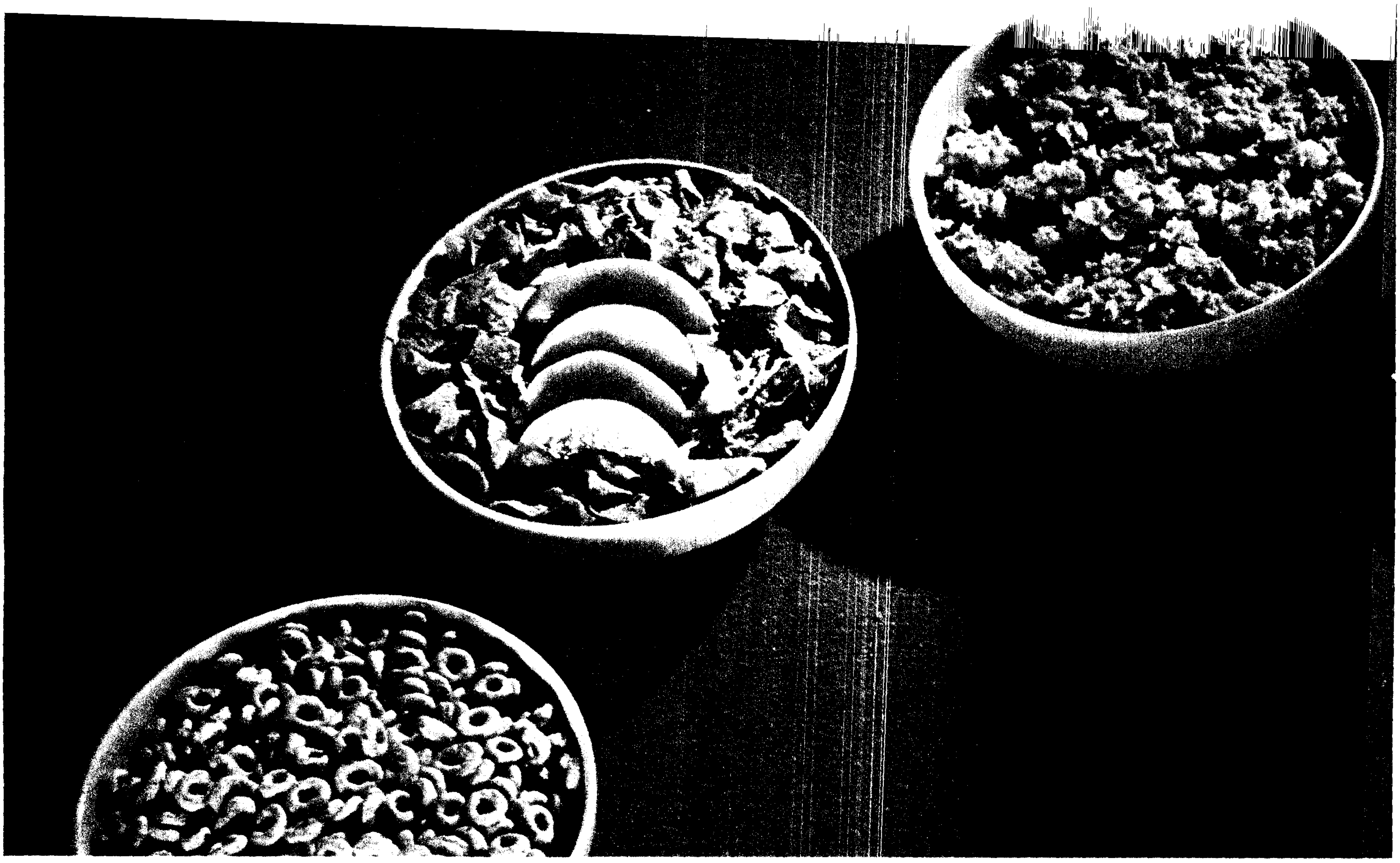
Conferences like this occur in all sorts of places, at all sorts of times—in the dusty law library during a trial recess, at home on a Sunday, or wherever the judge happens to be cornered by somebody in a hurry. Judge Davis has transacted business with lawyers "in chambers" while trying to finish a chicken dinner with Mrs. Davis at Payne's Café on East Main Street.

Most of this informal conferring and paper signing is done in the judge's office, however, during regular hours. That office of his is quite a place.

Judge Davis works at a large square desk made of solid wild cherry, a prized antique which he helped refinish himself after discovering it in the back end of county clerk Bob Milhollin's office. An iron fireplace (most of the courthouse rooms have these) gives his lofty workroom a comfortable look, contrasting with fluorescent lights and light blue painted walls. The fireplace mantel is stacked with lawbooks and old *(Continued on page 76)*

RUTH CHIN

Circuit Judge Joe Davis of Muncie, Indiana. "You're always on the spot up here," he says



Here's the Latest Exciting Chapter in

THE CEREAL STORY

By ROBERT FROMAN

Hot or cold, regular or presweetened, American processed cereals—complete with the box-top awards for loyal eaters—now are as popular in other corners of the globe as they are here

NOT long ago a Battle Creek, Michigan, firm received a letter from the city of Accra, on Africa's Gold Coast. In painfully composed prose it announced that the writer was a jockey and had a friend who also was a jockey.

"You sent my friend skull and bones," it continued. "He won race. Send me skull and bones quick. I never win yet."

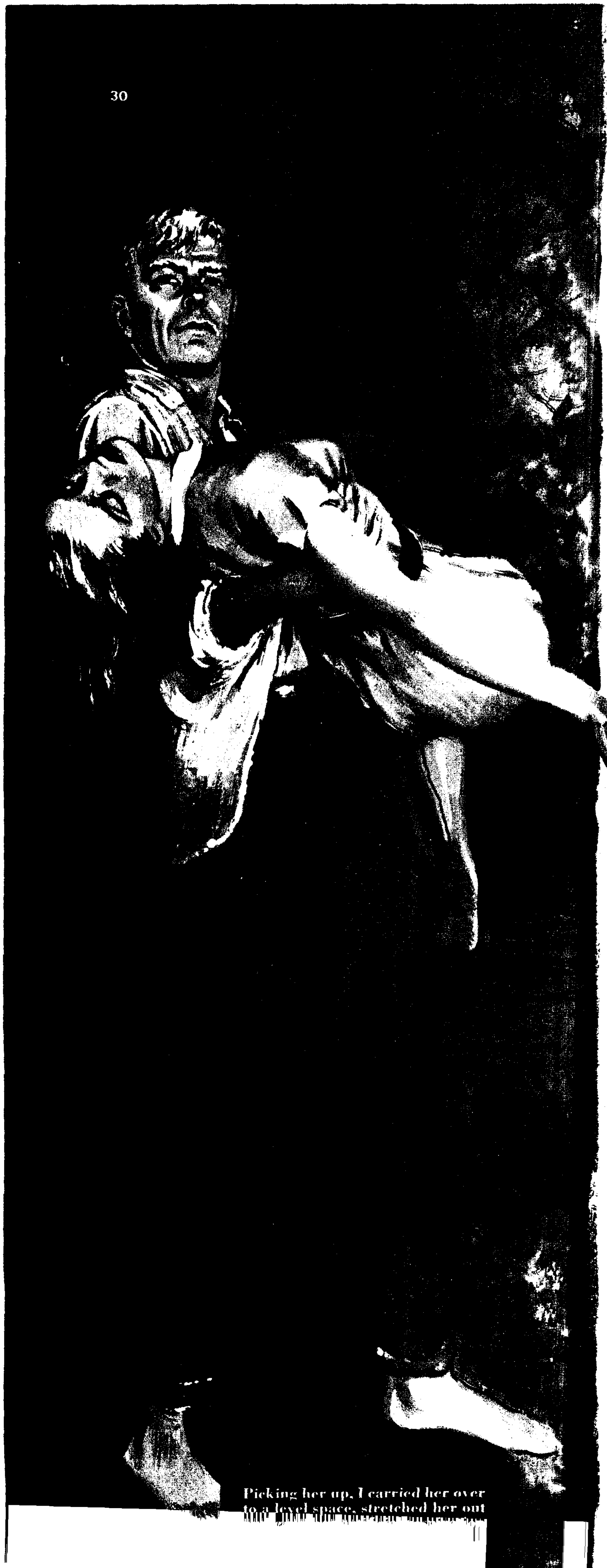
Although the Battle Creek company's business, as its address clearly indicates to millions of people throughout the world, is turning kernels of corn, wheat and rice into crisp and highly digestible flakes, it had no trouble understanding and complying with this odd request. In spite of the grisly sound of his note, all the jockey wanted was a bracelet charm offered as a box-top premium.

Similar letters arrive in Battle Creek daily with postmarks ranging all the way from Afghanistan to Zanzibar. For today the crunching and crackling of American ready-to-eat breakfast cereals reverberate throughout most of the world. The company in correspondence with the African racing man counts 121 nations, colonies and dependencies among its customers.

This is a remarkably wide range for a type of foodstuff invented in a small Midwestern town barely half a century ago. Since the early 1900s when production of ready-to-eat cereals got under way in Battle Creek, the town has shipped billions of packages, hundreds of thousands of freight carloads, all over the world. Their international success has been so great that two countries now eat more per capita than we do of this strictly American invention. Australians consume nearly seven pounds apiece per year and Canadians four and a half pounds, compared with the U.S. record of better than four pounds each.

Hot cereals, of which we eat about two thirds *(Continued on page 78)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ANTON BRUEHL



Picking her up, I carried her over to a level space, stretched her out

My Brother's Widow

I was a boy playing a man's game. And I'd stuck my neck out so far I couldn't dodge the bullets

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

The Story: My name is Gevan Dean. Four years ago, I was president of Dean Products, Inc., a thriving heavy industry in the Midwest city of Arland. I was in love with a girl then—Niki Webb—but Niki married my kid brother, Ken, and I threw up my job and went to Florida and loafed on my income. Then Lester Fitch, a company lawyer, visited me with the news that Ken had been murdered. I went back to Arland. I found Dean Products in a mess. We were manufacturing an atomic war head, the D4D, and business was booming, but there was conflict within the organization: Stanley Mottling, a production man and a newcomer to me, wanted to succeed Ken as president, and he had the backing of Niki and Colonel Dolson, the Army Contracting Officer assigned to the plant. Another faction backed Walter Granby, the company treasurer. My vote could decide the election. Niki, who professed still to be in love with me, was pressuring me to vote for Mottling. My former secretary, Joan Perrit, who was in love with me, wanted me to reassume my old job myself.

I soon found out that some screwy things were going on. Dolson was embezzling government funds in conspiracy with a man named LeFay. A girl named Alma Bradey got herself killed because she told me too much about Dolson's peculations. Mottling's background was suspicious: he'd spent some time in Russia. And he could do the defense program a lot of damage by producing defective D4Ds. Hildy Devereaux, who sang at the Hotel Gardland, where I was staying, knew something about Dolson—something that might give me a clue to Ken's murder . . .

Conclusion

THE hotel made me restless. My coat was up in my room. I went to the elevators. One came up from the basement level, the Copper Lounge level. The starter motioned me toward it. The door opened, and I got in. Colonel Dolson was in there, and a husky young bellhop and a waiter were supporting him, one holding each arm. His thick gray hair was rumpled, shaggy across the forehead. His eyes were dulled; his face sagged. The front of his beautifully tailored uniform jacket was smeared, and he smelled nauseous.

"You shoulda taken him up in the freight cage," the operator said unhappily.

"Just run your elevator, sonny," the waiter said.

Dolson stared at the elevator floor. He mumbled and breathed wetly through his mouth. He didn't recognize me, and I couldn't understand what he was saying.

They got off at six. When the door slid shut, I asked the operator if they had to take him very far down the hall.

"Just to six eleven. It's right around the first corner. Imagine a guy like that! He wants to get stinking, he ought to wear civvies. He don't have to wear the uniform in the evening."

"That happen often?"

"I never see him like that before. Those guys got to strip him and drop him in the sack."

I got off at my floor and got my coat. The telephone rang. When I answered it, there was no one there. I smoked a cigarette, wondering about the call, and then heard the cautious rattle of fingernails against my door. I opened it. Hildy was standing there, her brown eyes wide. She came in quickly and closed the door and leaned against it. She was wearing a yellow dress, one that she very probably wore for her Copper Lounge audience. Over it she wore a polo coat too large for her, unbuttoned, the sleeves turned up above her wrists.

"Something," she said, "has depth-bombed the good colonel."

"I saw him in the elevator," I said.

"Messy, wasn't he? You were interested. So I thought you ought to know this. Tonight was to be the night, according to the colonel. Tonight he decided we would fly away together in his car. Just pack a little bag, dear. Acapulco, Rio, the Argentine. He got a large, firm no, and it rocked him. So he had other arguments. One of them was a sheaf of bills, Gevan. Honest to God, I never saw so much money all at once, except when I was a little kid and my daddy took me through the mint with all the other tourists. There's a little larceny in everybody's heart. I was tempted to go along for the ride and the off-chance of rolling him."

"Did he happen to mention why he was taking off?"

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

Necco
ASSORTED WAFERS
Necco
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How to be a good egg
at Easter

The Easter basket fixin's
growin'-ups and grown-ups love

8...count 'em...8 delicious flavors
the original tasty-thin sugar wafer candy

Necco wafers belong in
every Easter basket—
buy them by the box

New England Confectionery Co., Cambridge 39, Mass.

Necco
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The Bargain Ox

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

penny for anything he lets off the place!" Father had never liked Jay Cramer, and ever since early spring he'd been planning the talk he'd use to get the best of him in the deal.

Mother gave Dad the full forty dollars, knowing he liked to put on a front before the likes of Jay.

"Maybe," said my mother, as if it was foolishness and she shouldn't be asking, "if you have four or five dollars back, Sam, I could send away for a dress when we're ordering the garden seeds. There's a lot of new women coming into the valley this year. They're saying it'll be the biggest crowd ever for the fall fair."

That was still more than six months away, but Mother was thinking how easy it would be to get by without a lot of things that women closer to civilization took for granted if only she could have a new dress for such an important event.

Mother still hadn't got used to the rangeline trails that served as roads and the rough cabins with their walls of unpeeled poplar logs and dirt roofs. Father had come to Alberta to find an era he thought had passed forever. Mother, with us kids, followed because she loved him.

"We'll see," said my father, with a great frown. "But don't count on it. You know an extra ox or two is what gets a fellow ahead, and that foxy wee Cramer'll have heard I'm wanting to buy."

IT WAS only a mile to Cramer's, and we walked. The snake-trail through the brush was spongy underfoot; the birches were already green and the poplar leaves were coming out in frail, sticky yellows.

It was, I felt, the most promising spring of my life. I thought of Rose, who, with the possible exception of my mother, was the only one who understood my dreams of being an author; and I was wondering if I could leave Dad at Cramer's and go on into town and see if the latest issue of The Happy Homesteader had come, when my dad said: "Now, you watch the monkeyshines of this little reprobate, Stanley. Maybe someday you'll learn that trading is more important than authoring."

I decided, then, to leave the mail till after, for Father always did his best ox trading when he had an audience.

Jay Cramer was deeply engrossed in painting a wagon box in the yard, and he pretended not to notice us coming till his old soup-hound barked. He was a fat little man, slightly bald, who prided himself on raising the best livestock in our part of the country and taking all the garden prizes at the fall fair. I think Father resented this even more than Jay's notorious tightfistedness.

Jay seemed to have difficulty recognizing us; then he turned with a broad smile, feigning surprise. "Well, well, Sam! How are you?"

"Watch the little weasel closely," my father said to me in an undertone. "When he smiles like that, he's getting ready to put his hand in your pocket." Aloud, my father said affably, "Tolerable, thank you, Jay. And yourself?"

A polite exchange of palaver ensued, during which my father inquired about Jay's missus, his kids, his seed grain and his most distant relatives; and Jay, in turn, talked casually about the new settlers arriving, rumors that the railhead was coming to the valley—everything except oxen.

Jay said now that the war was over, there'd be a lot of Europeans coming in, and my father predicted that by 1922 or '23, land would be closed to homesteading. Jay said Alberta was a century behind the States in colonization, and my father said that that was what had brought him North, that the Harrisons were born to follow frontier trails. Jay said it was a tough country, though, and my father said it was the last place in America where you could be a pioneer, building a kind of life that was exactly what you wanted it to be.

Finally my father looked at his watch and turned to me in surprise. "We got to get on, Stanley. We're late now." He made to turn away, then said casually, "Oh—almost forgot what I dropped in for, Jay. I was thinking of buying another ox. Don't really need one, but seeing I had no use for the money, and hearing you had too many on your hands—"

Jay Cramer smiled—a smooth, oily smile.

"Reckon somebody must've misinformed you, Sam," he said. "Matter of fact, I've been selling my surplus to these new homesteaders."

I felt the blow this was to Father. But nothing of it showed on his face. "Well, maybe some other year—"

"Wait a minute," said Jay Cramer, and I breathed easier. "I hate to disappoint an old neighbor like you, Sam, especially when you have the cash."

We filed down to the wheat strawstack behind the barn, where the oxen were standing sleepily in the sun. Father examined the gaunt animals critically, noting especially how they had stood up to the hard winter.

Finally he turned to Cramer with great disinterest. "What you asking, Jay?"

"Forty dollars," Cramer said flatly.

"Forty dollars!" my father said, laughing. "Well, that's a good joke, Jay."

For an hour, while my mind strayed back to Rosita of the Seven Seas, the two men argued, but Cramer was obstinate. He wouldn't sell for less. Finally he put on a look as if he had just recently acquired religion and forgotten to try it out. "Sam, I have one other ox, and, seeing we homesteaded hereabouts together, I'll sacrifice him to you for thirty-five. He's dirt-easy to feed—will eat anything. Fact is, he's that fat I keep him in the barn to do the choring around."

He led the way; and Father hissed in my ear, "Look sharp, Stanley. When he starts doing me a favor, look sharp."

The ox Jay showed us was a stoic, massive brute with great curved horns. Cramer slapped him to show he was gentle. His coat was sleek. His shoulders were firm.

My father glanced at me in bewilderment.

Jay Cramer looked pious. "I tell you, Sam, if it was anybody else—"

"I'll take him," my father said tersely.

When we were leading him out of the yard, Cramer said, "By the way, Sam, I suppose you'll be exhibiting some of your prize pumpkins this year?"

The way he said it put my father on guard. My heart dropped suddenly into my shoes.

"I been reading your boy's write-up in The Happy Homesteader," Jay continued, unable to keep the laugh out of his eyes now, "and I was right impressed—having won the prize on pumpkins for so many years myself."

"That so?" my father said politely. "We haven't got the mail yet—"

"I'll show you!" Cramer said gleefully.

DAD stood like a man facing a firing squad, while Cramer slipped into the cabin for The Happy Homesteader.

It was the "Spring Planting" number, and inside was the first piece I'd ever had accepted: How to Grow Prize Pumpkins. In it, I had taken Father's experiences in Kansas and applied them in the Alberta bush country—where pumpkins were notoriously hard to grow. With the article there was an illustration of a witch riding a broomstick, with a pumpkin made into a jack-o'-lantern on the end. To me, it was beautiful, till Jay Cramer asked with a straight face, "Is that a recent picture of you, Sam?"

Father kept control of himself. He appeared only slightly amused. "Guess I'll have to show pumpkins after all this year," he said.

"At the fair?" asked Cramer.

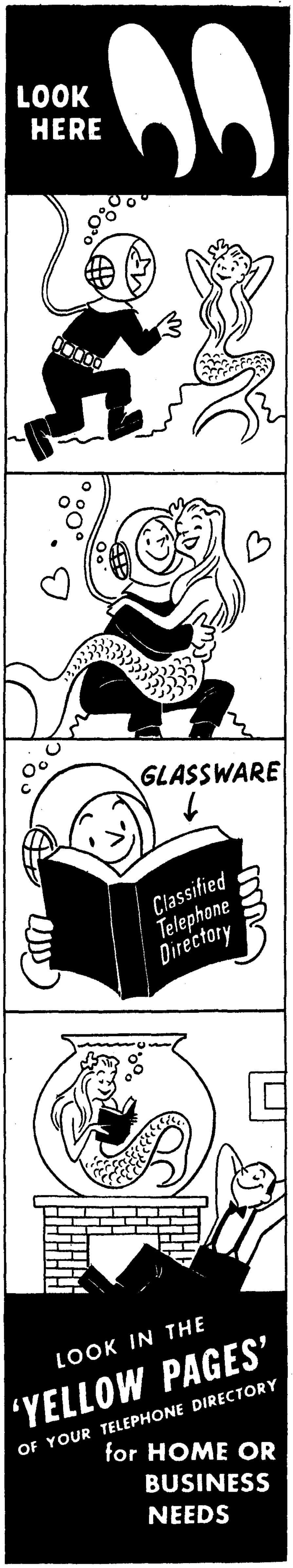
"Yeah, reckon so."

Cramer laughed. "Well, I'll let you in on the secret of growing prize pumpkins, Sam. It's a sandy slope—like what I've got. You got flat bush soil."

"When you know how, soil isn't everything," said my father. "Come on, Stanley, let's get going."

He gave the ox a whack that stampeded us through Cramer's gate.

All the way home, Father wouldn't even listen to my explanations. "I'll be the laughingstock of the whole valley over that infernal article! That little Judas will never let me hear the end of it. Life was just getting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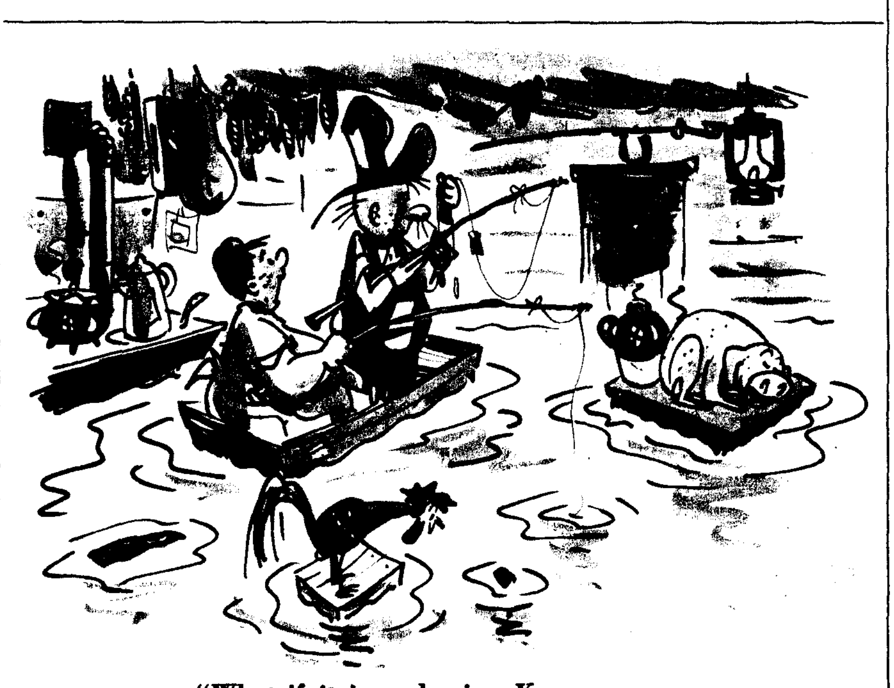
KENNESAW

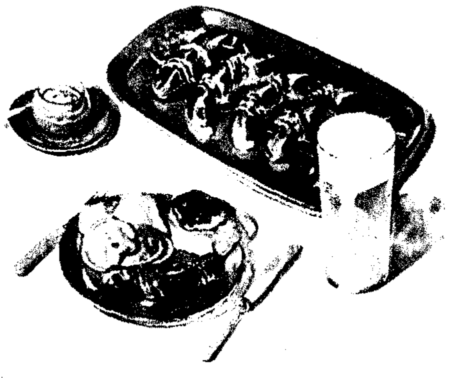


"What if it is undersize, Kennesaw? The game warden can't arrest us in our own living room"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

"AMATEUR FORTUNE TELLER," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 67 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—*beer belongs . . . enjoy it!*



Beer and ale—mealtime favorites

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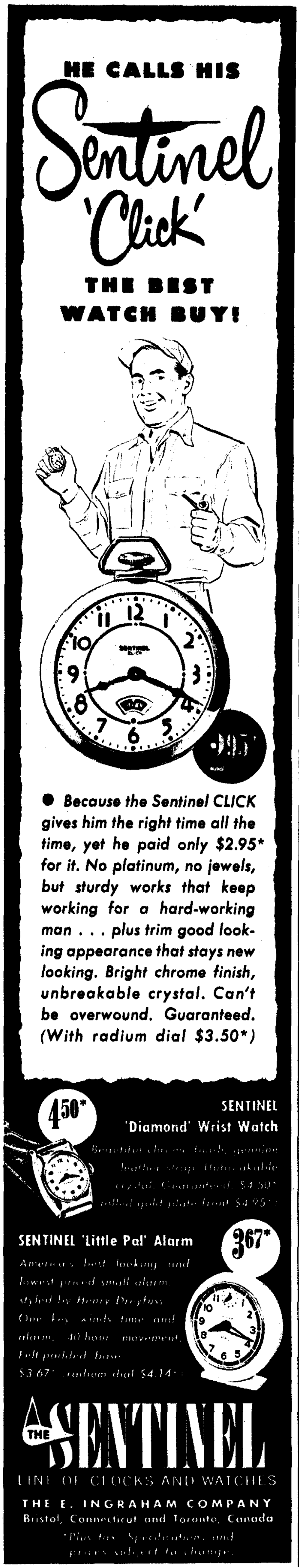
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tolerable, till you decided farming wasn't good enough for you."

"But, Father, the editor said farming experiences in Kansas were of no use to his readers! I had to make a start somewhere."

"And one thing more," my father said fiercely, as we turned up our own lane, "don't tell your mother Cramer was asking forty dollars for all the other oxen. If there's anything wrong with this brute, I don't want her thinking I held back just so she could get herself a dress."

We put the new ox in the barn, where he would stay for two weeks until he got used to our homestead. In spite of the pumpkin business, Father was at least slightly comforted by his deal. He named the ox MacDuff, after a sergeant he had known in the Army.

Then, when Mother and my two kid brothers had praised Father to the full for his trading, we had a family conference to see how we would live down the disgrace I had brought on the Harrison name. In the end, it was decided that the only thing we could do was to plant pumpkins in selected spots about the farm, in the hope that at least one of them would grow big enough to take the laugh out of Jay Cramer's mouth.

"Dad bust it!" my father roared, thinking of what would happen if we failed. "I grew them in Kansas. I oughta be able to grow them in Alberta!"

He turned on me. "Stanley, you write in to The Happy Homesteader and ask them for all the available information they've got on growing pumpkins in the bush country—big pumpkins."

"But, Father, I can't! It'll ruin my literary career."

"You've got to!" my father said. "By now, this is all over the valley. I can't ask anyone else to write in—that'll make it ten times as bad!"

BY SUNDAY, Father had yielded a trifle. I walked the ten miles up to Wrycjoskis', to ask Rose to send away for the information. As I climbed the last rise, she came racing to meet me, her fair hair blowing in the spring wind. Watching her flying form, I was amazed again at how a great giant of a man like Mr. Wrycjoski could have such a beautiful daughter.

Out of sight of the house—and her father—Rose threw herself in my arms. But with the troubles I had on my mind, Rose's devotion seemed out of place that day.

"Rose, I've come to ask you the most important thing in my life, something I'd never ask any other girl—"

"Stanley!" Rose's eyes were soft. "Oh, darling, I've been hoping you would! After all, I'm past sixteen now, and Mother was only fifteen when she was married."

"It's worse than that, Rose," I said desperately, and I explained to her about the pumpkins. Rose rallied loyally. She would write immediately, she'd never tell a living soul, and we'd meet in two weeks for the answer.

"Rosie!" Mr. Wrycjoski's great bulk towered above the hill. "Bring Stanley in. What you standing fluttering there for?"

"Papa," said Rose, "I wish you wouldn't call me Rosie."

"Rose, Rosie—what's the difference?" Mr. Wrycjoski said, pulling at the ends of his great red mustaches. "You're acting awful funny every time he comes around."

"I hate 'Rosie.' It makes me feel fat!"

"What's wrong with being fat? Makes you sleep good at night. Like me. I sleep sound as a lamb. Look at him there—he's so thin, he don't look healthy to me."

"That's because I'm an author now, Mr. Rickjawski," I explained. "Doing well, too."

Rose's father looked sad. "Kid, how many times I tell you that's not the way to say my name? Say her slow. Rrr-jaw-ow-w-ski. What's the matter—can't you speak English?"

"Papa!" wailed Rose. "Leave Stanley alone!"

Mr. Wrycjoski went away, muttering. "Papa, Papa! Rose, Rosie! Authors! The world! What's she coming to?". . .

A fortnight later, Rose met me halfway between our respective farms. From the rapturous look on her face, I thought our troubles were over. Trembling with relief, I took the letter she carried. It said:

Dear Miss Wrycjoski: I am enclosing herewith an article entitled How to Grow Prize Pumpkins. It is the only material we have on the subject as it applies to your part of the country. We hope it will help you.

Sincerely yours,
S. W. Bee
Editor, The Happy Homesteader.

Enclosed with the letter was a clipping of my article.

"You see, Stanley, darling," Rose said, with shining eyes, "you're the only one smart enough to write an article about growing pumpkins in the bush country."

FATHER took the news badly. He was being ribbed everywhere he went; and now he was fiercely determined to regain the neighbors' respect by beating Cramer in front of all comers.

"If I can't grow a pumpkin bigger than his, we might as well hitch up and pull out of this valley, Nellie," he kept telling my mother, till she was on the verge of tears. "Meanwhile," my father said to me, "no more writing."

"But, Father, I've just about finished Rosita of the Seven Seas."

"You've just about finished me, Stanley," said my father. "Now, look, son, how much money have you earned for a whole winter's writing?"

"Dad, I just got started—"

"How much money?" asked my father.

"Ten dollars."

"All right, you get that much for a coyote skin. Come on, we'll try out MacDuff. Can't keep him in the barn forever."

Even Mother saw it was no use my protesting. She told me to help Father as much as I could, especially with whatever he had in mind about the pumpkins.

We took MacDuff out of the barn and yoked him to the stoneboat. Dad ordered me to dig a load of the best rotted cow manure we had. Meanwhile, he made a screen and staked off a patch of shady ground next to the pasture bush. Anxiously, we watched MacDuff lay his shoulders to that load of manure, for my father was still suspicious that Cramer had pulled a fast one on him somewhere.

Without faltering, MacDuff shoved his big head around as if he were goring an imaginary dog, and the big stoneboat slid forward—something no single one of our other oxen could have done.

"Well, I'll be emancipated!" said my father, more suspicious than ever.

Dad's plan was to plant one bed of pumpkins next to the house, where the slope was dry and open, and another next to the pasture bush, where it was shady and low. Into both patches of ground we sifted a foot of manure and covered it with screened soil. We must have prepared half an acre for pumpkins alone that day.

Father planted on the first morning of the new moon, throwing a couple of seeds over his shoulder for luck. (This advice had been deleted from my article in The Happy Homesteader.)

"If one patch doesn't fare, the other should," said my father. "And the minute a pumpkin gets any size, we'll feed it daily on sugar and water, like they used to do in Kansas."

This finished, we let MacDuff out to pasture with the other oxen, but a few mornings later he was nowhere to be seen. Father and I searched high and low for him and at last we found him—at Cramer's.

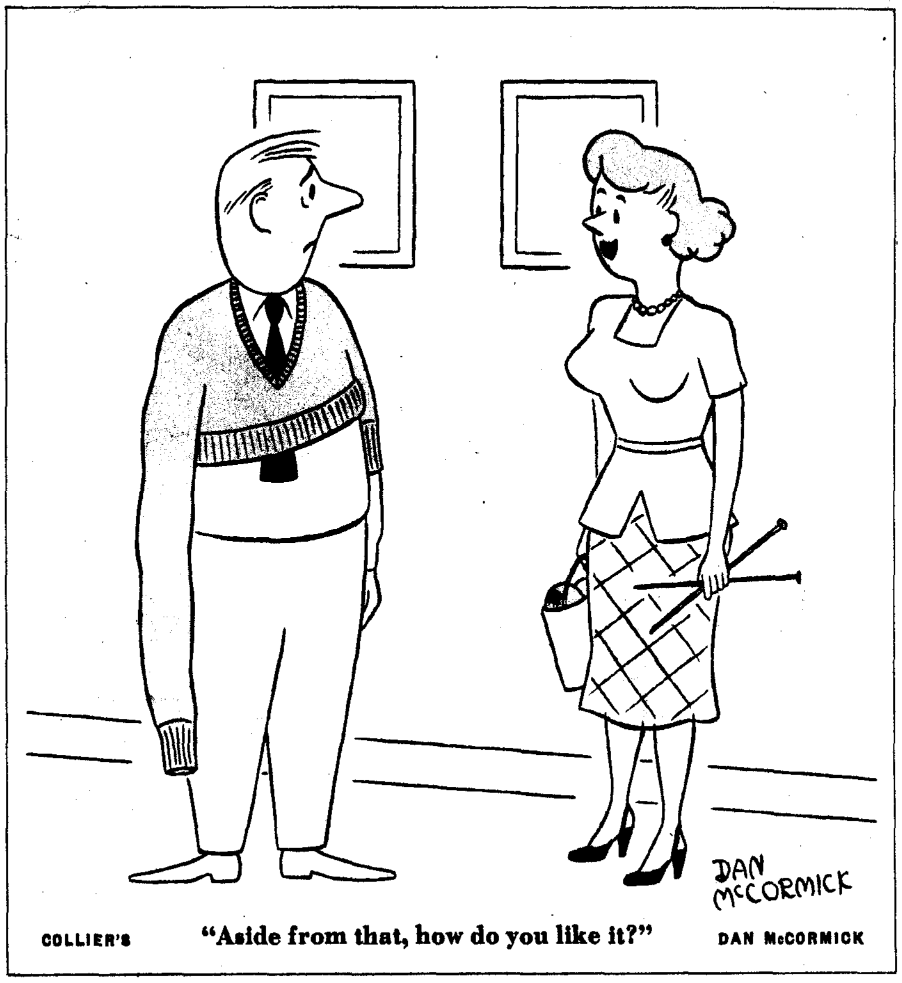
"Guess he got lonesome for home," said Jay Cramer, his eyes shiny with amusement. "He's right intelligent that way. Or maybe he's scairt you're gonna feed him on prize pumpkins, Sam!"

My father knew then why he had got the ox for five dollars less, and he was doubly mad at Cramer for outsmarting him.

"He's a fence-breaker. There isn't a fence in Alberta could hold him in, Stanley!" my father said bitterly. "All right, muleheaded beast—out of that barn you'll not budge till all the work's done!"

NOW the long sweet days were on us, and we worked hard to get the crop in early. Each evening we unharnessed the oxen and let all but MacDuff out to graze. Each morning, I fetched them from the greening pasture, while Dad spent the time over his pumpkin patches, pulling a weed here and there, sprinkling the first green spearheads with soft brown slough water, worrying about cutworms.

By mid-June, when it never really got dark at night, we had the crop seeded—



COLLIER'S "Aside from that, how do you like it?" DAN McCORMICK

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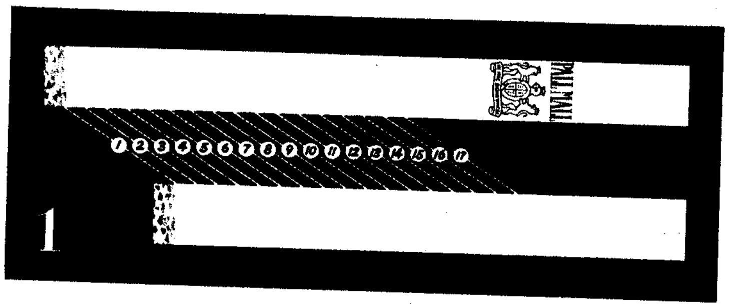

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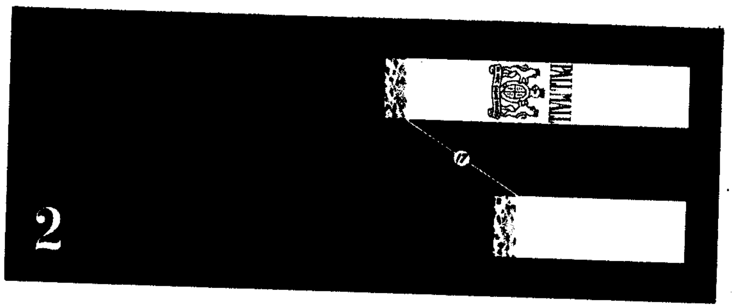

Again after 5—10—or 17 puffs of each cigarette, your own eyes can measure the extra length for extra mildness. For **Pall Mall's greater length of traditionally fine tobaccos still travels the smoke further on the way to your throat—filters the smoke and makes it mild.** Thus PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

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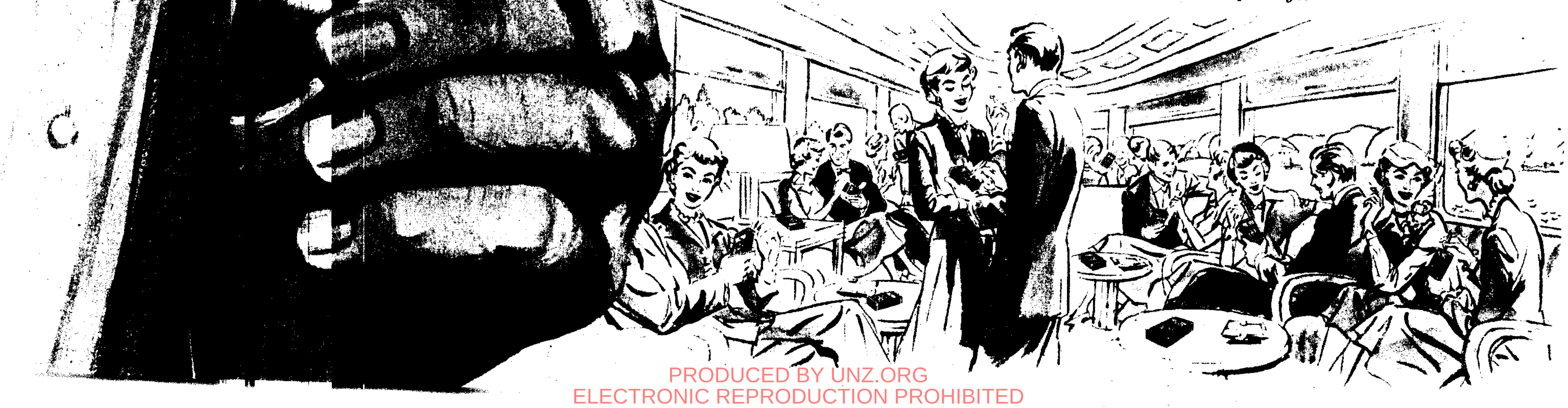

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the earliest ever. But now this was scant comfort to Dad, for the pumpkins near the house were doing as they'd always done—poorly; they looked stunted, and the edges of their leaves were white, as if frost had nipped them.

Those by the pasture bush, on the other hand, were running to enormous vines, long as a man's arms already. "I don't recollect them ever being that long that early in Kansas," my father said dubiously. "Each leaf's as big as a dinner plate!"

Meanwhile, he had given me orders to fix a good heavy poke for MacDuff; we couldn't afford to keep him in the barn all summer. Likewise, it fell my lot to build a corral around the far pumpkin patch—just in case. Cramer was boasting about his vines already; and, to make matters worse, he was telling everyone how he'd got rid of a bothersome ox to my father. We tried to keep this talk from Father's ears as much as possible.

Day after perfect day, a hot, strong sun beat down on the still, dark-green bushland. Wild pea vine grew waist high; it tripped a man to walk in it. And overnight, almost, the awaited miracle happened: big, orange blossoms appeared on the sprawling, jagged pumpkin vines by the west fence. Father took hope. Never had we had blossoms that early before!

It was too good to last.

IN MID-JULY, my two kid brothers, picking the first ripe saskatoons in the pasture, saw a sight that sent them racing to the house. MacDuff, still with the poke around his neck, had leaped the west fence, then the log corral I had built around the pumpkins, and there he was—switching dog flies with his tail and tramping the vines underfoot, or pulling them out by the roots with great sidewise shakes of his head.

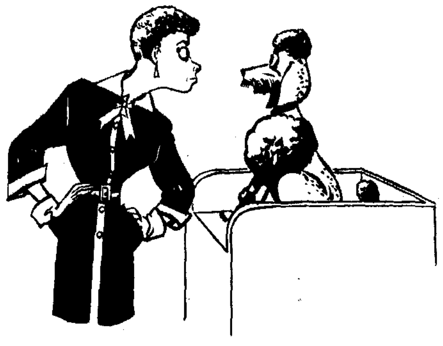
When Father and I got to him, the pumpkin patch was a sickening mess of smashed vines and black dirt. "The brute's possessed!" my father said, stricken. "He'll eat anything! I've seen an ox that would eat rhubarb leaves, I've seen a goat that ate tin cans—but I never knew anything to pass up growing wheat for a pumpkin patch." He turned to me with the look of one who has seen his approaching doom, but who must carry on till it strikes. "Put a heavier poke on him, Stanley—hobble him if you have to!"

After the usual family prayers had been said that night, my father lifted his eyes to our rafters and in an awesome voice added an extra petition. "Lord Almighty," said Father, "I've tried not to be a sinner. I've tried to raise my family into good, honest, God-fearing people—and now one of them's an author. Lord, I have always prayed that Your will be done, not mine. Lord, I can't ask You to send a hailstorm on the neighbors' good growing crops, but I am asking You to send it on mine. It's all I see left, Lord. I've been hinting to that dirty little sidewinder of a Cramer—You know what kind of an ox he palmed off on me, Lord—that I've got a mystery patch of pumpkins that would beat anything he ever grew. Now, Lord, look at me. Surely, if You see fit to wipe me out by hail, the neighbors will know I've had no chance to grow a decent pumpkin. And surely by next year they'll forget. Amen."

The prayer ended, Father turned to me. Even the kids were quiet for a change. "Stanley, since we're going to get hailed out, we'll need any extra money we can earn between now and the harvest. I saw Wryputski—or whatever his name is—in town the other day, and he was asking if you'd like to clear land with him for a dollar a day. You can start tomorrow. Bub and Ed can give me all the help I'll need at home now."

Mr. Wrycjoski had twelve acres of poplar bush he wanted cleared that summer. The way we started in to work, I was wondering if he aimed at clearing it in a single day. We slashed the saplings and small willows first; on top of the green piles we laid the fire-blackened logs and windfalls. Where the logs had lain, millions of red ants marched, carrying their big white eggs to new shelter. We used a team of horses to pull most of the stumps, likewise to pull over the larger poplars. When we came to an especially tough tree on which the horses couldn't be used (in case the wooden eveners broke), Mr. Wrycjoski swung on the leaning side and I chopped madly at the roots, and the tree always fell. I gave full credit to Rose's father.

PAT ROONEY



HAIR TO-DO

The reason why the poodle cut
Affords no stimulation
Is, that some gals look too much like
The source of inspiration.

—PHILIP LAZARUS

After a week of this, I was too tired even to talk to Rose when we got to the house at night. Rose got so mad at her dad that she insisted on bringing me out lunches, forenoon and afternoon, which caused Mr. Wrycjoski to roll his eyes in despair.

As the fierce August sun wilted even the thin, shaded grasses, and the perspiration rolled off our bare backs, I began to scan the sky hopefully through the opening in the forest.

Finally Mr. Wrycjoski asked me, "What you looking for, kid? Hawks?"

"Hail," I answered. "Sure seems like hail weather."

Mr. Wrycjoski dropped his ax and nervously scrutinized the sky line. He had four hundred acres of wheat coloring on the hills.

In the sulphury heat of the afternoons, my hopes rose each time thunderheads looped about the sky line. It was ideal hail weather, but each evening a cool breeze stirred the bushland, and the heat clouds cleared away.

Mr. Wrycjoski got so nervous over my talk about hail that he couldn't sleep at night. He confided to Rose that he was sure now there was something queer about me; he suspected I was actually hoping it would hail. Rose, in tears, told him to quit picking on me. And, I think, by the time the harvest weather came, Mr. Wrycjoski was beginning to doubt his own sanity.

THE first week in September, Ed and Bub went back to school, and my father grimly oiled the binder. Grimly, we hitched up the oxen, my father shortening MacDuff's traces so he would have to pull more than any of the others. The ox had got so used to the poke on his neck that even when it was off, he didn't straighten up his head like the others.

"He looks like a sneaking burro!" my father said bitterly.

We had the fairest stand of wheat in the valley, but Father's heart was a thing of ashes. The pumpkins by the house were little bigger than tobacco cans. We had never gone near the west patch again, and the pigweed grew rankly against the logs.

"The disgrace of this can follow us to the grave, Stanley," my father said.

He climbed up on the binder seat,

whacked MacDuff with the whip, and yelled, "Giddup!" The oxen started plodding round the field. I followed, throwing the first bundles out of the way of the back swath.

Suddenly I heard the binder stop—over by the old pumpkin corral. I saw my father climb down. A minute later, he stood up on the rails of the corral, waving his arms wildly. "Stanley! Stanley!"

I had never heard that shrieky note in my father's voice before, and I was afraid his mind had snapped.

"Stanley," my father said in a quiet voice when I ran up, gasping. "It's here—the biggest pumpkin you ever laid eyes on! Now I know what's the trouble in this country. When you plant in the shade, all the growth goes to the pumpkin leaves instead of to the fruit. That brute of an ox smashed up the leaves on this plant, but one blossom escaped—and all the nourishment went to this one pumpkin."

I looked doubtfully over the fence, and my own heart nearly stopped. There, standing out among half a dozen smaller pumpkins in the patch—round and perfect, and already yellowing amid its few leaves—was a pumpkin so big I doubted if we'd get it in a washtub.

"Don't say a word, Stanley," said my father, "and keep this brute of an ox in the barn till that's ripe." He climbed up on the binder. "I'll show Mr. Cramer what kind of pumpkins he's got. Giddup, my bully boys—whoa!"

Father climbed off the binder again, slapped the surprised MacDuff affectionately on the rump, hitched his traces so he had the easiest load of all the oxen, and climbed proudly up on the binder once more.

IT WAS October, with smoky haze lying over the brooding valley. The woods were a smear of color, and grouse whirred out of the ditches along the roads. It was perfect weather for the fair, with the unforgetable gladness of autumn in the air.

Everybody in the valley was at the fair that day, and everybody lingered longest at the giant golden pumpkin sitting on display at the end table. The judging was over, and the judges had unanimously declared that the pumpkin exhibited by Samuel J. Harrison was "the largest and most magnificent specimen yet grown in Wild Brier Valley."

Perched alongside the pumpkin was my father, dressed in his best clothes, talking away casually about everything in general—except pumpkins.

Outside, my brothers had joined a crowd of boys trying to flood out a ground squirrel.

Rose and I had walked to the post office, which was deserted for a change, to get the mail; and now we came up to the display table, walking slowly, holding hands. Everyone was looking at us and whispering. I remember Rose was sure mighty pretty that day.

Jay Cramer, his face a poor attempt at good sportsmanship, was finally bringing himself around to congratulate Father.

"Oh, it wasn't anything special, Jay," said Father, in his most offhanded manner. "I brought this one more because it was the best-looking of the bunch than anything else."

Jay wet his lips, unable to tear his gaze from that pumpkin. "Sam—the seed of that could introduce a new breed of pumpkins to the West. You aiming to sell some?"

The ox-trading look came into my father's eyes. "Maybe I will at that, Jay," he said casually. "You drop over and see me toward spring."

TAKING Rose's hand, I edged toward Father. He tilted Rose's head up and laughed the good, gay laugh of a man at peace with his neighbors. "Ah, Rosie, Rosie, Rosie! How are you today?"

"Sure is pretty, isn't she, Dad?" I said.

"Sure is, son—" My father's voice broke off. He was staring down the hall.

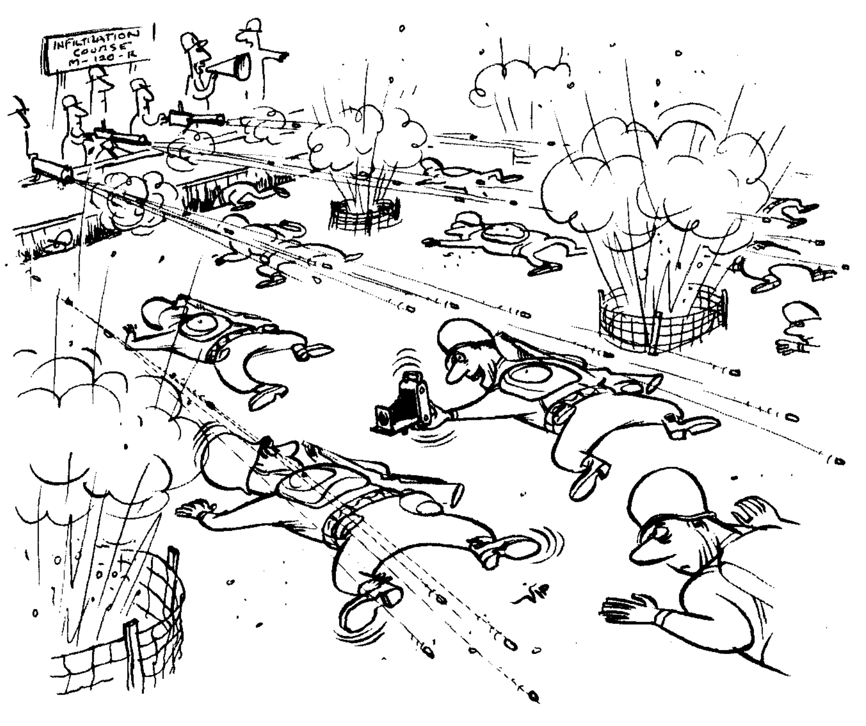
I looked and saw my mother coming, all dressed up in the long ruffled dress she'd ordered in the spring. She had on her white straw hat and her best gloves, and the way she was walking up the hall, nodding and smiling to clusters of new neighbor women on both sides—suddenly she looked to me like a queen.

My father slid off the table and fumbled with his tie. "Excuse me, son," he said. "I just seen somebody I haven't seen since we were married away down in Kansas a long time ago."

I turned back to Rose. There was a softness in her eyes. And there was the big harvest dance afterward. The night was ours.

It was no time for me to be showing Father the latest copy of The Happy Homesteader which, on page three, had another article by Stanley Harrison, entitled: How to Grow Prize-winning Wheat. THE END

VIP'S WAR



"Would you mind taking my picture, Sam? Mom has no idea what an infiltration course looks like"

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My Brother's Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

"As he began to get tight, and roll in self-pity, he told me that somebody had told him everything was all set, but by God he was no fool and he wasn't going to wait around and be a clay pigeon for anybody, by God. He knew when the sign said the end of the road."

"He's too tight to be going anyplace now."

"He didn't really start to get thoroughly drunk until he pressed me for a good reason why I kept saying no. So I gave him the good reason. I told him that he kept putting his hands on me, and every time he did it made me feel exactly like the time Buddy Higgins, across the street, put the angleworm in my bathing suit."

"Little ruthless, weren't you?"

"Well, yes. And now I'm sort of sorry. Something had him pretty well fractured and I think I finished the job. Look, I got to go sing for the people. Can you take a look at him and see that he doesn't try to fly out any windows?"

"I can't get into his room."

She handed me a key. "That's why I brought you this. It was forced on me during his few remaining lucid moments. Be a good guy, Gevan. Got to run."

"Want a report?"

"Please."

AFTER she left for the elevators, I left the suite and went in the other direction. I went down the stairs and came out on the sixth floor. I went down to six eleven and listened for a few moments, with my ear against the door panel. I unlocked the door and went in. They'd taken off his jacket, tie and shoes, and put him on the bed. He didn't stir when I put the lights on. I shut the door and made a careful search of the room. I found a .45 Colt in the bureau, complete with web belt, holster and extra clips. I went over and thumbed up his eyelid. He was too far out to even twitch. He blew bubbles in the corner of his mouth. The colonel was a careful man. There was nothing in the room to incriminate him. So I took a look at his pockets. All Army officers seem to come equipped with little black notebooks for their shirt pockets. I sat by the lamp and thumbed through his.

There was one page of names—Josie, Annabelle, Alma, Judy, Moira and so on. The names had either one, two or three stars. The colonel's code. Alma had four.

I replaced the notebook, yanked the blanket down, rolled him over onto his side, and took his wallet out of his hip pocket. He had sixty-three dollars. I was just covering him up when I heard a key in the door.

Joe Gardland came in. The husky bellhop was behind him. Joe's eyes bulged even more than usual.

"What the hell are you doing here, Gev?"

"A friend of the colonel's asked me to check on him, Joe."

"How'd you get in?"

"The friend gave me a key. Here. You take it."

Joe turned to the bellhop and gave him the key. "Here you go, Willy. Leave it off at the desk." The bellhop looked a little pale. He left.

Joe shut the door. "He all right?"

"Except for the head he's going to have."

Joe took out a handkerchief and wiped his face. He said, "Once in a while, a hotel owner gets a break. Not often. Just once in a while. Willy is a good boy. He decided the colonel would need his Ike jacket cleaned. On the way down, he finds an envelope in the inside pocket. He takes a look in and sees money. So he does the right thing. He brings it to me. Thank God he didn't count it. If he had, I'd never have seen Willy again. Even a nice boy like that has a price. I take it into my office. I start counting. Pretty soon I start sweating. I can't get it into the safe fast enough, and I don't even like having it there. I come up to wake him up and tell him the dough is safe. What are they paying colonels in this war?"

"Not that much."

Joe walked over and took a close look at the colonel. "This bird colonel is really a bird, Gevvy. He has a built-in wolf call. Around four o'clock, he had to come back from the plant and have a chat with the police. He's tied in, somehow, with that little girl who yumped off a bridge."

"Was he mentioned in her note?"

"No. The way I understand it, they had just been seen, though not lately, in night spots here and there."

"How did the colonel make out with the police?"

"I got a report. He was very manly with them. Straight from the shoulder. Yes, men, I knew the little girl. Yes, indeed. Like a daughter to me. Lonely, you know. Took her around a bit until she got better acquainted here. Helped her morale."

"Did they like that?"

"I guess they had to like it. Anyway, they don't want to go around smearing up the colonel's military career. Look at him! I don't like him, but he is sort of decorative around here, don't you think? Until tonight, that is. No chance of waking him up, by the looks."

"Not for a while, anyway."

"I get along good with the Army, usually. Most of the brass is all right. Just once in a while you get one of these. Eagles on his shoulders and he starts thinking people build hotels like this just so they can have him here to admire. A phony. In his home town he couldn't even get a bid to the chamber of commerce. Suddenly he's a social lion. He gets to know the first names of headwaiters all over town."

"Simmer down, Joe, and promise me a favor."

He gave me a suspicious look. "If I had any sense, I'd say no before you tell me what it is."

"If he wants his money back in the morning, stall him. Don't let him have it. Think up some excuse."

"Oh, fine!"

"Trust me, Joe. I've got a good reason."

Joe bit his lip. "I'm crazy. Everybody knows that. Let's get out of here."

We rode down together in the elevator. Joe got off at the lobby floor. I went on down to the next level and went into the Copper Lounge. I stood just inside the door. Hildy was singing All of Me. When I caught her eye, I held up a circle of thumb and finger. She nodded.

I went through the tunnel to the hotel garage and waited by the ramp until my rented car was brought down.

Even though I was far too early, I parked across from the offices. There were a lot of lights on. A second shift was going full blast in C Building and B Building.

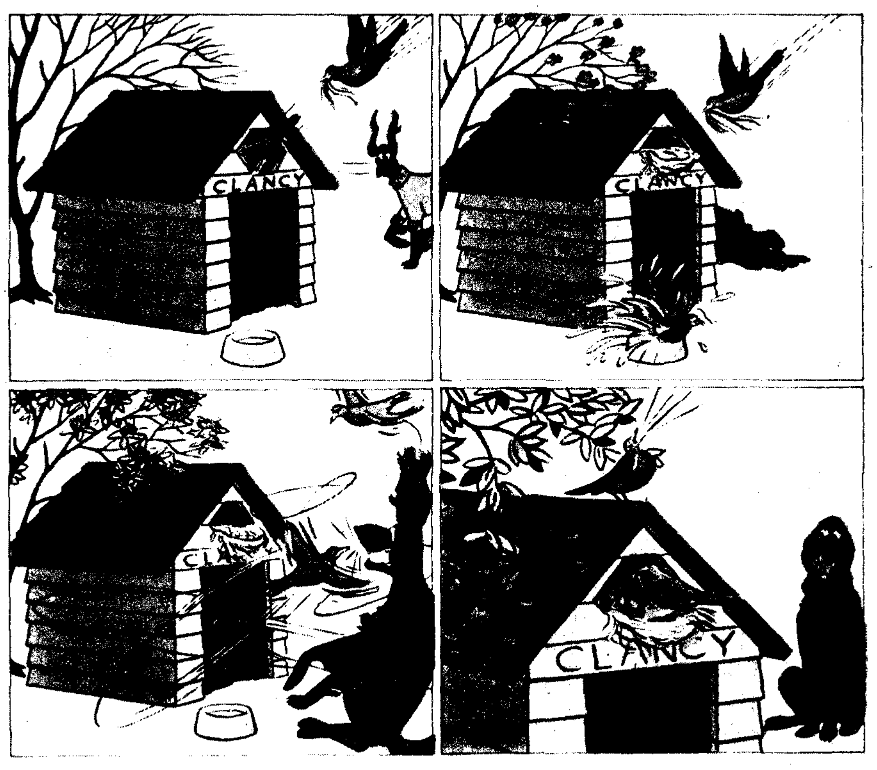
I slouched in the seat and lighted a cigarette. The time had come to stop nosing around independently. I decided that, first thing in the morning, I'd go to the local regional office of the FBI and give them the Acme Supply problem. If it didn't fall within their jurisdiction, at least they would be able to put me in touch with the right organization. Representatives of the Inspector General's Department and of the General Accounting Office would have to come to the plant and make a complete audit of all vouchers and payments on the D4D contract. The money in Joe's safe could be impounded, and they could ask the colonel to explain exactly where he'd got that amount. Alma was dead, but Perry and I could swear to what she had told us in my suite. The odds were that the colonel would be drawing a new uniform from the supply counter at Leavenworth.

While I was smoking my cigarette, Perry came out. I turned on the lights. She spotted me and came running across the street toward the car, smiling.

With Perry beside me, with the perennial April rain dotting the windshield between strokes of the wipers, I drove down through the center of town and out South River Boulevard. Perry sat facing me, her knees pulled up onto the seat, and listened intently as I told her what had happened, what I suspected.

When I had to stop for a light, I glanced over at her. She wore no hat, and her hair looked metallic.

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"What do you mean, Gevan, about the whole thing dissolving?"

"Like I said, this little racket of the colonel's is only a part of it. Files disappear, Alma dies, the colonel takes off. It leaves an office that is a blind, and an unidentified little man. So maybe the colonel is disgraced, maybe even imprisoned. The Army just replaces him and cleans up the odds and ends, and maybe they collar C. Armand LeFay and maybe they don't. But it would be like giving the getaway car in a bank robbery a parking ticket. Lester Fitch is implicated. Niki is implicated. Mottling is implicated. And I don't think Dolson has any way to pull them into it, even to save his own hide."

"What do they get out of all this, Gevan?"

"They get access to the most carefully guarded secret—the production rate of the D4D. And, if and when things get tougher, it gives them the chance of completely fouling up the production picture."

"Could Mottling do that?"

"He couldn't do it with Poulson, Fitz, Garroway, and the others on board—the boys he has chased out and replaced with second-raters."

"But your brother—"

"—managed to figure it out. And Niki was like a drug to him. And he finally faced her with all he'd figured out and told her he was going to talk to the right people. And that, of course, killed him."

"Gevan, it still sounds so terribly far-fetched. I don't see how Colonel Dolson fits into the picture."

"Mottling or somebody cased Dolson very accurately. A greedy little self-important man. A stupid little man. Probably not imaginative enough to figure out a way to ream the government. So Mottling suggests some outside warehouse space be rented. He engineers a few little changes in office procedure to give Dolson more of the strings on the D4D cost-plus orders. Then, with the stage set, somebody from outside contacts Dolson. Probably Dolson refused to bite the first time. But he thought about it. Then he started to chisel in a small way, aided by LeFay. After the chiseling gets big enough, Mottling lets Dolson know that he knows about it. He tells Dolson he can expose him and ruin him. And—" The new thought hit me like a bolt of lightning. I gasped.

"What is it, Gevan?"

"I *have* been stupid. I just realized that Dolson is inspecting officer. That D4D is big, but it is also pretty delicate. Change a couple of specs, change a few gauge dimensions, and you end up with a dud. And with the brains of the engineering and production sections chased away, it lessens the likelihood of anybody catching on. Kendall was no whiz as an executive, but he was a smart engineer."

"They must be shipped someplace, Gevan. Wouldn't it be caught there?"

"Some would go to a proving ground, probably. And Dolson would get the shipping orders. And he could make certain that the ones going to the proving ground were perfect. I still don't know what the D4D fits onto, but I have my guesses. It's too big to go on an interceptor rocket for use against aircraft. I think the D4D is the heart of Uncle Sugar's Sunday punch. It would be worth ten divisions of infantry to them to make certain the Sunday punch was a swing and a miss."

AHEAD, I saw the little road that turned off to the right and ended up at the riverbank. When I was a kid, it was the place to go. The best place to drive with young ladies of the Arland social set, junior grade.

I wanted to get off the highway and get a chance to think, so I took the little road. It was four miles to the riverbank. I parked near familiar elms. There were three other cars, at widely spaced intervals. The drizzly

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rain had stopped, and we could see a river boat nudging along its string of barges.

I lighted two cigarettes, and gave Perry one. She had that rare gift of silence and the knowledge of when to bestow it.

My reasoning, my judgment of Mottling had been growing, almost on the instinctual level. My suspicion had started when I learned of the good men he had chased away. The pressure exerted against me from all directions had increased it. It had grown a bit more when Brice had told me his background. I had asked Brice if Mottling's sympathies might lie on the other side of the world and Mort had told me to stop taking it in the arm. Perhaps some layman had voiced a similar idea about Klaus Fuchs, and got the same sort of answer, before *he* was exposed.

LESTER'S inadvertent use of the word "sabotage" had clarified my thinking. It had given me an odd embarrassment to ask Mort Brice that question. It had sounded inane at the time. We seem to have a fear of the dramatic, a fear of playing the fool by always looking under the bed.

The thing was to believe. If I could believe that the big, rangy, tweedy guy was a Hitchcock villain, then everything fell into place very neatly. But it was almost as absurd as the analogy about the small boy becoming superintendent of schools. It presupposed an intense dedication over a long period of time. A long life that was entirely a lie, lived so carefully that the lie became the truth.

If his sympathies had been with his mother after his parents' marriage had failed, it was evident that men on the other side would be quick to take advantage of such an excellent potential risk. And it seemed fair to suppose that the broken marriage had given the young Stanley Mottling enough of a feeling of emotional insecurity to make him need something like the massive, overbearing maternalism of Mother Russia. Perhaps, in his own way, he was getting even, as was Lester Fitch.

The Russians had made the atom bomb with a speed that shocked the democracies. If the bomb had been purely a problem of laboratory physics, the speed would not have been so distressing. But the bomb had resulted from a shotgun marriage of theoretical physics and American industry's experience. Klaus Fuchs had, of course, given the Russians a lot of the laboratory picture. He was not equipped by background to give them American industry's solutions to some of the incredible problems, mostly of separation, that had been licked.

I wondered how much the Russians had benefited from Stanley Mottling's year at Oak Ridge.

Once I could accept the validity of my thinking—accept the assumption that Stanley Mottling was a traitor, an enemy agent—it was easy to see that the Dean Products contract for the D4D was sufficiently important for the people he was working for to take his dossier from the files and change his classification to expendable.

As a passive agent, as an information-gatherer, he was so far above suspicion he was in little or no danger. Someone had to weigh his value in the future against the current damage he could do. And the current damage was the more important. It was time for the superintendent of schools to start kicking the buildings down.

It was a clever place to attack the Sunday punch. Tremendous precautions would be taken with every bit of the work revolving around the problem of making certain that critical mass would be achieved with maximum effectiveness. Yet, curiously, the device designed to deliver the load to the proper place at the proper time was less well protected.

The plan was aided by the paradox that a complete field test of the device would destroy it if it worked.

Mottling had worked cleverly. He had driven away those men most likely to detect inadvisable changes in tolerances. He had corrupted Dolson, and if Dolson had seemed incorruptible, he would have undoubtedly arranged a transfer for the colonel and started anew on the replacement.

He was aided, no doubt, by helpers on the outside. Some, like LeFay, were very probably professionals. Some, like Lester Fitch, were enlisted through greed and not permitted to know the extent of their aid.

Now it would appear that the organization was alerted. They would be aware that the Dolson angle was about to blow up. Difficult, but not impossible to handle. The crucial problem would be to keep Mottling in the driver's seat. He would have been too careful to leave any proof around that could tie him to Dolson, or to Niki, the impostor.

Perry flipped her cigarette out of the crack of the window and shivered.

"Want the heater on?" I said.

"No. I guess somebody just walked over my grave."

"Sorry I went into my shell. I've been trying to decide what to do—and decide whether my reasons are good enough. I guess they are. What this whole affair needs is to be opened up so some light can shine in. I'm going to start howling tomorrow morning. I'm going to yell to the newspapers and to my congressman and to anybody who will listen. I'm going to perjure myself, if I have to, to get every single D4D that's been shipped taken down and put through a hundred per cent inspection of all parts and subassemblies. Something may crack open. If not, I'm just that crazy Gevan Dean. If it does, I'm going to be the poor-man's Winchell. I'll do some baying at the moon if I have to, but I'm going to ride that whole herd right through the front gates of a federal pen."

"And you're going to do something else, too."

"What, Perry?"

"You're going to stop being a spoiled brat and come back and go to work so that you'll like living with yourself better than you do right now."

"You know," I said, "you might just be right. Barely."

"Gevan!" she said, catching my hand in both of hers. "Bless you, Gevan!"

It was a good moment for both of us, and it seemed very natural to kiss her. It was going to be just a kiss and that was all. Very buddy-buddy.

Something went wrong with it. As though a big hand had reached down to take us by the nape of the neck and shake us. These were young lips, not Niki's lips, and I told myself she was just a kid, and I told myself it was nothing to be shaken by, but all of my telling went unheard. She was Perry, and her heart was in her lips.

I held her tightly after we had kissed. Her hair was silk against the angle of my jaw. I marveled that all this had been so close to me all the time, and so completely misunderstood, overlooked.

Looking beyond her, through the car window, I saw the silhouette of a faceless man. As I lunged across her to trip up the lock on the door on her side, the door behind me was ripped open and a hard arm clamped around my throat, dragging me out from under the wheel as Perry screamed.

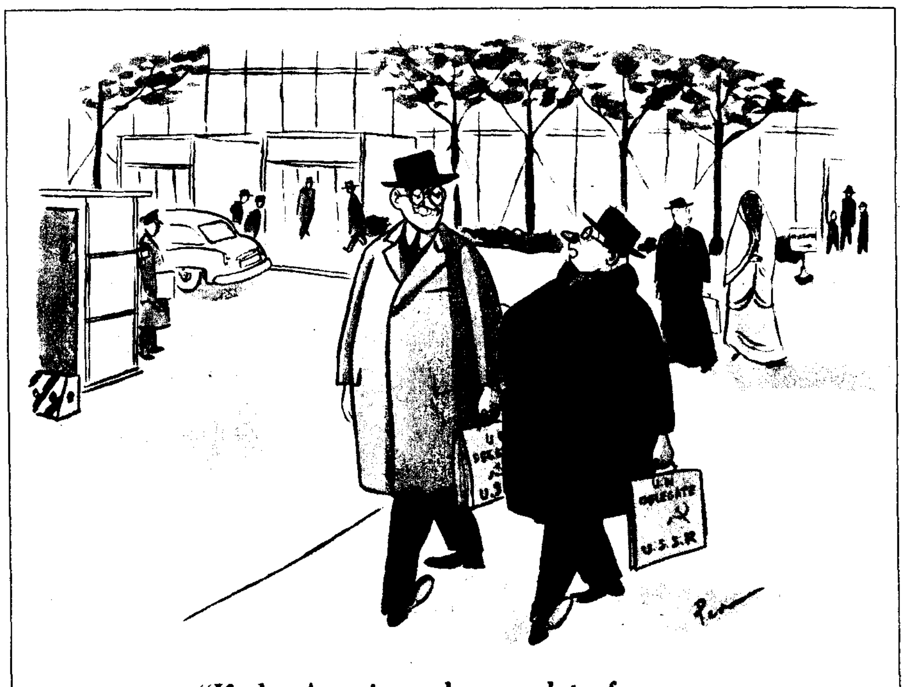
My hand slipped from the wheel, and I went back and down, the concealed running board scraping against the small of my back, my shoulders thudding against the wet grass. The fall released the pressure on my throat, and I got my feet braced against the side of the seat. I thrust hard, doing a backward somersault, swinging my legs high as I did so. My right shoe thudded against something, bringing a remarkably satisfying grunt of pain. The moment I was on my hands and knees, I swung around and dived forward. A hard knee glanced off my cheek, making my eyes water, but I grabbed one leg, and drove ahead hard, like a lineman.

I could hear the other cars starting up, leaving with frantic haste, could see their headlights make wide, hurried swings across the wet grass. This was trouble, and they wanted no part of it.

AS MY man went down, Perry screamed again, and her voice was flat, as though she were out of the car. I guessed she had been pulled out on the other side. I hammered down at where his face should have been, and hit the wet soil. He was like an eel under me. The second time I tried it, I hit him squarely, and felt something give under my knuckles.

I yanked away from him, feeling his hands slip from my ankle as I stumbled toward the hood of the car. I went around the hood and saw a churning shadow and heard Perry whimpering with effort as she struggled. I grabbed, and found that I had grabbed her. As I let go, I took a blow above the eye that felt as though it had split my skull. I shoved Perry aside, yelling thickly, "Run for it!"

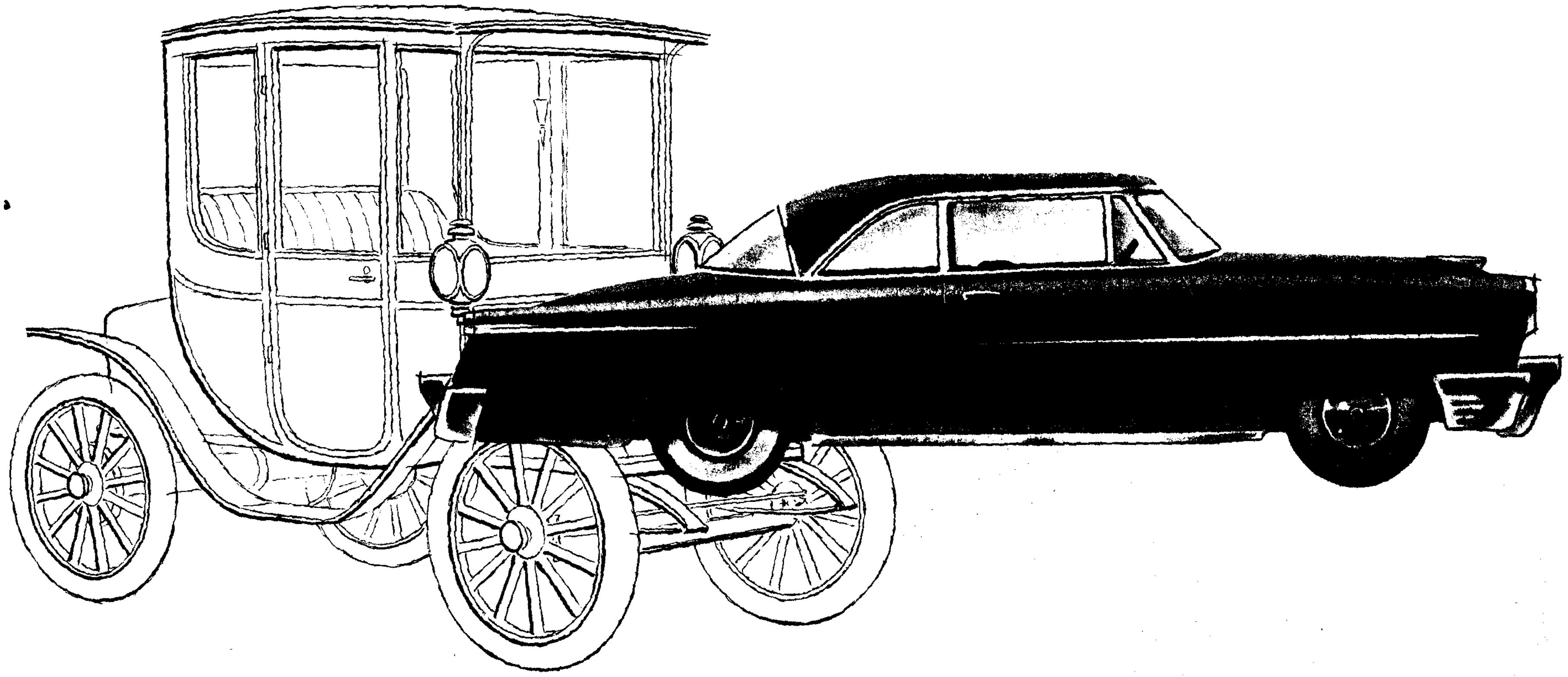
I lunged for the one she had been fighting. My arms were dead, and, as I reached for him, I took another crack on the head. I went down onto my knees, trying to hold onto him. He struck down, and I folded my face into the wet grass, with my fanny in the air. My slack fingers had slid down his leg to his ankle. I groaned and yanked the ankle toward me, turned my face, got my teeth on it, and bit as hard as I could, right through the fuzzy sock. I rolled toward the car and, like a bruised animal hunting for a hole, wormed under the car


U.N. DELEGATE U.S.
U.N. DELEGATE U.S.S.R.
Pearson

"If the Americans have a *lot* of candidates for President, how do they know which one to vote for?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

1902 50th Anniversary 1952



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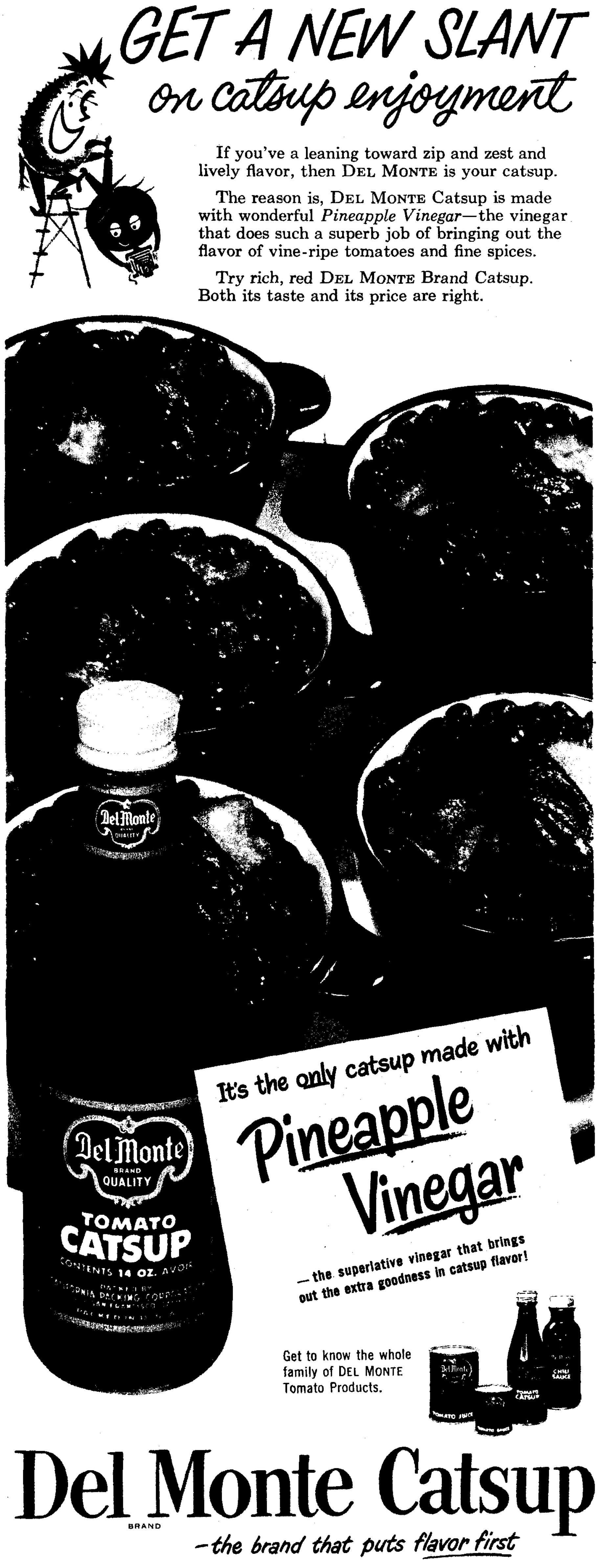
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as fast as I could. I took two deep breaths and went right on out the other side.

There was a silence. The rain had begun to whisper again. The river washed along the bank. A boat hooted in the distance. As I stood up cautiously, I could hear running footsteps in the grass. A flashlight clicked on and the beam swept toward the rear of the car, swept on out and pinned Perry as she ran across the rutted grass.

There was an odd sound. A sort of whistling *chunk*. Perry's scissoring legs made one more stride, and she pitched forward onto her face, like a boneless doll.

The light went off.

I went around the car, sobbing hard in my throat, reaching for them, cursing them, my shoes slipping on the grass. I strained forward toward a shadow, reaching for it, feeling my fingertips brush fabric, and the tears of anger were running out of my eyes. I ran slam into the front end of a black locomotive. It thundered over me and ground me down into darkness.

THE train rumbled off into the distance. I was in the car. I was in the back seat. There was something heavy against my thigh. I crawled my hand along and touched it. A warm cheek. Hair.

The car moved, uneasily. I looked at the front seat. The old joke. Nobody was driving, mister. We were all in the back.

The car moved some more. Somebody grunted. The hood tipped down abruptly and the car lurched forward, pitching me toward the back of the driver's seat. I looked down the hood and saw it slide into the black mirror of the river surface. The blackness slid up and covered the windshield and the side windows. The car angled down in slow motion, like a trick movie shot of a car going off a cliff.

It hit gently and swayed, and swayed some more and folded softly over onto its side, down in the darkness, down in the river, down where death was a hard thin hissing as the water boiled in through a dozen places, spattering my face, rising and soaking my knees. It was the jet of water that hit my face that made the difference. If that hadn't happened, I would have crouched there, numb in the confusing darkness, until it was too late to do anything. Cold water brought alertness, brought a frenzied panic, brought an awareness of the situation. Air was trapped in the car. It wouldn't be trapped there long. Two-door sedan. I groped for the girl and shoved her over toward the canting dashboard. I shouldered out of my topcoat and suit coat, ripped off my shoes, and clambered toward her. The air was going fast. I was going to need its upward pressure to burst the door open. The girl was under water. I got my arm around her waist and braced my feet against the door on the driver's side. With my free hand, I unlatched the door above my head.

The door opened up and I thrust upward. We scraped through, and the door, like some malevolent undersea creature, tried to close on my legs. I tore free. We went up through cold layers that drummed against my ears. I kept kicking, pulling at the water with my free hand. It was like climbing a ladder with rubber rungs.

My face shot through the surface into the cold night air. The light was very faint. The current was taking us, and the shore trees moved slowly by against the glow of the city. I got her face into the air. I cupped one hand under her chin and towed her on her back, angling toward the shore. The bank was too steep. I couldn't get any hold on it. She slipped away from me, and I caught her just as she was sliding under the surface. I floated with her, straining for the bank. My feet touched. I stood with her, in waist-deep water. I pushed her ahead of me, up the bank, using roots to claw my way up. I pulled her over to a level space, rolled her onto her face, adjusted her hands and legs the way the book says, and stuck my finger into her mouth, hooking her tongue forward so she wouldn't swallow it.

Kneel between her legs. Steady press against the small of her back for a slow count, and then, on the reverse count, hook fingers under the hipbones, lift the pelvis up from the ground so as to slacken the diaphragm, to suck the air into the lungs. Press, lift, press, lift, press, lift. Knowing all the time that I was probably working on a body that was dead when it had gone into the river, but having no light so that I could look at her and find the wound.

Press, lift, press, lift. Clocks no longer measured time. Time was something divided into two motions. Press, lift. You stop when your arms fall off.

She made a choking sound. I put my ear close to her lips. Warm breath touched my ear. I found her pulse. Slow, steady. I crawled a short distance away from her. I hit the ground with my fist. I was sick to my stomach. When the waves of nausea went away, I stood up. Weak. I saw lovely windows, lovely golden rectangles; home and fireside, rocking chairs and mashed potatoes. I picked her up. She was breathing, but unconscious.

I fumbled over two fences. Chickens mumbled in their sleep. A dog came charging out, yap, yap, yapping.

A hard, white dooryard light went on, and a gaunt man opened the door.

"Who's out there?"

"Accident," I said. "River."

I came into the light. He took a long look at me and then took three long strides. He got Perry just as I was about to drop her into the mud.

We tracked into the kitchen. The house was full of kids. The television was on. I was flat on my face, flopping like a trampled bug in an effort to get up without any conscious memory of having fallen.

The kids were yelping and the gaunt man was helping me up, saying, "Easy does it. Easy does it."

He held me up. I said, "Listen. This is important. Get a doctor for her. And phone Arland. Get Sergeant Portugal. Get him down here as fast as you can. Tell him Dean wants to talk. He'll come running. Just get police headquarters."

The hot tub made me feel as though I could sleep for a thousand years. When I put on some of my host's clothes and came out, a young doctor was talking to Sergeant Portugal. Portugal bounced a small object in his hand. "Never seen one before," he said. "Looks like from an air gun."

"A powerful one," the doctor said firmly. "It penetrated the scalp at the crown of her head and traveled down across the forehead between scalp and skull and came to rest three millimeters above the left eyebrow. If it hadn't hit at an angle, it would easily have perforated the skull."

Portugal looked dourly at me. "Okay, amateur. Let's chat."

PORTUGAL listened for a time, and then made telephone calls. I rode into town in his sedan, following the sedate ambulance. We were taken to an old Georgian brick house in an unfashionable residential area. I was so close to complete exhaustion that my impressions of the place were cluttered and indistinct. A stocky nurse took charge of Perry. There seemed to be a number of brisk young men hurrying back and forth through the house.

They left me alone in an overstuffed chair in a small sitting room. I was almost asleep when Portugal came in to say good-by. He shook my hand, then shook his head sadly, "Rockets, tractor plants, crooked colonels. Out of my league, Mr. Dean. You're in good hands now. Just relax and ride with it."

I was gently shaken awake, some time later, by one of the young men. I was driven through the night streets to the downtown section, taken through a boiler room to a basement elevator, then taken up to a high floor to lighted offices.

We sat at a table, three of us, with a small mike standing on the table, and a recorder on a tall stand making a whispering hum.

The man in charge introduced himself as Tancey. Mr. Tancey. He was one of those curiously professorial-looking men who, on closer examination, suffer a subtle alteration. You see the hard-knuckled hands, and the steady, wary eyes, and the breadth of chest, and the clean, compact physical movements and you begin to wonder what gave you the original impression of scholarly temperament.

The pale man with him, who had faded, bulging blue eyes, was never introduced.

They took me through it, right from the beginning—facts and conjectures. They kept making me back up and go over little things that had seemed of no consequence. I tried to ask questions, and they were not answered.

AT LAST they were satisfied. Tancey clicked off the recorder. I couldn't stop yawning. Even in the depths of exhaustion, I was beginning to get annoyed. They were undoubtedly fine, capable men, but their attitude was as though they were dealing with a naughty child, a rather stupid naughty child.

"We'll visit you tomorrow morning and go over this some more," Tancey said.

"Do I go back to the hotel?"

"No. You and Miss Perrit were murdered tonight. We'll keep it that way for the time being."

"How about her people? You can't leave them in the dark about her."

"They've been contacted and they've cooperated by reporting her missing."

"What's going on, anyway? Why all this cloak-and-dagger stuff? Why don't you people just sweat it all out of Dolson and wrap it up?"

Tancey gave me a somewhat pitying look. "We'll see you in the morning."

"Look, maybe I was dull about all this, and only luck kept me off the bottom of the river, but I *did* open it up for you. I'm not a suspect, you know."

Tancey sighed. "All right. Dolson killed himself last night. At least, it was cleverly arranged to look like a suicide, complete with confession. The way the confession reads, however, it could have been written by him in return for a promise of helping him get out of the country."

I was so sleepy it took a long time to understand the implications of that. With Dolson dead, Mottling might very well be completely in the clear.

"Oh," I said feebly.

"With you dead, Mr. Dean, your brother's widow would inherit, eventually. That was another thing you overlooked."

"What about her? What about Niki?"

"Tomorrow, Mr. Dean. Tomorrow."

They drove me back to the brick house. I was taken to a bedroom. The bed opened like a cave and gobbled me up. . . .

The brisk young men were efficient. When I woke up, I could tell by the sun that it was at least midmorning. Someone had visited my hotel suite. Shaving stuff and clothes were laid out. A morning paper was just inside the door.

After I'd taken a shower and shaved, I sat on the edge of the bed and read the morning news.

Dolson's suicide got less of a play than I had expected. The story hinted that he had, in his note, confessed to a large-scale embezzlement of government funds, and also to the murder of Alma Bradey, giving as motive her threat to expose him.

They had called Stanley Mottling for comment. He had said he was shocked and deeply disturbed. There was no attempt to link Dolson's suicide with the murder of my brother.

There was some blah about Dean Products being a key plant in the defense production program, and some more about officials of the production program arriving today by plane from Washington.

I found myself in the last paragraph:

Mr. Gevan Dean, a resident of Florida, arrived this past week to attend a meeting of the directors of Dean Products, Inc. He resigned the presidency of the firm four years ago, relinquishing that position to his brother. It is not expected that Mr. Gevan Dean will resume active participation in the management of the firm. As yet, Mr. Gevan Dean has not been reached for comment on the Dolson suicide.

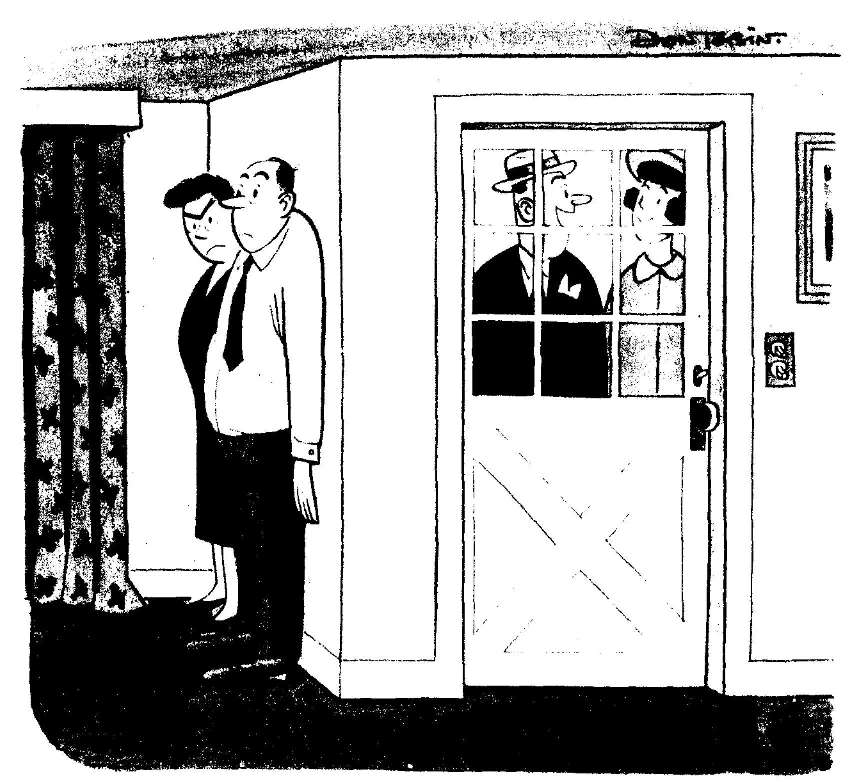
Somebody on the paper had whipped out a quick editorial. It spoke of all the loyal, efficient men who have taken leaves of absence from their firms to serve their country as reserve officers on active duty aiding the military preparedness program, and how it was a shame that the dishonesty of one man could bring down unfavorable publicity on all those others doing a fine job.

I had a solitary breakfast in a dining room where there were small tables, each set for four places. Except for a stone-faced woman who served me, the house seemed empty. Kids were playing somewhere nearby. I could hear them yelling.

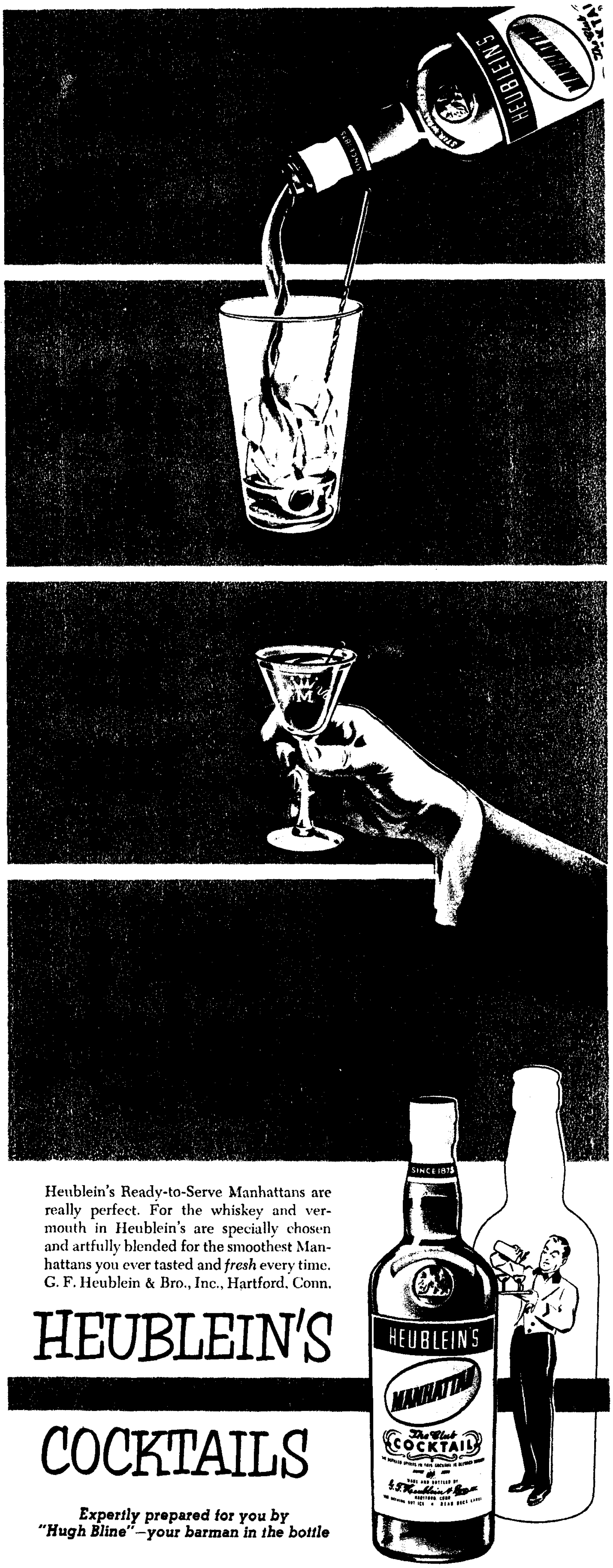
After breakfast, I saw the nurse in the hallway and called to her. She turned and waited for me. "How is Miss Perrit?" I asked.

"Doing very well. She was shocked, of course. And there was some exposure. She has a cold, but she isn't running a fever."

"Could I see her?"



COLLIER'S "We're in luck! They're not home!" DON TOBIN



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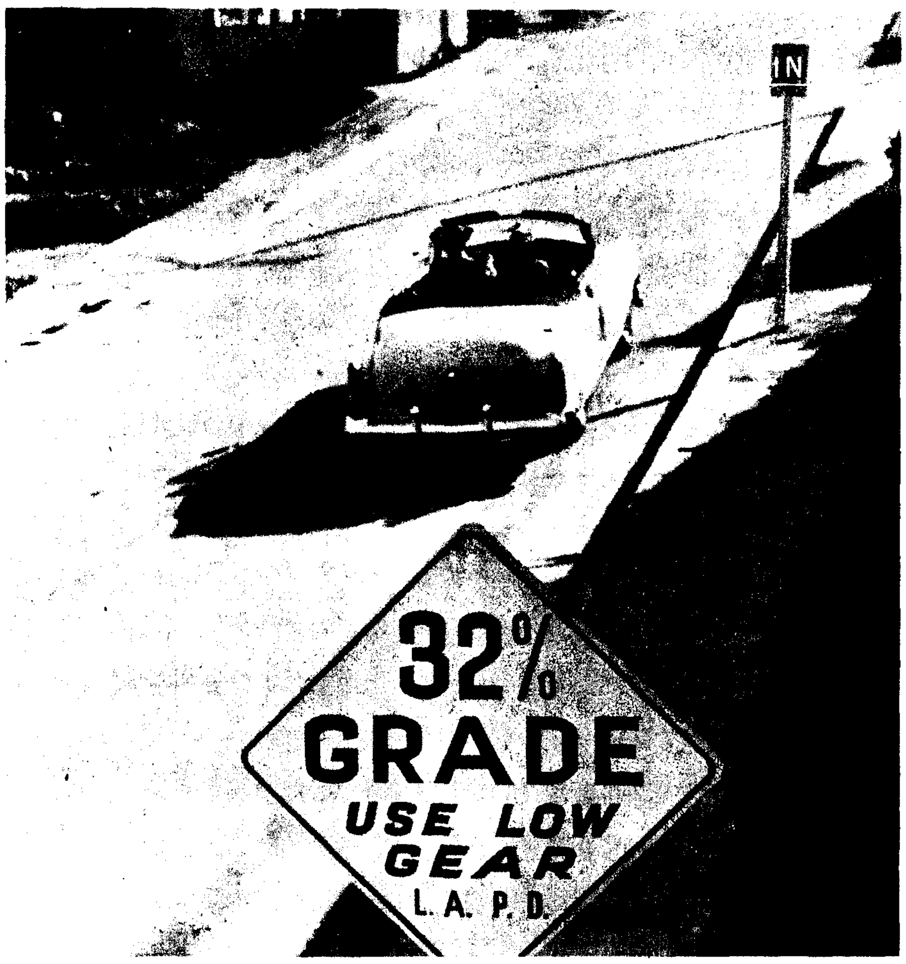

JUDD HOLDEN TAKES HIS CAR UP THE FARGO STREET HILL IN LOS ANGELES—A 32% GRADE OFTEN USED FOR PERFORMANCE TESTS. HIS ENGINE PERFORMED PERFECTLY BECAUSE HE FOLLOWED TWO SIMPLE RULES.

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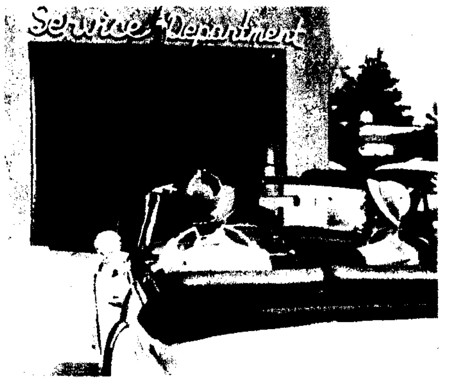
If every motorist would test his car's performance as Judd Holden is doing above, America's automobiles would be kept in better shape. Today's cars normally perform well even at 75% of their capability. As a result, thousands of car owners are driving the streets completely *unaware* that their engine is not giving them full performance. You paid for 100% performance, so why not get it? Just follow the two simple rules demonstrated below.



RULE NO. 1 for 100% performance: Take your car to your car dealer's for frequent checkups—at least every 2,000 miles. His mechanics are factory-trained experts.

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"Later in the day, possibly. Maybe this afternoon, after her nap."

She went away, and I roamed down the hallway to the front door. A man came out of a front room and told me politely to keep away from the front door and the front windows. Aside from that, I had the run of the house and the walled garden in back. I would find magazines and books in the study. Second door on the left.

Tancey arrived a little after eleven. He came alone. He looked as though he hadn't had any sleep. He seemed more human.

We sat in the study. "One impression I want to correct, Mr. Dean. You seem to feel that you opened up this situation. We've been on it for some time."

"And couldn't keep Ken from being killed?"

He sighed. "We make mistakes. A lot of them. We made one with you. On Wednesday, when it came to our attention that you were meddling, we almost decided to alert you and get you out of the way. Then we thought we might use you the way the magician uses his other hand. Misdirection. But we underestimated your capacity to stir things up. That cost us Dolson."

"How did you get into it? How did you know something was wrong here?"

"An overeager young lieutenant at Aberdeen Proving Ground diverted a military item from stockpile to the Proving Ground and replaced it with one of the items scheduled for testing. Function tests failed and the item was torn down and gauged. Distortions were found which couldn't have been accidental. Secret inspection of stockpiled items showed the same things. A contract was placed with another firm for the parts found defective. When those parts start coming in, the stockpile items will be reassembled."

"If you know all that, can't you step in?"

He smiled in a tired way. "Step in on who? Mottling? Mrs. Dean? There was a cell here, operating outside the plant. Now it has dispersed. We lost LeFay. By the way, one of his people stayed at the same rooming house as Shennary. See how that was worked?"

"Yes."

"I half promised to tell you about Niki Webb. We monitored your Cleveland call. Mr. Wilther won't be able to trace the real Niki Webb. We traced her through a Chicago mail-order house. She used to buy cosmetics through them. Her last order was placed from a Dallas address, two months before the impostor turned up here. We have a photograph. The resemblance is only fair, but good enough. Niki Webb disappeared completely. And Charlotte Kowalt turned up here, posing as Niki Webb. She was safe. You people gave up fingerprinting employees in 1946. There's quite a file on Charlotte Kowalt. We lost her once before. She's older than you think, and very shrewd and very dedicated. Here you have a plant which, in 1947, was already taped for a critical contract once design was set. I don't know where the leak was. Somebody ordered her here, sicked her onto two bachelor brothers. A Mata-Hari pitch, but not as rare as you might think. And Kowalt is good. This thing was big enough to warrant the assignment of the best. We can't prove Kowalt pressured your brother into hiring Mottling. But we can guess that was the way it happened."

"Why did she switch to Ken?"

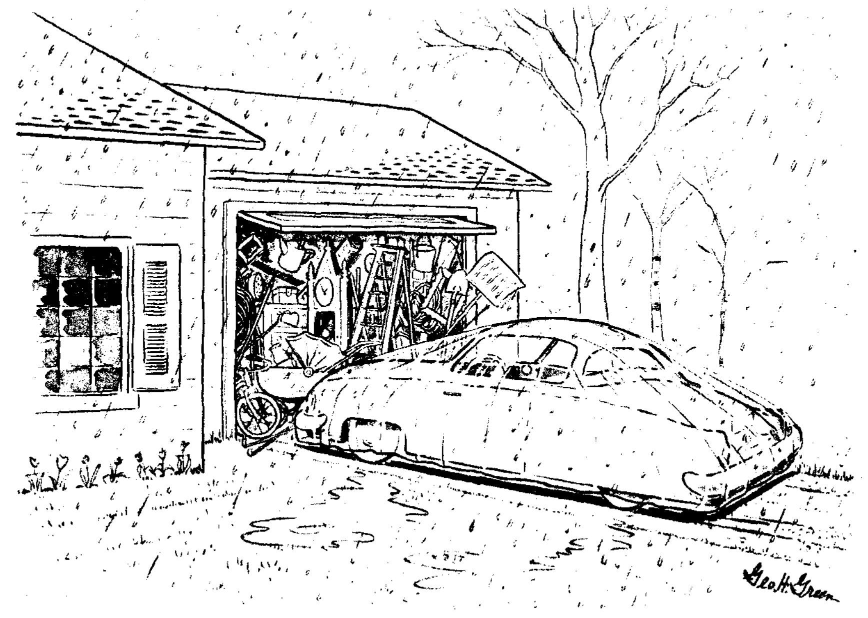
"Isn't that obvious? He would be the more easily led. And the odds were that it would drive you away from the firm. It did."

"What makes a woman like that?"

He shrugged. "Urge for power. A man. A pathological need for the sense of importance that a double life might give her. Who knows?"

"You can pick her up?"

"Any time. But not Mottling. His record is too good. He has too many friends.



COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

There would be a terrible stink, and I would get a fancy reprimand. We haven't the liberties some senators have. When we get up on our hind legs and scream, we have to have the facts."

"Can you pick up Fitch?"

"We will, but what good will that do us? Fitch is a weak sister. His contact was LeFay, not Mottling. The Bradey girl threatened Dolson. Dolson phoned Fitch. Fitch got hold of LeFay. Exit the Bradey girl."

"Mr. Tancey, you seem to have lost a lot of people. Ken and Dolson and the Bradey girl, and very nearly me and Miss Perrit. It doesn't exactly give me a lot of confidence in the way you handle things."

"I have an excuse. Or an answer. You know the way the astronomers suspect the presence of another planet, even though they haven't seen it. We had what we hoped was the complete list. But there is somebody missing—some communication channel we couldn't find. Or maybe even two people. That's what has fouled us up."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I'll take you to the Monday meeting. I want Mottling voted out, whether we have anything on him or not."

"And Granby voted in?"

He gave me an odd look. I went over to the window overlooking the walled garden, and stood with my back to him.

May is one of the better months in Florida. The trout are still hitting in the bays. It's a good month to take the tub down to the keys and stalk bonefish.

The size of the alternative frightened me. A billion and one nagging worries and responsibilities. At the same time I felt a hard flutter of excitement in my middle, that crawling Saturday-morning sense of anticipation.

"It's none of my business, of course," Tancey said.

"It certainly isn't."

"If it was me, Dean, I'd never stop wondering whether I could have handled it."

"I'd flub it."

"Not according to the people I've talked to. Anyway, we'll keep you here until the Monday meeting. I haven't gotten childish enough to think that people like Mottling and Kowalt will break down when you walk in. But we'll keep digging, just in case."

AFTER Perry's nap, the nurse walked her in robe and slippers out into the walled garden. She seemed pale, remote The head bandage was startlingly white against her coppery hair. She sat in a deck chair and I brought a stool out to sit near her.

She said that she had started to run and something had hit her and she had fallen forward, right into a bed with a nurse sitting beside it. I brought her up to date on everything. She listened with no show of interest, except that demanded by politeness.

"Perry, what's wrong with you?"

"Nothing, Gevan. Nothing at all. I just feel—far away."

"Something troubling you?"

"It isn't important."

"It's important to me, Perry."

She gave me a long, troubled look. "I don't want to be in your way. The nurse told me how you saved me. I don't know. I just don't want you to feel—"

"After that casual kiss?"

She flushed. "I told you too much about what I felt about you."

"Perry, you're weird. Bold one minute and shy the next. If I saved your life, perhaps it belongs to me."

She stared down at one small, tight-clenched fist. "What will you do with it?"

"Share it. Take an ownership interest."

It took a long time to convince her. She kept thinking I was sorry for her or something. But finally she was convinced.

We spent a lot of time together on Sunday. We talked about everything under the sun, learning each other, memorizing each other. It happens to somebody else and it is a standard case of love. It happens to you and it is the most unique thing in the world. Spectacularly and incredibly lovely.

It hadn't been this way with Niki, or with anyone else. There are never good reasons, probably. Perry wasn't beautiful. She was just decent and sweet and alive, and she was Perry and I wanted her, complete with awkwardnesses, and with that surprising fire that showed through every once in a while, and with her delightful hallucination that I was the finest specimen of manhood that ever walked on two legs. . . .

The meeting was scheduled for ten o'clock. I was smuggled into the offices ahead of the staff and had a long, dull wait in a supply room. At the proper moment, one of Tancey's young men unlocked the door and nodded to me, and I followed him to the big paneled board room. I felt ridiculous as I walked toward the room, as though I were a female entertainer about to leap up out of a big pasteboard pie.

It was difficult to keep from walking in with an idiotic grin on my face.

At first, the room was just a smear of smoke and faces. Uncle Alfred spoiled my little electric moment by saying, "Thought you'd forgotten about this or something, Gevan."

Tancey was in the room, remarkably unobtrusive. I looked at Mottling and saw that guarded look of a professional gambler who has learned not to throw the cards when he loses. There is always another hand coming up. Niki may have been more pallid a moment after she saw me, but I could not be certain. Her eyes were like Mottling's—cool, measuring.

And then I looked at Lester Fitch. The flesh of his face seemed to have sagged loose from the bone. His complexion was yellowish. He mumbled something to Karch, the chairman, and left the board room, wavering just enough so that his shoulder struck against the doorjamb as he left.

The proceedings were brief. The books confirmed my holdings and voting privilege. Granby requested permission to address the board. He stated flatly that he hoped I would resume active management of the firm, pleading that he was more valuable if he could devote his entire attention to financial matters. Karch objected, but Uncle Alfred backed Granby. They stared at me. I cleared my throat and heard myself saying that, under the circumstances, I would be glad to take over, if it could be confirmed by a vote. Some of them switched to Mottling, preferring him to me, as they had preferred Granby to Mottling. But not enough. Now the burden of proof was on me—to show that I could handle it, to show that my previous success had not been a fluke. I saw Tancey watching me, amusement in his eyes.

Niki came up to me in the hall as soon as the meeting was over. She put her hand in mine and looked into my eyes. "I guess I was a stubborn fool, darling. I should have realized that this is where you belong."

"How do you mean, Niki?"

"I don't know anything about all this company business. I thought I was doing what Ken wanted. I guess he would have wanted you to come back more than anything. I just didn't see it that way. I do, now."

"Thank you, Niki."

"Come out to the house at five, Gevan. We'll have a little celebration. Just the two of us? Please."

As I nodded agreement, Stanley Mottling came up to us and congratulated me. "Glad to stick around and help out as long as you need me."

"Thanks, Mottling."

The two of them smiled at me warmly. It seemed incredible that they were acting out a part. They hadn't given up. They never give up. Blocked in one direction, they were instinctively seeking another. My arrival was bad news, but Dolson was gone, and they were safe, and so let's take over Gevan Dean. You marry him, Kowalt, and I'll stick close to him at the plant, and maybe we can swing it in spite of him.

LESTER had a small office at the plant. After Niki left, I went down to his office and walked in without knocking. It was an intrusion. Lester sat behind his desk. Tancey and the man with the bulging blue eyes flanked him, facing him. They gave me annoyed looks.

Lester said dully, "I don't know anything about it." His face was still yellowish.

"Mr. Fitch," Tancey said, "this isn't intelligent of you. Sit down, Mr. Dean, and listen to this."

"I don't know anything about it," Lester said, looking down at his desk blotter.

"Who told you Mr. Dean was dead?"

"Mrs. Dean called me right after he was shot."

"Not that Mr. Dean. This Mr. Dean."

"I didn't think Gevan was dead."

"If I ever saw a man seeing a ghost, it was you, Fitch. We know about your playmates. We know all about LeFay. We know how you helped Dolson. It can all be proved. You're through, Fitch. It might go a little easier with you if you tell us who told you Gevan Dean was dead. Was it Mottling?"

Lester lifted his head sharply and stared at Tancey. "Mottling! He hasn't got anything to—" He stopped abruptly. His eyes changed. I knew that Lester was just beginning to add up the things he knew and come to a conclusion that shocked him.

"Yes, Stanley Mottling. The man who turned you and Dolson into crooks and then blackmailed Dolson into sabotaging defense production."

Lester looked honestly bewildered. "Sab-

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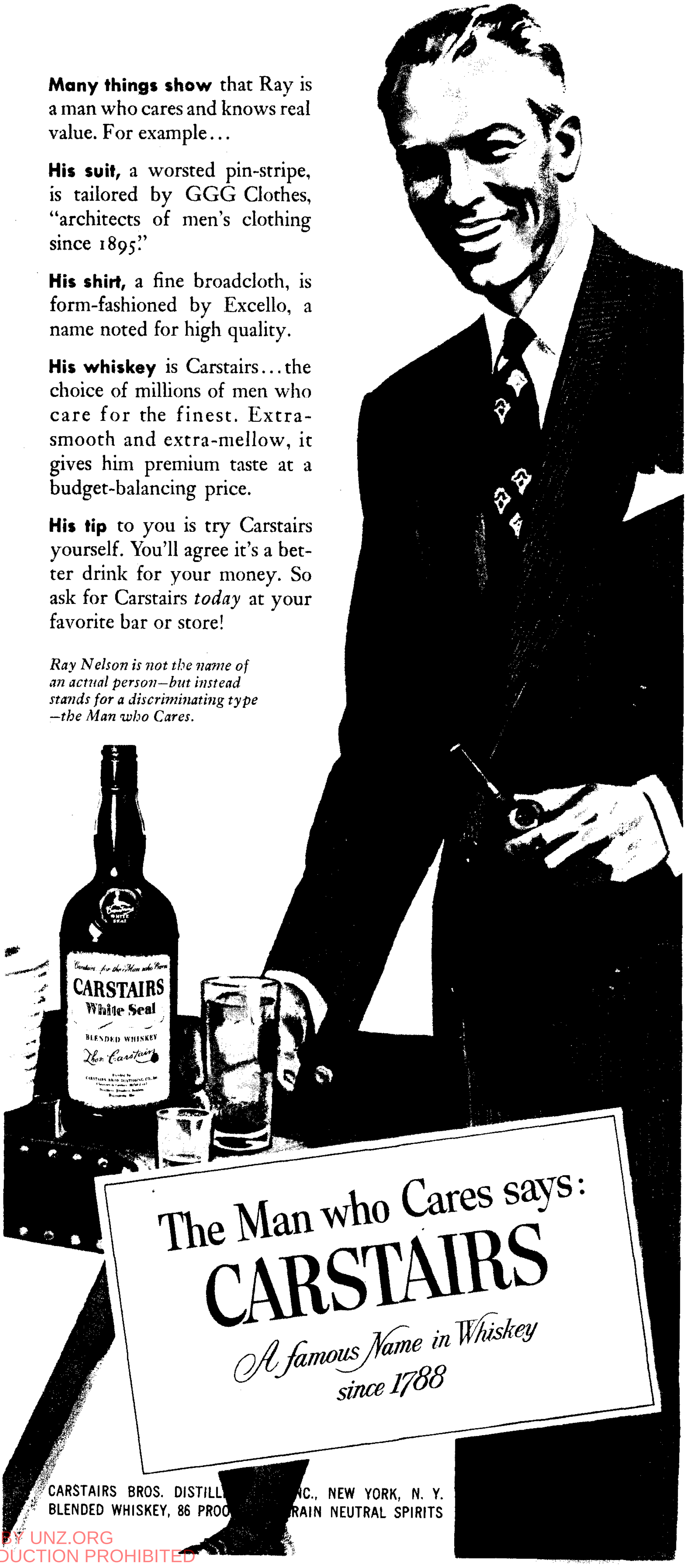

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otage? It was just the money. LeFay thought it up. I set up Acme for him. He said Ken found out and he would take care of it."

"Why," I asked, "did you put all the pressure on me in favor of Mottling over Granby?"

"Granby is a financial man. Mottling is production. LeFay was afraid Granby would catch on and it would be better to leave Mottling in there. He told me I had to convince you, Gevan, that Mottling was the man for the job. I couldn't understand why you were so stubborn."

"Fitch," said Tancey, "you are going to spend a good many years in a federal prison. You're a thief, but perhaps not a traitor. Now there is something I want from you. Supply it, and I'll do all I can for you. There's another party in this somehow. One other person. Perhaps you gave him messages for LeFay, and got messages from him, including this last one that Dean was dead. Give me that name."

The lunch bells were sounding out in the production areas. Lester stood up slowly, pushed his chair out of the way, and went to stand at the window, his shoulders slumped.

LESTER moved with a sudden speed that caught all three of us off balance. He plunged forward through the window, protecting his face with his arms. It was a ground-floor office overlooking the main yard.

I ran over and stood beside Tancey. Tancey had a gun in his hand. Fitch scrambled away and dodged into the lunch crowd thronging toward the gates. Tancey cursed and fired a shot into the air, alerting the gate guards.

Lester had turned toward the gate. He stopped, looked back at the window, then set off at a hard run toward the far end of the area. People milled around in the yard, thoroughly confused.

I had a hunch about Lester's plan for escape. I yelled to Tancey to follow me and ran out of the office, out the back door, into the yard, and across toward the last building, our forge shop. Lester was just disappearing through the big doors where the siding tracks entered the forge shop. If he could get to that isolated gate beyond the forge shop, the guard might unsuspectingly let him through, even though it was not a common exit.

As I ran, I yelled to Tancey to cut around behind the forge shop. I went through the big doors after Lester. In the gloom, I could see him at the far end of the building, running, silhouetted against the large square of daylight at the far end. It made me think of the Lester of high-school days, running across the high-school grounds, the pack in full cry after him.

On my right were the ovens, a wave of heat against my right cheek, where the billets were brought up to cherry red before going under the hammers. I ran on the packed dirt and cinders between the rails. To my left were the hammers. A few of them were being worked, the men flipping the billets with the tongs, shoving the block gauges under the hammers, either using the hammers on automatic or using the foot trips. A good forge man finishes his forging before answering the lunch bells. This was odd work, bits and pieces, probably some of it connected with plant maintenance. The billets made a red glow on intent faces. One man glanced at me curiously as I ran by. The hammers made too much noise for the shot to have been heard.

Lester had disappeared. When I was halfway down the line, I saw him run back in, stop suddenly, then dodge over to the side into the gloom. Tancey came in and stopped.

"See him?" he yelled. I could barely hear the words.

I motioned off to the left. Tancey faced the gloom, his gun in his hand.

I moved cautiously toward him. He wheeled and pointed behind me. I spun and saw that Lester had managed to circle me.

"Got him now!" Tancey yelled in my ear.

We started running again, saw Lester trip, saw him run wildly, bent forward from the waist, arms pinwheeling, saw him dive blindly forward, off to his right, slamming the hammer man out of the way, sliding his arms, as though by design, under the giant pulse of the automatic hammer.

The workman cut off the hammer. It had hit three times, possibly four. The man turned and was sick. Lester lay face up near the foot trip. The heat had scorched him badly, and the hammer had taken his right arm and shoulder off. It was apparent to me that he was already dead.

But Tancey knelt beside him, grasped the scorched clothes, and shook him gently with hopeless and remorseless anger. "Who was it? Damn you, who was it?" And I couldn't think which was most impressive—the metallic brutality of the hammer, or the grimness of the professional-looking Mr. Tancey. He was a hater, and the hate showed through.

Cancer Strikes 1 in 5

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And Lester gave him a name before he died, mumbled the name into that silence *that came when all the hammers had* stopped, and the only sound was the deep grumble of the ovens. . . .

Tancey didn't want to let me do it my way. Even after he had agreed, he still seemed depressed about it. He said, "We lost her once, and a good friend of mine got the ax for it."

"She married my brother."

"All right. Have your fun. Get your kicks, Mr. Dean. You'll have fifteen minutes before we take her."

Bess let me in. Niki was in the living room. "You look strange, Gev!"

She looked just the same. Blue eyes alert, hair like ink. I wondered if we were all wrong, all of us.

"You make the Martinis, Gev."

"There won't be time, Niki."

"Oh, you have to go somewhere?"

"I've got a date with a Miss Perrit."

"Oh, the little stenographer. Cute, isn't she?"

I stood in front of her, my hands in my pockets. "Niki, I don't know how to say this. I had it all planned how I was going to say it. Now I can't."

"You're in love with the little stenographer or something?"

"I don't want to talk about that. I want to talk about you. About Niki Webb. About Charlotte Kowalt."

For a long time, her features were absolutely immobile, frozen in the sweet, sad smile she had worn while she was accusing me of being in love.

The smile smoothed out into nothing. "Who is Charlotte Kowalt, for goodness' sake? Gevan, make sense!"

"We won't talk about it. I just can't understand *why*, Niki. I know what you've done. They picked up the missing key today. Hildy Devereaux. Lester gave her name before he died. Poor Hildy, she thought she was being a good girl, a patriotic citizen, helping LeFay, who'd told her he was a federal agent. She had everything backward. Ken was killed when Hildy reported to LeFay that he was taking action. She even gave LeFay a duplicate key to Dolson's room. She would have been no help at all, except that she happened, purely by accident, to see Stanley Mottling sitting in LeFay's car.

"Funny thing, she was beginning to doubt LeFay, and recognizing Mottling from his pictures in the paper reassured her that LeFay was bona fide. If Mottling had known that Hildy could tie him in with LeFay, which she has done in her testimony this afternoon, I don't think she'd be alive. You thought she couldn't do any harm, because she only slipped Dolson's and Fitch's notes to LeFay when he came into the Copper Lounge."

"Have you gone crazy, Gevan?"

"No, Niki. It's all over. Every bit of it. Mottling is in custody. They picked up LeFay and two others in Baltimore. All the gimmicked D4Ds are being repaired. It hasn't worked. I want to hate you. For Ken, and for all the rest of it. I wanted to enjoy telling you that you'll be picked up in a matter of minutes. It's all gone—just a little flat."

She ran her fingertips along the upholstery of the couch. "You know why, I suppose."

"Why, Niki?"

"Because I was hard, but not hard enough. Don't let anyone try to tell you that we would have lost this round whether you came into the picture or not. You were not to be permitted to leave Florida. I said I could handle you. I didn't know if I could or not. Because, Gevan, you are the only person I have ever met who has been able to make me feel even the least bit unsure of myself."

"What put you on that side of the fence, Niki?"

She lifted her chin, and her eyes darkened. "You imply that it's the wrong side. You can all be complacent about your little victory. This is a long war, Gevan. A very long war."

TANCEY came in, almost apologetically. He brought two matrons with him. He stayed with me while they went into the bedroom with Niki to search her and pack what she would need. He sat where Niki had sat. I stood by the windows, thinking of the job, thinking of Perry, thinking of Niki.

"You're lucky, Dean," Tancey said.

"I guess so," I replied, not turning.

"Look here. This is what I mean." I turned and saw the object he held. A small automatic, blued steel. "This was down between the cushions, fully loaded. We must have missed it when we searched the house, or else it was in her purse. I can't understand why she didn't use it on you, Dean. It would make sense to use it, from her point of view. From their point of view."

They brought her out, ready to leave. I wanted to ask her why she hadn't made that last gesture. But I knew it was no use. There was no answer that she could give. I watched them take her out. When the cars had gone, I walked slowly through the house, thinking of what might have been. No victory is absolute. The victor also loses.

I gave Bess instructions and left the house and drove down to the plant. The mercury-vapor shop lights were a hard white gleam in the dusky April evening.

I parked for a time and turned off the car motor and listened to the deep voice of the production areas, listened to the frequent shrillness as metal was peeled back from high-speed cutting edges.

After the sound had filled me and strengthened me and brought me back from that edge of gloom, I turned the car around and headed for Perry's house. The storm had struck and gone, and the air was washed clean.

THE END

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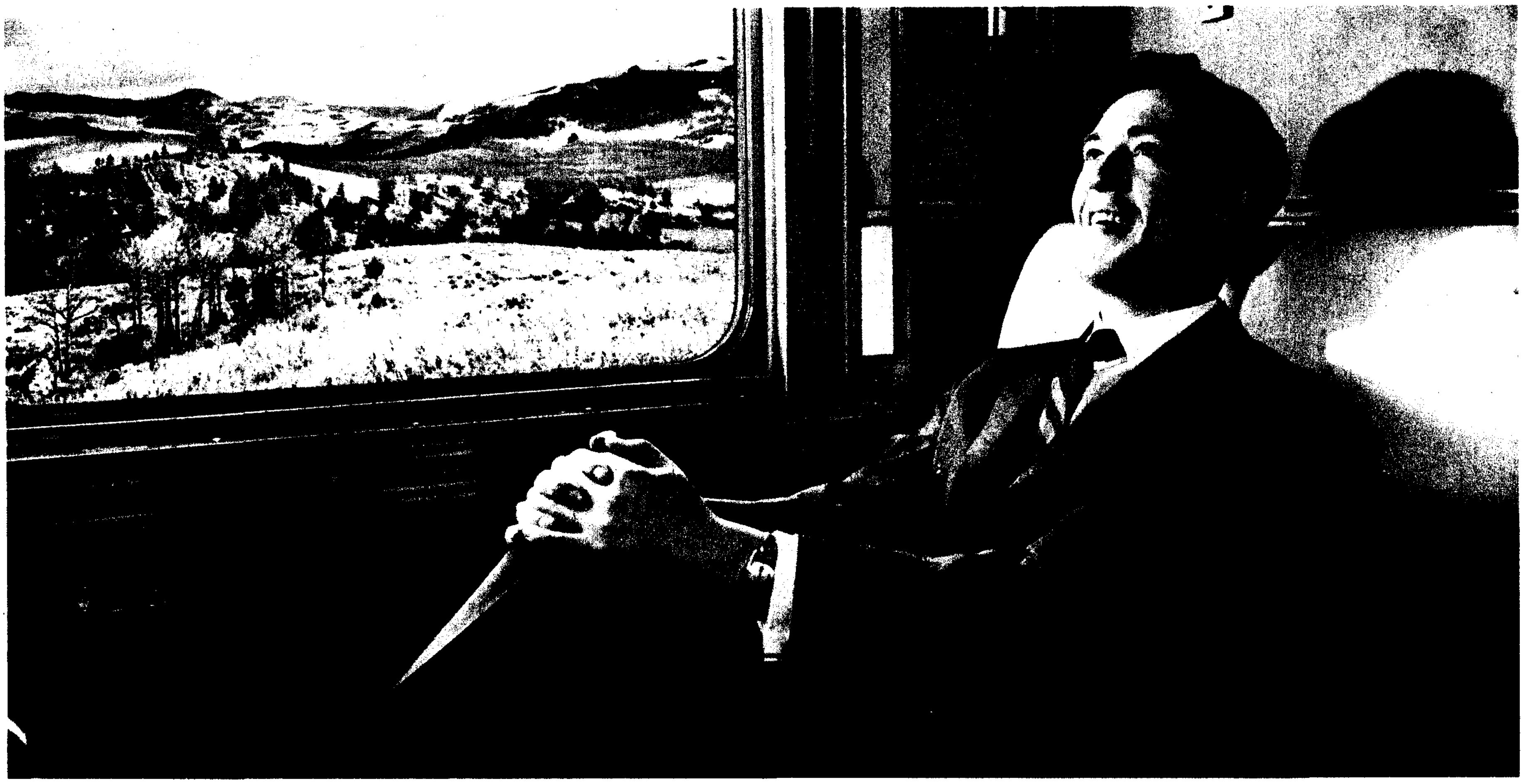

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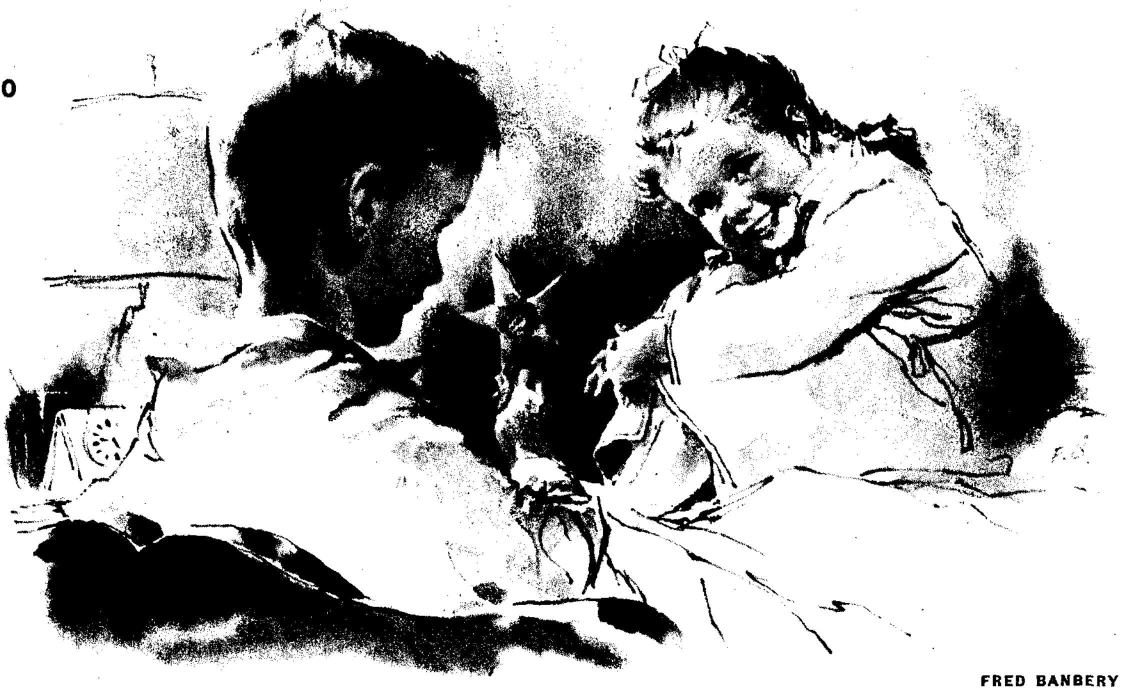

FRED BANBERY

She ran up to the guest room, and Jamie was there in bed. He was glad to see her

A Star for Jamie

By FAITH McNULTY

THE winter in the big brownstone house was very dark. In the morning there was only dirty gray light outside the long drawing-room windows. In the afternoon, there were shadows in the corners of the nursery. When Lisa went out, she wore black galoshes with shiny clasps. She picked up handfuls of snow, with dirt sprinkled like pepper on the top, and brought them to her mouth. Bertha slapped the snow out of her hands and said, "Dirty girl." Lisa got some of it in her mouth anyway. It had a nasty, flat taste, but she pretended she liked it. Bertha pulled her along by one arm, which was stiff with sweaters and stuffed like a sausage into her coat sleeve. Lisa kept reaching over to grab at the tops of the snow piles.

It was Lisa's fourth winter, and for the first time she knew her age. She knew because her father teased her about sucking her thumb. He'd said only black bears sucked their thumbs, and Lisa had said, "I promise I will stop when I am four years old."

Very soon, they had told her it was her birthday and she was four. She felt tricked because it had come so soon, but she knew she had to keep a promise. She did not suck her thumb any more in front of people—except once, when she had leaned over and buried her face in the cushions of the couch, thinking nobody would know what she was doing, and everybody had laughed in the room behind her.

"Where is Jamie?" Lisa asked over and over. Jamie was her brother.

"Jamie is in school," they told her.

"Why is he in school?"

"Because Jamie is a big boy now. He has to go to boarding school."

Lisa wished that he didn't have to go to boarding school. "When will he come back?" she asked.

"Very soon. At the end of the month, for vacation."

"When?" Lisa repeated.

"I just told you, dear. In a few weeks."

Lisa ran to Jamie's room and looked in. It waited for Jamie too. The cover on the bed was stiff, unwrinkled; the curtains hung straight and silent. There was no Jamie. Lisa shut the door, and the hall was full of shadows.

She ran to Bertha's room. Bertha was sewing by a window—buttons on a striped uniform. "Were you Jamie's nurse?"

"Yes, Lisa. Not any more. Now Jamie is too big. Someday you'll be too big, too."

Lisa touched the needles in the sewing box with her forefinger.

"No, Lisa. Go away and play. Play in the nursery."

Lisa ran past the nursery to the head of the stairs that went down, down, down, in two long flights to the bottom of the house. She crawled down the first flight on her hands and knees. She was an animal—a dog—but her legs did not seem to be the right shape. She crawled up the stairs. On every step there were the same red lines on the carpet, over and over. She crawled down again.

When she was at the landing, her grandmother called out from her room, "Lisa, stop that!"

"Why?"

"It's dangerous. You'll hurt yourself."

"No, I won't."

"Lisa! I told you to stop!" Her grandmother was cross. Lisa went down to the other end of the landing, away from her grandmother's room, and crawled down the flight of stairs that went to the living room. It had plain carpet.

IT WAS morning, and she came down to the living room. Her mother said, "Lisa, Jamie is coming home. But he won't be able to play with you much. He's sick. You mustn't bother him."

Lisa said, "I'll make him a present." She ran to the nursery and looked at her things. She took a piece of cardboard that her father had given her when he unwrapped a shirt. With her scissors, she cut out a star and colored it with different kinds of crayons. The color did not look as bright on the cardboard as it did in the crayon stick. She had to scrub and scrub. It took a long time.

She went to bed that night, and Jamie had not come. Her mother and father had been away all day. Bertha was cross and would not fix the door so that a crack of light would come through. Lisa howled in the dark. When Bertha was gone, she got up and fixed the door.

She remembered Jamie when she woke up in the morning. She took the colored star and ran to his room. She opened the door and looked in, but the room was empty. She ran downstairs to the living room. "Jamie?" she asked her mother.

Her mother said, "He's here. He came last night after you were asleep. He's in the guest room. If you go in, you must be quiet because he doesn't feel well."

She ran up to the guest room, and Jamie was there in bed. He was glad to see her, and she gave him the star. She climbed on the bed. She wanted to play with him, but Bertha came and pulled her off the bed and told her to be a good girl. She played in the room and felt very happy.

The voices of men rumbled up the stairs, together with her mother's voice. Two men, carrying black bags, came in, and her mother said, "You better get out of here, Lisa." She started to crawl under the bed, but Bertha pulled her out and put her outside and shut the door. She sat on the floor in the hall, listening to the voices. After the men left, Bertha would not let her go back in Jamie's room.

HER mother told her Jamie was gone again. He had gone to the hospital because he was sick. She and Bertha put on their galoshes and went out. They were going to see Jamie. The snow piles were much smaller and darker, but rivers of water rushed along the gutter. Lisa slipped her hand out of Bertha's and ran over to the gutter and stood in the water. Bertha ran after her and yanked her up on the sidewalk.

In the hospital, they went up in an elevator to Jamie's room. Jamie lay in a high bed with white bars at the head and foot. The room made Lisa feel quiet. The bed was as high as her shoulders. She went over and rested her arms on the bed and looked at Jamie. His hair was gone. He said they had shaved it off for the operation. He looked at her but he did not move and his eyes were very dark and shiny. Lisa put out her finger till the tip of it touched his cheek.

The door opened and a man with gray hair came in. Bertha said they would have to go. "Say good-by to your brother," she said. "Good-by," Lisa said, looking back from the door. . . .

The house was dark with winter outside the windows. Nobody was home any more. Where was everybody? Mother went out in the morning and didn't come home all day. Her grandmother's door was shut.

Lisa played in the nursery. She hitched her horse to a chair and took the monkeys for a ride. She wanted to make a pair of trousers for one of the monkeys. She cut out a trouser-shaped piece of cloth and tried to pin it to him, but it wouldn't work. She crawled up and down the stairs. Nobody told her she would hurt herself. The days were long, and she couldn't think of enough things to do.

Then one morning she got up, and Bertha said, "Go down to your father." Bertha's mouth trembled, and she didn't look at Lisa.

Lisa went down, but her parents' bedroom door was shut and there was no sound from inside. She heard voices in the living room and ran down the hall and into the room. Her father and her grandmother sat on the couch. Her father's arm was around her grandmother, and her grandmother was choking, and tears ran down her father's face. Lisa stood and stared.

Her father glanced at her and went on patting her grandmother's shoulder. "Jamie, Jamie, Jamie," her grandmother said, and rocked back and forth. Lisa felt a prickling through her body.

Her father looked up and saw her. "Lisa, you better go upstairs." But she just stood and stared.

Suddenly she flung herself on the floor and rolled around. She made herself laugh shrilly. She turned somersaults. "Look at me!" she called out. "Daddy, look at me!" She was trying to make them stop crying. Before, when she'd done this, they'd laughed. But now they paid no attention. She felt abashed and sat quietly on the floor.

Her father motioned her to come near and took her arm and laid it on his knee. "Lisa," he said, "I want you to be a very quiet, good girl. Your mother and I—and Grandmother—are very unhappy. You see—Jamie is dead." Lisa stared at him and nodded. Her grandmother was still sobbing, and Lisa hated the sound.

She heard Bertha's footsteps out in the hall. Her father called to Bertha, and Bertha came and led Lisa out of the room. She put Lisa in the nursery and shut the door. Lisa looked at her things scattered around the room. She said to herself, "I will make them something." She took the cardboard and began to cut out stars. She would make one for her mother and father, and one for her grandmother. But first, a beautiful one for Jamie. ▲▲▲

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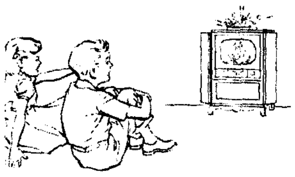

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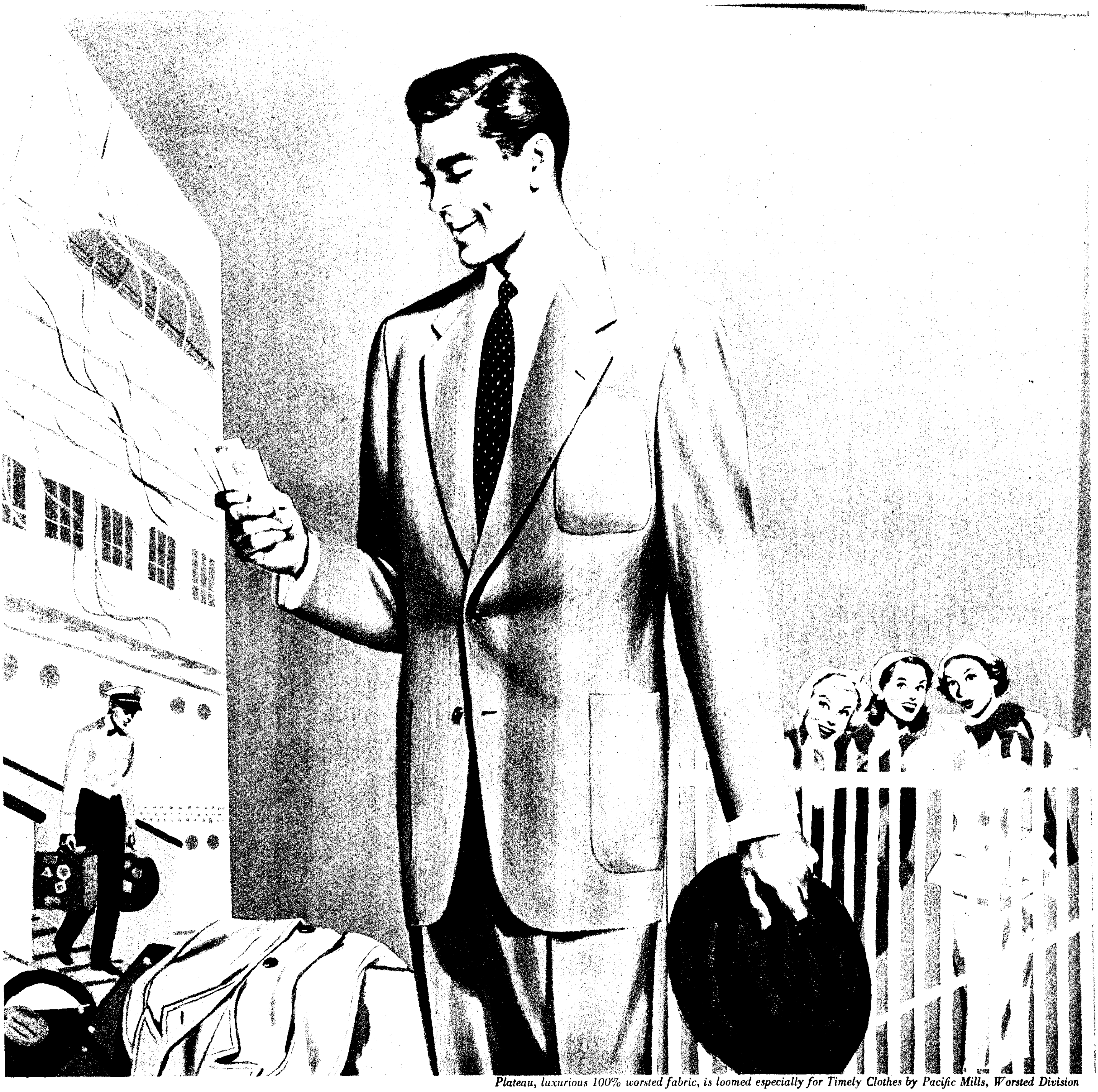

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SUITED to the TEE

By BERT BACHARACH

Here's a tip from the golf pros: Especially designed links clothes are a real way to help your game

ONCE upon a time, golfers wore knickers, Fair Isle sweaters and hand-framed knee-length socks. If this was not an outfit flattering to most men, at least they were dressed for the game. Then knickers got the heave-ho (probably because most male shanks were not reasonable facsimiles of Betty Grable's) and it became a case of wear-whatever-isn't-good-for-anything-else. Men who were impeccable dressers at all other times donned frayed shirts, worn-out pants and beat-up hats whenever they headed for their favorite course. That was the story for 20-odd years.

Now, however, the nation's golfers are swinging for sartorial distance too. As the popularity of professional golf has grown among spectators, millions of amateur linksmen have been watching the pros in action. And the play-for-pay par busters, almost without exception, groom themselves for the links as carefully as the average man dresses for an important business appointment. Individually and collectively, therefore, they've had an impressive effect on the style-consciousness of folks who've seen them play. While improving his game by studying the styles of the top pros, the average golfer also has been impressed by their apparel. He's been copying both.

It makes sense, too. Professional golfers aren't fashion plates per se; they dress as they do for good and practical reasons: in a highly competitive sport, where a stroke can cost a tournament player a pot of gold, he doesn't want anything to distract him or interfere with his best form. He can't afford the handicap of an ill-fitting or run-down shoe, or a pair of slacks that bind, or a shirt that goes taut at the height of his swing. He picks the finest, best-tailored garments to assure complete relaxation and concentration on his game.

This has had its influence on amateurs, too, whether crackajack golfer or duffer. What's more, golf to this group is a game, a sport, to which gayer, brighter hues properly belong.

So, this year's sportswear is more colorful and diversified than ever before. Ranging the rainbow, the new fashions still retain all the elements of good taste. Even the boldest patterns are combinations of muted or blending colors that suit the most proper gentleman to the tee.

The season's outstanding trend is in combinations of shirts, slacks, belts and headwear. Wear a belt and cap to match the trim on your shirt; pick up the color in your sport shirt with your cap or hose; or match your hat and slacks. The golfing outfit should never be haphazard; plan it as carefully as your in-town ensembles.

Great strides in design and construction of shirts and slacks provide maximum freedom and comfort. Cut scientifically and made of special fabrics, the shirts will never interfere with your swing. Slacks specifically designed for the links have all sorts of ingenious features: a loop to hold a towel, rubber insets in the waistband to keep the shirt tucked in, special out-of-the-way pockets to carry golf balls, pencils, score cards and the like.

Dress for the game, men. You'll cut a fine figure and cut your score at the same time. ▲▲▲

NICK LAZARNICK

Comedian Victor Borge is a golf enthusiast who admits he plays in the "high hundreds," but he looks like a pro in his unusual Van Heusen sport shirt and Brentwood Hobby Jeans

NICK LAZARNICK

Singers Guy Mitchell, Dorothy Sarnoff match belts, headwear to navy-blue trim on shirts by Puritan. Slacks and skirt are Golf-eze; headwear, Flip-It; reversible belts, Pioneer

ALEX BREMNER

Undisputed best-dressed pro is Jim Demaret, who also designs clothes. He's wearing the brand-new Palm Beach Demaret slacks; Izod of London sport shirt; suède shoes by Foot-Joy

NICK LAZARNICK

Stage star Russell Nype gets sartorially set for golf with a Lee Bandana Hat, neckerchief to match; jersey Marlboro shirt; two-toned Hickok belt; Esquire slacks of Dacron blend

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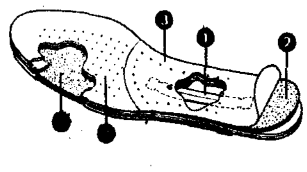

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"Old Folks"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

said, "It was all for the airplane. Forget anything else."

There was a certain sense of strength about the old man. It was too much for Red, and his truculence melted away until he was facing the captain on his own ground, so to speak; and, in a voice as serious as the captain's own, he said, "I'm sorry, but I don't believe in forgetting anything else. I just don't go along with that, sir."

Princeton gave him a level look from under the shaggy eyebrows. He said inconclusively and almost a little sadly, "Well," and that was all, but Red stopped slurring him with sirs.

WHEN we were aloft, the radio operator told me about the trouble between Princeton and the copilot.

"The old man called him yellow, with her listening," the radio operator said, motioning with his elbow at the nurse, who was sleeping on a bed of crated engine parts. Her name was Nancy. "Old Folks the same as called him a coward," the radio operator said. "The way he can say a thing like that, not hot about it, as if he's telling you there's a bug crawling on your shirt, just something he noticed and you ought to know so you can knock it off, there ain't anything you would want to do but beat his brains out. And he said it in front of her, see." Again the radio operator motioned with his elbow in the direction of the sleeping Nancy.

The radio operator's name was Belknap. He came from Oklahoma. He wore shorts and a pair of mud-caked bedroom slippers. In the airplane, grinding through the cold upper air, he wrapped himself in a blanket. He said Red and Nancy were sweet on each other. He said they were both good Joes.

"We had a NOTAM that the field was closed," Belknap said. "But Old Folks wouldn't ditch this airplane for hell or high water. So Red put in that he ought to bail out the crew first. He meant Nancy; he didn't want her to get killed when Old Folks stacked us up like we all thought he'd do. The old man said we didn't have the fuel to take a run over the island for the crew to jump, and Mick said he could coax out enough with his power settings, and Old Folks said no dice, he would need everything they had for that one approach. Then when he came in wheels-down after the tower told him not to, Red blew his top. I mean, he really blew his top. That's when Old Folks said what he did. What he said was, he said, 'Your behavior is cowardly,' and Red tried to tell him he wasn't thinking of himself, and the old man said this airplane was more important than whoever he was thinking of, and man, they had it."

Belknap fell silent, shivering in his blanket, recalling the terrors of that landing when everyone except Princeton must have been expecting to die. It must have been very hard for them to take, with alternatives at hand that would have given them better odds on their lives. A wheels-up landing would have been infinitely safer and would probably have damaged the airplane only slightly, perhaps bent the props or such, since the retracted gear of a 47 sticks out enough to roll and give a few inches clearance.

Ditching the airplane would have been easy in the calm bay; a 47 was the most stable of airplanes to ditch.

But all the alternatives would have lost or damaged the airplane, at least to some extent, and a wheels-down landing, the gravest risk of all on that sand trap of a runway, was the only hope of keeping the airplane completely unscathed, although an accident in that landing would undoubtedly have demolished the airplane and the people in it. The captain had made a very rash all-or-nothing gamble. ➡

I remembered the airplane drifting in, its wheels defiantly down. It had looked tranquil. You could have had no notion, watching from the ground, of the dissension boiling within it between Princeton and his crew. Watching an airplane objectively, you didn't readily think of it as containing various people with various thoughts. It was all of a piece, a thing in itself; it was the airplane that did this or that, not a group of individuals concealed at its controls. It was not hard to think of a flying airplane as a living thing, and, caught up in this illusion, you were always faintly surprised to see a little crowd of alien lives—its crew—come streaming from it when it was down and parked on the hardstand.

I said, "He made a beautiful landing."

"You got to give it to him," the radio operator said. "He's probably the best in the world when it comes to flying this thing."

"I saw him praying."

"Yeah." Belknap was embarrassed about the captain's praying, and didn't say anything more about it. It was as if he had gone on the defensive for the old man, perhaps from a moment of pride in thinking how great he was as a pilot.

But later Mick came back, and he and the radio operator both tried to explain why Old Folks was so passionate about saving his airplane.

They were agreed he was completely cracked up, but they had slightly different theories about what had made him that way. The crew chief said anybody got a little screwy after all those hours, those years of flying hours that had begun before Mick was born. All those old guys, Mick said, had funny ideas. Mick had once known an old colonel, a command pilot, who talked to his airplane all the time and believed the airplane talked back Old Folks's wife was dead and now his son was dead, and so this beat-up 47 was all the family he had left. That was Mick's guess.

"Take any old lonely guy," Mick said. "He's got to have something that he thinks is his. With Old Folks, it's this airplane."

BELKNAP had heard the story of the death of Princeton's son. He had been hit by bomb fragments, and at that place he died you could only get in and out by air, and there was some delay, and Princeton's son had died before he could be flown out to a hospital.

That was why Old Folks was always big for carrying wounded, Belknap said. He'd take any kind of risk to keep his airplane intact so it could take out still another batch of litter cases.

Anything that hurt his airplane hurt the casualties who were waiting for his airplane to come and get them—the casualties who might die, as his son had died, if his airplane didn't show up. Once a delirious patient they had been hauling had gone to kicking around and had almost wrecked his receiver set, Belknap said, and Princeton had come back and chewed him out, and when the medic said the guy was sick, as an excuse, Old Folks had said that didn't matter, this airplane was more than any one man, no matter how sick he was. The medic had thought he meant the airplane was worth a lot of money, a heartless point of view, but Belknap knew Old Folks was thinking of his son who had died for lack of transportation.

His airplane was the sum total of all the casualties it had carried and would still carry, and in Old Folks's mind this was so firmly fixed a conception that the airplane was indeed alive to him; it was alive with all the rescued lives the old man was grimly hoarding to pay to his own dead son.

Belknap said, "When he sees his kid in heaven he'll be able to say, 'I got even for you, boy. Me and my airplane saved a thousand guys to make up for you.' He'll have his airplane there in heaven with him, too."

"And you and me," Mick said.

"That's for sure. He ain't about to let any of us outlive him."

They grinned, as if, since they couldn't do anything about it, the situation would have to be regarded as only comic, and Mick shrugged his shoulders, forlornly grinning.

Belknap said, "But Red's had about all he can take. Do you think he'll really turn the old man in?"

"Nah," Mick said. "You know he won't."

"Well, he might do something, some of these days," Belknap said, plainly doubting the possibility.

Mick said, "The hell! What can anybody do with Old Folks?"

THE nurse, Nancy, woke up, and Red came back and sat with her and talked a while. She too was wrapped in a blanket. Her eyes were not timid after all, I saw, but gay and sparkling. She laughed a great deal. No one mentioned the captain until Red got up to return to the flight deck. For a minute, he looked around him at the gently vibrating ribs of the old man's airplane. He looked at them with a bitter and somehow perplexed resentment, and he said abruptly, "You know what I'd like to do?"

"Blow his precious airplane up," Nancy said, as if she'd heard him say it before. She drew in her cheeks and smiled. "Bust his airplane up and make him watch."

He looked shamefaced, but he said doggedly, "That's the only thing you could say to him that he'd really hear." Then he ducked his head and bunched in his shoulders and went away.

Belknap said, "I want to help him when he does it."

Nancy looked tired. All the brightness had left her. She said, "Gosh, I don't know."

Later, Nancy talked to me about the captain. She knew an old friend of his on Oahu, a doctor. He called Princeton by his first name, which was Luke, she said. He had told her Luke had always been a man in earnest. He was one of those people for whom ideas came alive, the doctor said, and this nature, under too much stress, had identified his airplane as a living idea. He would willingly die for his airplane, she said, as willingly as he would have died for his own son, and, sooner or later, Nancy thought, he would certainly do so.

But Nancy didn't think Red or Belknap or Mick, either, really wanted to leave his crew as much as they pretended they did. She said it was simply because Old Folks was so good as an airplane driver and because, as she put it, he was a presence. The old man was great, he was legendary, and so his crew could take a perverse pride even in committing suicide in his company. They didn't understand this, she explained, and they all thought they wanted to get away from him in time to save their necks, but they really didn't.

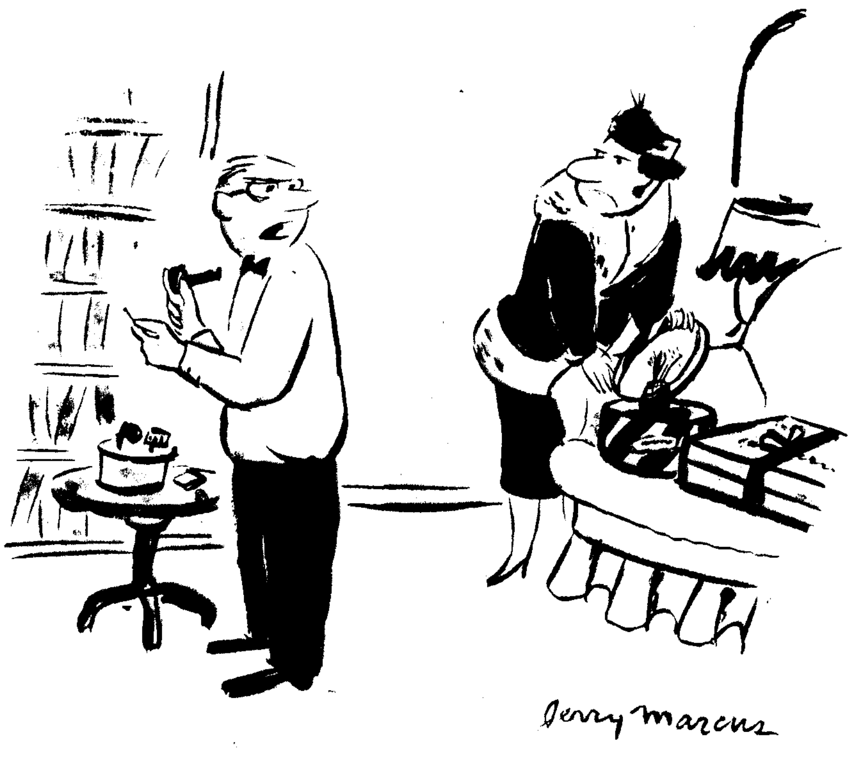
I could understand what she meant about the captain being a presence. He came back once to talk to Belknap about his schedule-of-position communication with Guam, and an indefinable difference in the order of things entered and left with him, perceptible as much in the way Belknap talked with him and Nancy smiled and spoke to him as in the captain himself. It was a presence, a massive presence of assurance.

I spoke to Nancy of the captain's praying.

She said, "I remember one time a patient died on a flight, and Old Folks said something to the effect that he had just stepped across. I asked him if he really believed that the boy had just stepped across to someplace, to another life, to heaven. He said of course. That was mankind's great idea, he said. And was an idea only chemistry, did it die with the dissolution of the body? If an idea was strong enough, it could make another mind feel it, he said, without a word being spoken; everyone had experienced that. A part of your mind, he said, had its being outside the life your heart ticked off. He said that's why we celebrate Easter; we celebrate our recognition of that part that's all idea and continues after death because it never dies. He said that part is the risen soul."

SHE smiled and looked at her hands. She said, "I honestly couldn't conceive of any idea of mine living forever. It was at night and he told me to look through the windshield at the stars; then he told me I couldn't conceive of infinity either—nobody could—but there I was looking at it. It wasn't eerie so much as just disturbing simply because you couldn't understand what he meant. Apparently it isn't just any old idea that can go living on; it has to be a special idea. He said the idea of recognition. You couldn't understand what he meant, but it was clear that he really meant it."

She sat cross-legged in her blanket on her bed of crates. She cupped her chin in her hands. You couldn't share his faith because you couldn't understand it, she said, and that was what made it hard for Red and Mick and Belknap; they had all this respect for the old man but of course his beliefs were beyond them and so they were pulled



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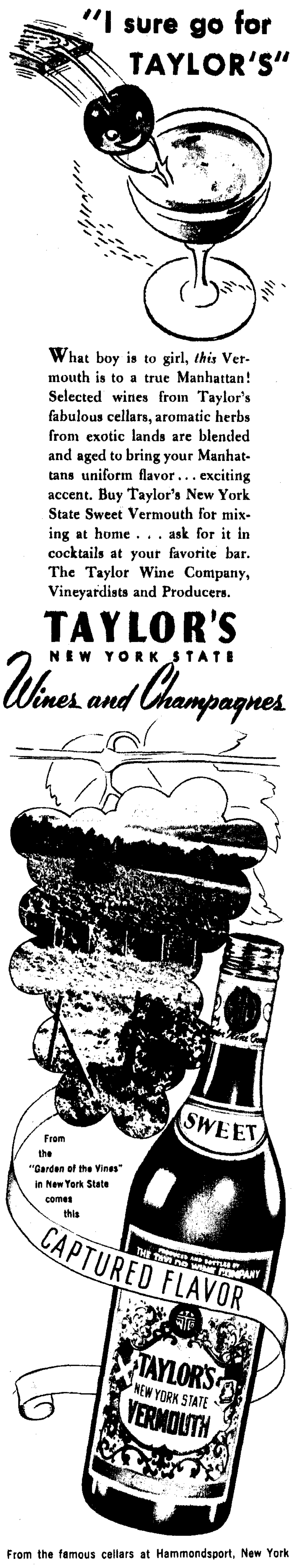
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She said, "Red does worry about me, because I make trips with them and that makes it especially hard on him, and he's gotten so that he blames all his worry on the airplane, which I'm sure isn't the kind of recognition the captain means. It's the essential power of life, that recognition, Old Folks says, and yet he says that to have it you only need to want it. And then, he says, it can reach out with its hands from after death and lay its hands on the ocean down there and still the waves—literally, he means."

The old man didn't pray when we reached Guam. He was concerned about a magneto whose drop-off had strayed out of limits.

I thanked him for the ride and he said absently, in his dry voice, "Any time."

He was a tall, long-legged man, with burly shoulders and gnarled, big-knuckled hands. His eyes under the thick black eyebrows were pouched in webs and wrinkles. He and Red and Mick were engrossed in the magneto.

I heard of Princeton again, from time to time. One story that seemed to be true concerned an incident over Saipan when he flew into the middle of an air raid. A Jap Betty decided to knock the 47 down, and Princeton escaped with a dive that would have pulled the wings off if anyone else had done it, and some evasive acrobatics that were aerodynamically impossible in his trundling work horse of an airplane. Another air commander, in the alarm of the moment, with gunfire cutting into the tail assembly, might have bailed out and let the Jap have the airplane, but not Old Folks.

Now and then I wondered if Red was still with him.

SOME months later, back on Guam, I was visiting a friend hospitalized with dengue fever, and I saw Captain Princeton once more. I was in the hospital corridor. I glanced through the open door of a plywood partition and saw him lying in a bed. He looked a hundred years old. His black brows were bushy and enormous above his sunken eyes. His Adam's apple was prominent. His laborer's hands, collapsed and long and bony, were folded on the sheet. His hands called up a memory of the sense of strength and it was startling to see him lying there, the strength vanished.

A ward boy came along and I asked if that was Captain Princeton. It was. He was sick and would not get well, the ward boy said. It was his heart. I had an impulse to go in and speak to him, but that was pointless. The ward boy said he was in a coma.

I asked about his airplane.

The ward boy was mystified. He said, "It didn't have anything to do with any airplane, as far as I know. The way I get it, it happened on the ground, down at Harmon Field. He was going in to chow, and he just fell over."

It was unfitting for the old man to make his departure in that way, remote from his airplane, and it must have been bewildering to Red and Mick and Belknap, who had been so confident they would die with him. I wondered if the bravely logical Nancy would analyze them as feeling cheated. And it occurred to me that now, if Red had stuck it out, the airplane was his, and that was something.

That was the end of it, I thought, but there was a little more. On Iwo, a couple of weeks later, I was watching Direction-Finding working a C-47 lost off the island. It was at night, long after midnight, almost morning. The weather was very bad, booming winds whipping Iwo's sodden ash while rain came down in sheets, beating at the smell of death that still hovered over the island from the battle for its capture. D/F put the word on the operational circuit that the Skytrain it was working might have to ditch. It was damaged and had mechanical trouble. But it didn't ditch, and they continued to home it to the island.

The weather lifted a little, and after a while I was in the GCA trailer where they were monitoring the conversation between the disabled 47, now nearing the island, and the tower.

The airplane had been thrown off its course by the storm and later had been fired on by a Japanese surface vessel. One engine was out with a broken main oil line. The other engine was running rough and failing to develop rated rpm. Manifold temperature was high and manifold pressure low. They were barely able to maintain flying speed.

The 47 could be vectored over the island and the crew could jump, the tower said. A crippled night fighter had done the same thing only an hour or so before.

But, after a silence, the captain of the 47 said he would rather attempt a landing.

The airplane was still living, of course, even though Princeton was dying, and I began to suspect I might know who that was up there. I listened while the tower and the airplane's commander discussed the possibilities of a landing, and I recognized Red's voice through the crackling atmospherics.

The tower said GCA—Ground Controlled Approach—could get them down through the low ceiling, but conditions were bad to keep them lined up, and they might have to make several passes at the runway.

"I can only make one pass," Red said. "This engine won't take us up again."

The tower advised him, in that case, to abandon the airplane and jump. After another silence, during which he could have been talking it over with his crew—with Mick and Belknap—Red's voice matter-of-factly repeated that they would rather try their one pass. The choice had its foolhardy aspect, because of the certainty of a crash if their one approach was not a good one, and there was no reason it should be, in that weather and with their lack of power; but it was the airplane's decision to make. The tower gave Red what further information it could and then washed its hands of him and turned him over to the GCA final controller, a Texas boy sitting at his instruments and watching the 47, a slowly moving blip on the radar screens in the darkened trailer. The screens were streaked with rain.

I went outside. The wind was milder and came in lazy, heavy gusts, flinging rain. I looked up and could see nothing. I thought I could hear the airplane's laboring engine, but I was probably mistaken. I started back in the trailer, and someone came up to me in the night and tugged my elbow.

IT WAS Nancy. She was wearing a long GI raincoat. The sleeves hung down over her hands. She said, "I was at Operations, listening." She had been running and was out of breath.

I said, "It is Red, isn't it?"

"Yes." Her eyes were large and dark. She was wearing a fatigue cap. Rain dripped from its broken bill.

"I supposed you'd be with them."

"I'm to go out with them, with a flight of litter cases. I just came in from Guam this evening." She said, "Is this GCA?"

She wanted to watch. We went inside the trailer. On the screens, the 47 was still moving through the streaks of rain. It slid, like a tiny, slow-moving water insect. The final controller was orbiting the airplane around Suribachi. Red's voice said turbulence was very bad. He said one man was flying the rudder and another the elevators.

The final director talked on in a steady flow of instructions. ". . . you are now three miles from the runway, on a course of zero four seven, descending at five hundred feet a minute . . . You are one hundred feet too high. Correct your altitude. Steer zero five three, zero five three. You are one hundred feet too high. Correct your altitude . . ."

Nancy whispered, "He just tells him what to do?"

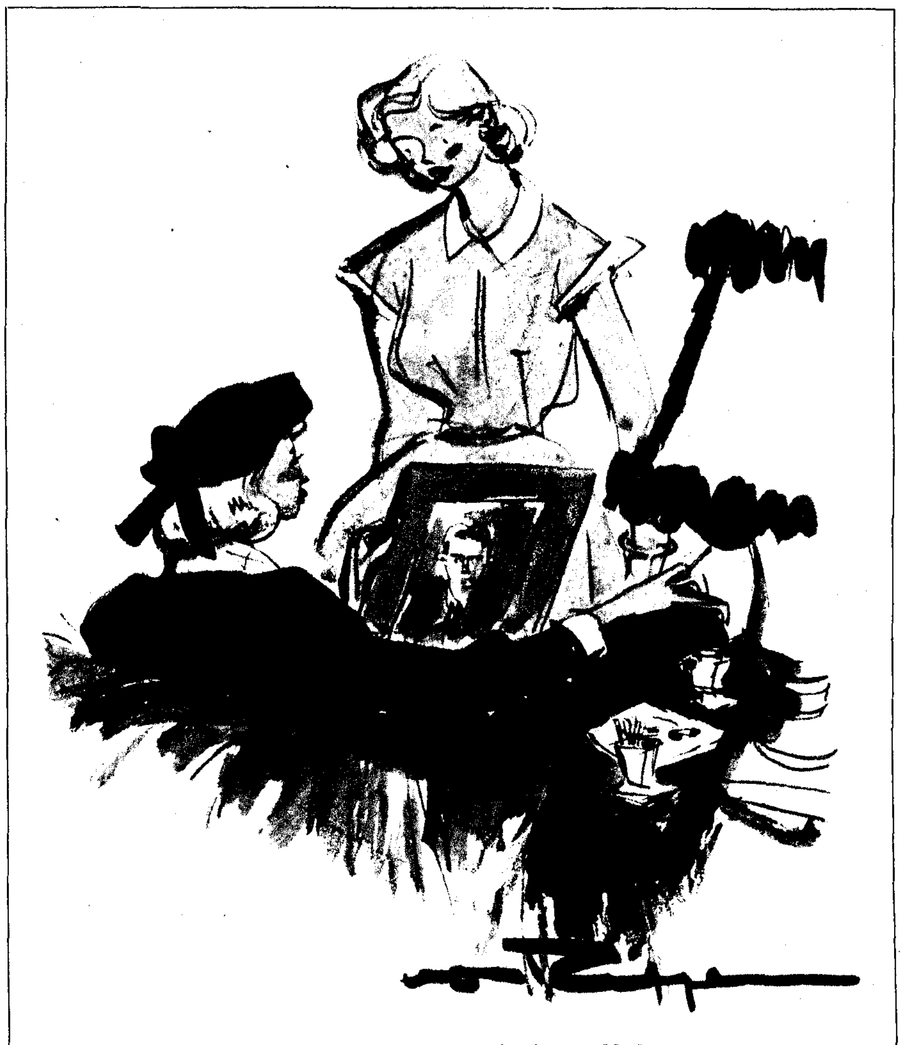
"He shows him the way," I said.

She pushed up the sleeves of her raincoat and put her hands together, her fingers wound together.

The blip moved on the screen with agonizing slowness. But it was off its correct heading, and it couldn't line up. The final director told him to take it up and go around again.

Red's voice said, "I can't take it up. I haven't got power."

The final director went on then, steadily



"Of course, George is no William Holden . . . but he has a lot of financial appeal"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

It sees... it protects... it performs!

FOR YOUR DRIVING SAFETY AND COMFORT AT NIGHT

The NEW GUIDE Autronic-Eye

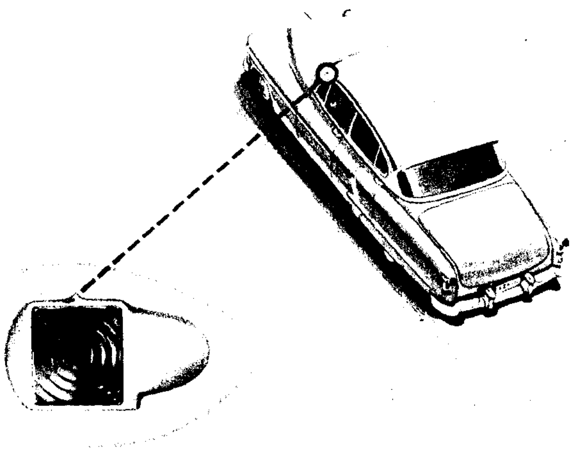
Out of electronics has come this brand-new and revolutionary contribution to safety and comfort in night driving—the Guide Autronic-Eye.

As you glide along a dark roadway with your bright headlights giving you safe driving vision, an approaching car comes into view. Automatically, the new Guide Autronic-Eye lowers your headlight beam—no pedal to push, no thought needed—to give both you and the approaching car the safe courtesy of lowered beams. What's more—the Autronic-Eye continues to hold your lights at "dim." Then, when all is clear, instantly, your lights go up to "bright" again.

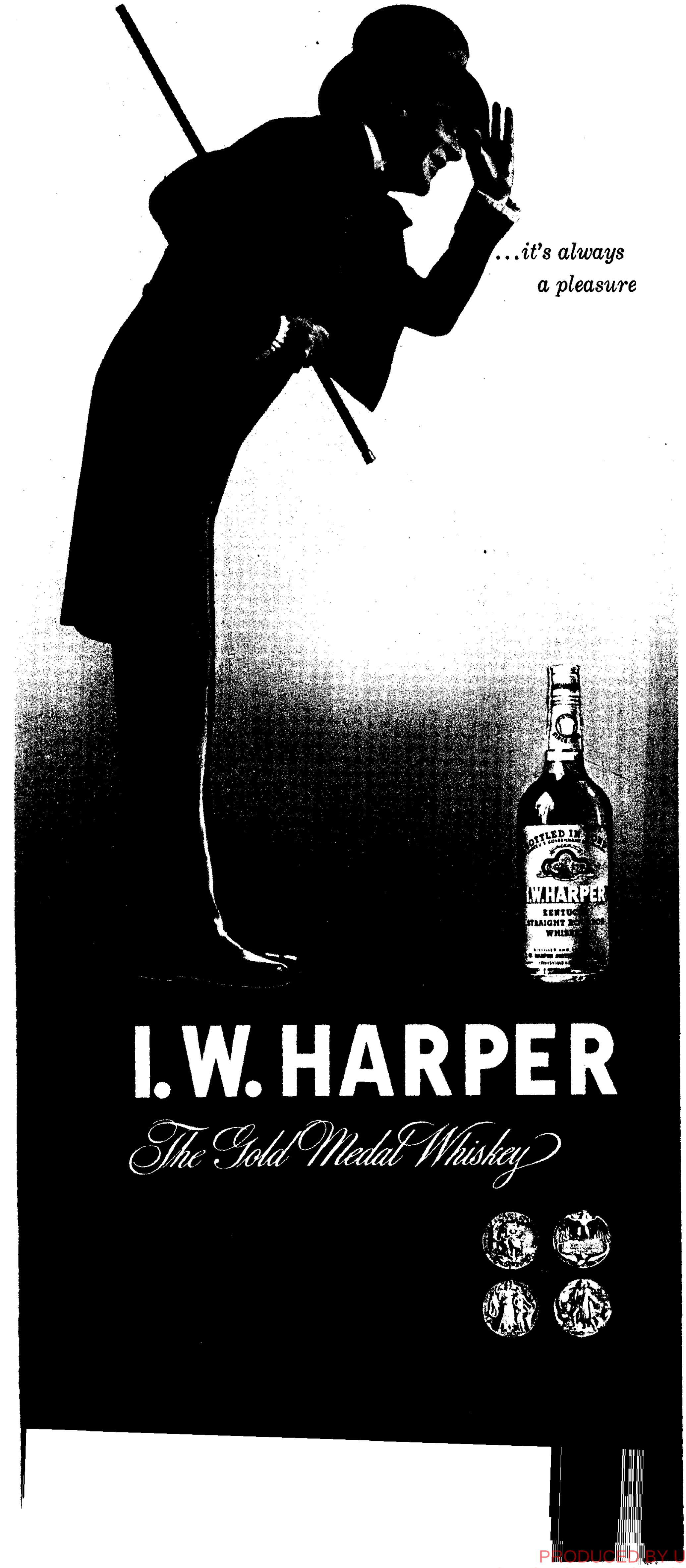
It's easy to imagine the feeling of comfort, the lessening of fatigue, the greater safety that can be yours with the Autronic-Eye. It's easy to picture how helpful the Autronic-Eye can be in switching your dim lights to bright when you leave a lighted highway for a dark side street or lane. It's easy, too, to see how the Autronic-Eye will make bad weather motoring less irksome and much safer and better for you and your family.

Yes, the new Guide Autronic-Eye is epoch-making in night driving safety and comfort. You need only to try it to be convinced.

Ask your Oldsmobile or Cadillac dealer to demonstrate it to you—available now on the new '52 models of these two great cars at extra cost. Guide Lamp Division, General Motors Corporation, Anderson, Indiana.



The Guide Autronic-Eye, mounted behind the windshield, sees what the driver sees and acts instantly and automatically. When it "sees" a bright light, it "dims" the headlights. When darkness comes again, the Autronic-Eye switches lights back to "bright." The Autronic-Eye is an exclusive Guide development.



reciting information that was now in vain. Nancy watched the blip on the round, green screen. It was sliding smoothly, very slowly. She turned around and ran out through the blackout curtains at the door of the trailer.

Red's voice said, "I can see the runway now, but I can't line up." He spoke without emotion. It was almost Princeton's voice, asking for taxi instructions.

I went outside. The rain had stopped. Soon it would be daylight; there was a veil of daylight in the air, hanging to the underside of the clouds. I could hear the airplane, its engine roaring and misfiring, and then I could see it. It was quartering across the rows of hooded runway lights, trying to keep aloft.

It passed directly overhead, perhaps two hundred feet above us. It snarled as if in fury and hurtled on.

Nancy put her hands over her face and bowed her head. Several other people had stopped beside us to watch. I knew one of them, a tech sergeant from Operations. He said, "Well, he paid his money and he took his choice. It's sure too late for them to jump now."

No one looked at Nancy. We were all watching the airplane. We could see it outlined against the bone-gray sky. It should have struck the island and crashed, but it kept its wavering flight and cleared the cliffs at the edge of the island and then it dipped, rather swiftly, and disappeared.

The tech sergeant said, "Listen to him trying to pour on the coal. He isn't even trying to level off and ditch. He's diving for flying speed. How about that? He'll drive it right into the ocean."

Nancy kept her face buried in her hands.

WE ALL waited for Red to drive the airplane into the ocean. We waited, watching the place on the horizon where it had sunk from sight. We waited for the sound of it and perhaps the flash of an explosion.

The tech sergeant said in admiration, "By God, he must be giving it a fight."

"They've hit already," someone else said. "We just didn't hear it."

"We'd hear it," the tech sergeant said.

Then we saw the airplane, smaller now in the distance, rising very slowly above the horizon line that was the edge of the island.

Someone said in astonishment, "Is that them? How could that be them?"

The airplane rose higher in the sky. Now it was turning.

"I don't believe it," the tech sergeant said. "Why, he just didn't have it." Then he was overcome with jubilation and shouted at the top of his voice, "Don't do that to me, boy!" and everybody laughed.

Nancy had taken her hands away from her face and was watching. She didn't say anything. Her eyes were fixed on the airplane. She watched it while it gained altitude and came around for another pass and lost itself again in the haze overhead.

Then she looked at me with an odd, trembling smile. We went back in the GCA trailer.

RED and the tower were talking on the broadcast speaker. Red's voice said, "Somehow we seemed to get power. We were close enough to see our prop wash in the water, and then we seemed to get a lift. Something seemed to give us a lift."

This time, turbulence was not so bad and GCA was able to keep him lined up. He broke through the ceiling, flying a corrective heading that enabled him to come in to touch down.

Nancy and I went outside to watch him land. The airplane was hovering over the end of the runway, reaching down with practiced toes.

I said, "Maybe Old Folks was praying for him."

"He died yesterday," Nancy said. "I heard about it just before I left Guam."

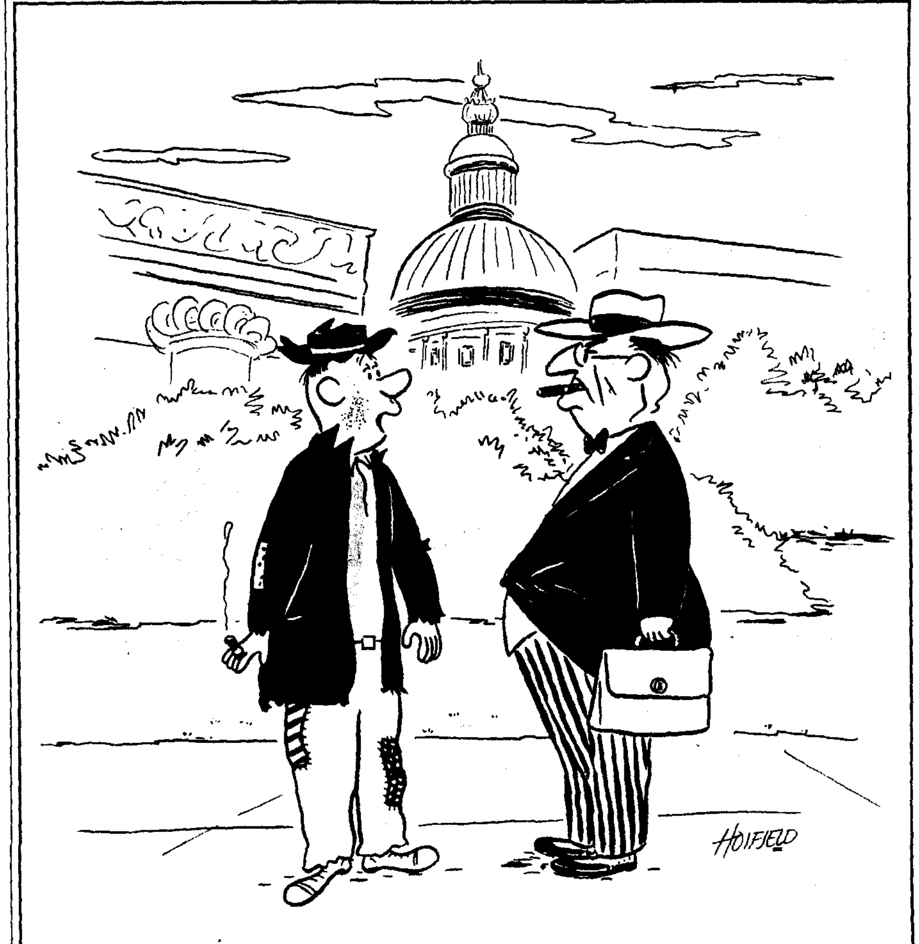
The airplane was on the ground, settling its tail, skimming down the strip, slowing to a stop. Nancy ran toward the runway, the raincoat flopping around her.

She stopped and ran back to me and said, "Do you know what day this is?"

I stopped and thought and said, "Saturday."

"No, that was yesterday. It's almost morning now, and this is Sunday, the first of April." She was radiant, with that tremulous smile. She said, "This is Easter morning."

THE END



"Seein' as how you fellows have voted close to 500 billion dollars for foreign relief, I figured you might spare me, a fellow American, a dime for a cup of coffee"

COLLIER'S NORMAN HOIFJELD

America's Happy Hospital

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

time. If his condition is serious, the nurse can keep the intercom open and listen to his breathing from her post down the hall.

Even the pictures on the walls are changed once a month for variety.

There is sound reasoning—both therapeutic and philosophic—behind the policy of providing this uniquely lavish environment for patients who give nothing in return for their care. It is intended to make them feel they are being treated as paying guests rather than as charity cases, and on a basis of complete equality. The City of Hope believes simply that this engenders high morale, and high morale in turn speeds recovery. The hospital's philosophy was expressed by one of its executives in these words:

"We hold that treatment to patients suffering from disease should be based on a regard for human dignity and individual worth. It should be rendered in a spirit of social justice rather than stigmatized as charity."

Charity, at the City of Hope, is a forbidden word. Once a doctor was fired from the staff because he lost his temper and demanded of a difficult patient, "What do you want for nothing?"

Indeed, most of the City of Hope's patients are self-supporting middle-class citizens. But the hospital accepts them on a free basis because it knows that the dissipation of their savings in expensive treatment would pauperize them and their families.

The moving force behind the City of Hope is its executive director—sixty-two-year-old Samuel H. Golter. Working with a relief mission, Golter had done rehabilitation work in Europe after World War I. Then his brother and a favorite niece died of T.B. in the early 1920s and Golter resolved to devote his life to the fight against the "white plague."

In Desperate Need of Money

Arriving in California from New York in 1926, he found the City of Hope struggling to keep its doors open. The hospital numbered only 60 beds and consisted of a few scraggly cottages. In serious financial straits, the sanitarium—$207,000 in the red and six months behind in its payroll—asked Golter to pull it out of the hole. He organized a successful drive for funds in Los Angeles and raised $36,000. Then on a personally financed sweep around the country, he visited city after city, picking up small sums here and there. Finally, the City of Hope was out of debt.

Sam Golter had planned to stay with the City of Hope only three months. He has been there ever since. He is responsible, in the main, for the extraordinary financial structure upon which rests the City of Hope. This structure has for its framework more than 150 "City of Hope auxiliaries," with a total of 150,000 members, in cities throughout the nation. Their sole aim is to raise money for the medical center.

With their dollars, dimes and pennies they maintain the City of Hope as a Utopia for the unfortunate. They look upon it as *their* hospital—truly a "people's hospital."

But it is more than that, and more than a house of healing. To the people who support the City of Hope, it is an example—for all Americans—of tolerance, compassion and understanding. They treasure it as a model of what can be done in terms of man's humanity to man.

The City of Hope adheres scrupulously to its interracial and nonsectarian policy. Recently a young Eskimo woman was admitted as a patient. She had married an American GI in Alaska, returned to the States with him and developed T.B. Not so long ago, too, the hospital admitted a Moslem newspaper correspondent and a refugee from Red China. Again and again, in this fashion, does the City of Hope forge what it calls "a weapon against bigotry."

Sam Golter also was responsible for rallying organized labor to the support of the City of Hope. Labor must "give as well as get," he told the nation's top union leaders, and, besides, the hospital was extending sanctuary to many of labor's members. Today more than 50 international unions contribute regularly to the City of Hope. Some have endowed whole units.

Hollywood celebrities by the score give their talents to benefits for the medical center and some give their money. Further, the City of Hope receives gratis the services of nearly 100 of southern California's finest physicians. A distinguished Beverly Hills surgeon, for instance, donates one third of his time, performing intricate operations for which he would receive as much as $5,000 each in private practice.

Ex-Patients Show Gratitude

Many of the 300 full-time staff members are themselves ex-patients who have stayed on at the hospital to give back in service some measure of that which they received. One staff member explained: "We feel we're working for an ideal rather than just holding down a job."

In the process of saving lives, the City of Hope has pioneered boldly in new medical and surgical techniques for T.B. and cancer. But it goes even beyond that in fulfillment of its benign purpose. Quite literally it assumes responsibility not only for the patient's immediate disease, whether T.B. or cancer, but for all his other troubles, too. If his teeth are bad, a City of Hope dentist overhauls them. If he has asthma or hay fever, in comes a City of Hope allergist to see what can be done.

The hospital proceeds on the premise that "whatever impinges on the patient's private life affects his ability to get well." Social workers keep him in touch with his family, to ease the strain of long separation and relieve his worry. If his wife needs a job, they help her find one. If his children must be placed in a temporary foster home, they arrange that, too. Recently, when a patient's marriage was falling apart, social service went to work and patched it up.

Convalescents, unable to go back to strenuous jobs they held before they became ill, face the problem of finding new means of livelihood. So the City of Hope brings in teachers and vocational rehabilitation consultants. Thus a patient who had been a New York garment salesman became a laboratory technician. A trumpeter in an orchestra couldn't go back to his career, lest it bring on a recurrence of his T.B. So he was taught to play the piano.

All of this—medical care, social care, rehabilitation—requires a great deal of money. The City of Hope budget exceeds $2,300,000 a year. The cost of curing a patient and restoring him to a gainful place in society averages $15,000, and the waiting list of would-be patients is long. The hospital wages a never-ending battle to survive. Often it hears the suggestion that it mix a little hardheaded practicality with its humanitarianism—accept part-paying patients, for example.

But Sam Golter stands fast. To do this, he says, would be to create a class system at the City of Hope and bring humiliation to nonpaying patients. "There is no profit in curing the body," argues Golter, "if, in the process, we destroy the soul."

Together with the thousands of Americans whose generosity maintains the City of Hope, Sam Golter is determined that nothing shall tarnish its gleaming ideal. It is an ideal which the City of Hope has found expressed in the words of the great scientist, Louis Pasteur:

"We do not ask of an unfortunate: What country do you come from or what is your religion? We say to him: You suffer, that is enough. You belong to us. We shall make you well." THE END

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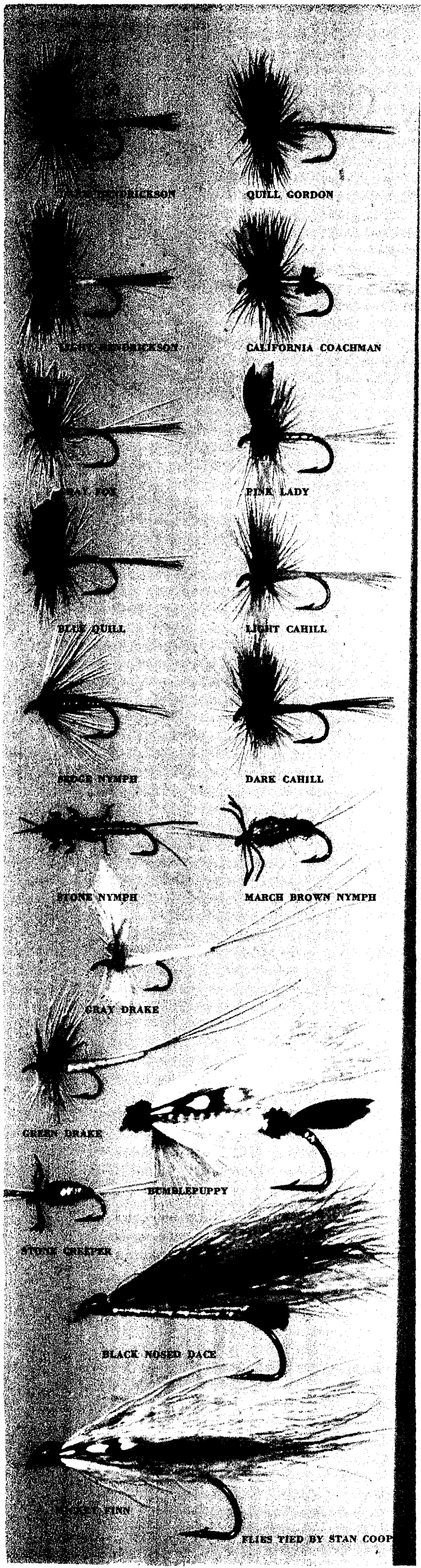

GIL PAUST PHOTOGRAPH

HERBERT LANKS

A fine catch in Pennsylvania's Buck Hill Creek. Dry-fly fishing should be done upstream

HOW NOW, BROWN TROUT

By RAYMOND R. CAMP

This wily creature's so unpredictable even experts get exasperated

AS a sporting project, the pursuit of the brown trout stands in a class alone. No other kind of angling holds out a greater challenge or the prospect of more exercise, with so little compensation in the form of fish. For the brown trout (known the world over by such names as Loch Leven, Von Behr, Truite Brun or others harder to pronounce) is a wily creature which sorely taxes the patience and ingenuity of the best of fishermen.

There are many ways to approach the problem of catching this fish, and anglers have tried them all. There are the worm-dunkers, minnow-swimmers, salmon-egg-dapplers, streamer-specialists, spinner-experts, wet-fly enthusiasts and finally, looking down upon these lower orders with contempt or pity, the dry-fly purists, who seek the brown trout with a slender wand of a rod and a long, hair-thin leader which ends in a mere wisp of feather, fluff and steel.

It is this latter group which, by its own choice, finds the sport most difficult. And the most trying time of all for the dry-fly enthusiast is the early part of the season (the open season varies by state, but generally embraces the period from April to September). Up to a week before opening day, thousands of these devotees, remembering events of the previous year, firmly resolve to remain at home on this occasion. But the pale dawn usually finds them, resolutions forgotten, hip deep in cold water and in a frame of mind that has no trace of holiday spirit.

For, in common with other members of the trout family, the brown has an annoying tendency to grab up a juicy worm or a succulent minnow during the inaugural weeks of the open season. It is not until a bit later, when assorted flies are hatching on the surface of the water and this perverse fish is inclined to feed daintily on the tiny insects, that the dry-fly purist has his innings—provided, of course, he has the requisite skill, patience, tackle and flies.

Among the brown-trout enthusiasts there are a few, not yet fully indoctrinated in the philosophy of dry-fly fishing, who, on opening day, have been known to sink so low as to impale a live worm or a minnow on their fly. If you happen to see an angler peering carefully up and down the stream, holding his fly close to his chest, or one who ducks periodically behind a nearby bush or tree, you can offer attractive odds that this man is one of these backsliders. In such instances the bait, whatever it happens to be, normally is affixed lightly to the hook; if a fellow member of the dry-fly brotherhood stops for a chat, a sharp jerk of the rod (simulating a strike) will free the bait and preserve the reputation of the angler.

Last spring I went to the Beaverkill River in

New York's Catskill Mountains, one of the most famous brown-trout streams in the country, for the opening day of the season. During the early-morning hours, having elbowed my way to a position between a farmer fishing with live minnows and a shivering individual with a spinning outfit, I began offering the trout an assortment of nymphs (artificial larvae or pupae) and streamers (artificial minnows). The spinning enthusiast on my left managed to snag three trout almost under my rod tip, and the minnow-swimmer took four. I decided to move downstream and see how the other idiots like myself were faring.

Secret of Success Revealed

The third man encountered was an individual who had proclaimed his purism loudly and clearly the day before the opening (with one foot planted firmly on the rail of a local bar). He did not seem overjoyed at my arrival. The band of his battered hat bristled with dry flies and nymphs, but not a streamer was among them, for his opinions on such crude lures were known to all. When I inquired as to his success, he jerked his head, with studied nonchalance, at his creel. From this basket protruded the tail of a large brown trout.

"What," I inquired hopefully, "did you take him on? A nymph?"

He nodded.

"You have to go really *fine* to move one of these fish," he explained. "I'm fishing a number 16 Dicky on a 5-X tippet."

In view of the high, fast water, fishing a minute fly on such a fine leader made the successful landing of a large trout no mean accomplishment. While I was making mental obeisance, the man had a solid strike.

After watching him handle the fish for a few moments, during which he seemed to be making every effort to lose, rather than land, his quarry, I decided to ask him where he obtained 5-X leaders that would take such punishment. Meanwhile, his efforts to "break off" the trout proved unavailing, and he had no recourse but to net the fish.

Imagine my surprise to find his leader was of a diameter and strength that would have been adequate for taking a good-sized salmon! Also, through some form of aquatic miracle, he seemed to have foul-hooked a minnow by the tail, and it was this minnow that the trout had grabbed. What's more, it was apparent that something had worn all the "dressing" off his fly, for the hook was barren of feather, wool, silk or hair. The real mystery, however, reposed in the minnow, for it was a species that did not inhabit the Beaverkill!

I missed this man's serious face at the bar that night, and learned later that he had moved on to the Esopus.

The brown trout, which is responsible for a revolution in American fly fishing, is not a native of our waters, but an imported exotic. No one seems to know exactly when it was first introduced to our waters, although the majority agree that the date was 1883. It is a matter of angling record that a shipment of brown-trout eggs was received here in that year from one Von Behr of the German Fisheries Society, although whether this was the first such shipment is not positively known. From these eggs a seed stock was initiated, and in a few years fingerlings and mature fish were stocked in a number of Eastern rivers.

Shortly after this, another shipment of browns arrived from Scotland. These fish were of the subspecies known as Loch Leven. Some of these fish found their way into Eastern streams and a few lakes, but the majority went to Western waters.

As the brown, in both its forms, is a hardy fish, and able to withstand extremes of heat and cold in water, the newcomers adapted themselves quite readily to the streams of the Eastern, Central and Northern states. Although, shortly after their introduction, they were charged with having cannibalistic tendencies that resulted in a reduction in the numbers of local brook trout, this accusation was not taken too seriously. An increase in anglers, rather than brown trout, coupled with water pollution, was the real cause of brook-trout losses. The brown had one tremendous factor in its favor: it could thrive and multiply in temperatures too high for either the brook or rainbow, and as deforestation raised the water temperatures of many streams, the brown became increasingly important in the sporting scene.

When placed in waters where food is plentiful, browns attain remarkable size, and although none has been taken in this country that approaches the record 39½-pound fish taken from Loch Awe in Scotland in 1886, plenty of 10- and 15-pound browns are taken from our larger lakes and rivers each season. The spread of this fish over a wide area was augmented and hastened by the ease with which it can be artificially propagated in hatcheries and planted in fingerling size in lakes and streams.

Yet the fishermen appear to have increased faster than the fish, and the conservation agencies of several states, having doubled their hatchery production, are making a vain effort to stock enough trout to keep their anglers, if not happy (an impossible goal), at least fairly quiescent.

Not every trout fisherman is willing to move serenely along the bank of a purling stream, casting over the likely spots in hopes of locating a hungry trout. Most of them want action, and a lot of it, and a few cunning individuals have been known to lurk in the vicinity of a state hatchery. Then, when a truck loaded with aerated tanks of trout departs from the hatchery on a stocking trip, it forms the leading element of a motorcade. To eliminate this slaughter of hungry trout, many states began a practice of stocking fish before the season opened, and making later stockings with great secrecy.

Trailing a Hatchery Truck

One of the most amusing pursuits of this nature took place in New Jersey several years ago. A hatchery truck left the Hackettstown troutery early one morning, and by the time it had progressed a mile, there were more than 30 cars trailing it, each with a quota of avid anglers. This cavalcade continued for about 40 miles, finally drawing to a halt in front of a garage in Newark, where the truck, barren of trout, was left for necessary repairs. An abashed but determined motorcade raced 40 miles back to the waters of the Musconetcong to recover what remained of the fishing day.

Although the brown will accept such staple items as worms, snails, minnows and crawfish, it is more prone to feed upon insects than any other species of trout. Furthermore, when feeding upon insects, it is inclined to ignore larger and more filling food.

Following the spring runoff, with the streams returning to their normal flow and water temperatures rising, a transformation takes place on the stream bottom. Tiny forms of insect life emerge from a dormant stage. Some release their hold on submerged rocks or waterlogged branches, rise to the surface and, upon reaching open air, emerge as winged insects. Others crawl out upon the land, sprout wings, and return to their natal element to deposit their eggs and die.

While this is going on, the brook trout and the rainbow often continue their placid munching on grubs, worms and incautious minnows. But to the brown trout, the fly "hatches" constitute a dinner invitation impossible to ignore. Meanwhile, other forms of food are spurned. The angler's problem is obvious.

The solution was discovered in England; according to John McDonald, whose Complete Fly Fisherman is a monumental work on the sport, the dry fly was introduced there in 1841. The first such flies apparently reached this country in 1890. Tied in imitation of British insects, they were received by the dean of American fly fishers, Theodore Gordon, of Sullivan County, New York, from his English counterpart. Fred-

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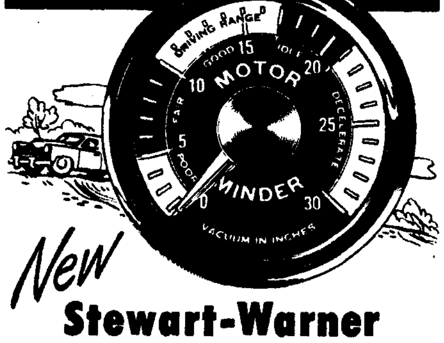

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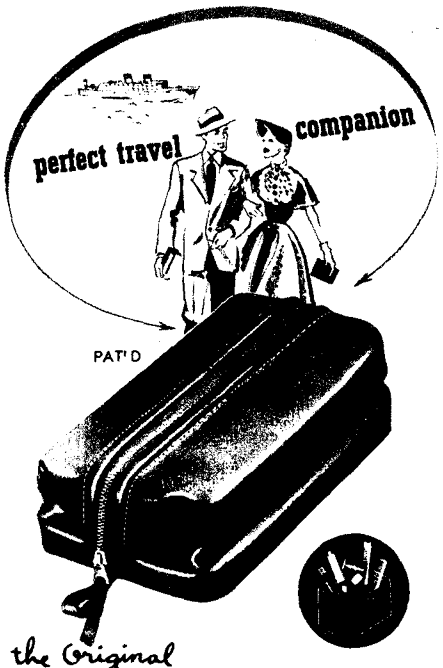

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eric Halford. Gordon, who haunted the Beaverkill, Willowemoc and Neversink Rivers, devoted most of his years to the study of flies, rods and trout. The shipment he got from Halford was responsible for the most radical change in the history of American trout fishing.

With the introduction of the dry fly, the brown trout could no longer grab up a floating tidbit with impunity. Calling, as it did, for a finer technique, more delicate tackle and a lighter "touch," dry-fly fishing had a tremendous appeal to those who fished for fun rather than for a heavy creel of trout. In a short time, dry flies tied in imitation of the American insects, preferred by the transplanted browns, came into existence. One of the most important of these flies, the famous Quill Gordon devised by Theodore Gordon, probably is the most widely used brown-trout pattern today.

Brown Trout Are Often Choosy

However, it would be a mistake to conclude that the taking of brown trout rests solely upon the selection of the imitation of the insect upon which this trout happens to be feeding. One day on a brown-trout stream will demonstrate the fallacy of this belief.

A few years ago, I was fishing a small stream that enjoyed quite a reputation as brown-trout water. Late in the afternoon a large hatch of flies appeared on the water. I managed to capture one or two, and, after pawing around in my fly box, located an imitation that matched the size, coloration, general outline and wing. For the next hour, I fished to rising trout. Not all of my casts were perfect, and occasionally I "slopped" the fly on the water, but I put the fly down properly and in that right place often enough to deserve some reward. I had none. Once in a while a trout would swirl near the fly, but not one liked it well enough for a nibble.

Then along came Jim Deren, the maestro from the famous Angler's Roost, a dry-fly emporium in New York City. Jim had been fishing a few hundred yards below me, and with no better results. Both of us were puzzled and disgusted. Then Jim peered sharply at one of the flies drifting past our feet. He stepped into the water and carefully scooped up this fly. It was exactly like the others—except that from it depended a minute, greenish egg sac.

I was wearing a dark green sweater, Jim a buff one; in a few minutes he had a bit of yarn, compounded from the two sweaters, that was a reasonable match in shade for the egg sac. With the tiny bit of wool tied on the body of the fly, each of us managed to take about a half-dozen trout before the fish stopped feeding. The browns apparently were interested only in the female of that particular insect.

Yet I can recall other occasions when these fish were feeding voraciously on a certain hatching fly when they would snap up almost any dry fly that was presented, provided it was roughly the same size as the natural insect then hatching.

Many of the brown-trout experts insist that successful fishing depends less upon the proper duplication of color and outline than upon size, and the importance of size cannot be overemphasized. I have found that the possession of extremely tiny flies has saved me from many a blank day. However, many of the trout (especially the larger ones) hooked with small flies never get to the net, for the smaller the fly the finer the leader, and in many instances where the fine hook holds, the leader proves unequal to the pressure put upon it.

The dry-fly purist does not have to be a distance caster, for most of his fishing is done only 30 to 45 feet from the trout. But proper "presentation" of the fly is important. This involves dropping the fly lightly and accurately on the water, and taking in the drifting line with a timing that permits the hook to be set instantly when the fish strikes.

The dry-fly leader, whether of silkworm "gut" or nylon filament, and regardless of its diameter and strength, must be treated to insure that it sinks immediately when the fly touches the water. A floating leader is magnified, and, even though transparent, casts a shadow which often frightens the brown. The line itself, which must be sufficiently heavy to carry the leader and soar the required distance, is treated for dry-fly fishing to insure that it will float. A sunken line cannot be properly retrieved, and often moves more rapidly in the current than the leader and fly, causing an unrealistic "drag."

From the foregoing, it is obvious that the purist must be at the right place at the right time, and with an assortment of artificials adequate to handle the situation. When there is no hatch on the water to stimulate the trout to feed, the angler has one technique that often brings results. When he locates a trout he "creates" an artificial hatch. As one enthusiast points out, this is quite a task.

"You take an ordinary trout," he explains, "and drift a fly past him. He looks at it. You drift it past him again. He moves closer. The third time it approaches he reaches out and grabs it. But the *brown* trout! After you have drifted a dry fly over him 50 or 60 times, he decides there *may* be a hatch on. After another 20 exposures to the same fly, he reaches the conclusion there must be a hatch on. After another 10 flies, he is satisfied there is no gimmick involved, so he grabs up the fly. Of course, there are occasions when you splash the fly on the fiftieth cast, and scare the fish away."

Brown trout probably are responsible for the wetting of more anglers than any other kind of fish. The wet-fly and streamer fisherman, seeking brooks or rainbows, does not have to drop his offering as gently on the water; furthermore, he has a heavier rod to provide a longer cast. When browns begin feeding on a hatch of flies, they are not always lying within easy casting range of the bank, so in order to get in a proper position "below" his fish, the angler has no recourse but to wade. All of which has made the chest-high waterproof waders an important item to this angler.

Wading fast water, in addition to requiring skillful timing and movement, calls for an ability to "read" the force, speed and depth of the water from the surface movement. Not all anglers are literate in this respect.

Ed Zern, an accomplished fly fisherman whose zany volumes on fishing are familiar to most modern trout enthusiasts, is equally whimsical in his wading. On one memorable occasion I stood on the bank of the rushing Beaverkill and joined Zern in commiseration at the sight before us. Trout were rising with zest in mid-river, but the high, discolored water seemed to rule out the possibility of wading to a point within reasonable casting range.

Zern pulled his hat firmly down on his ears in a gesture of decision.

"With my rubber-tipped wading staff to feel the way," he announced, "there's no reason why I can't get out to midstream and reach those fish. You can follow my course."

I looked at the rushing water, boiling over submerged rocks and through hidden channels, and shook my head. Instead, as Zern scoffed, I located a point a few yards out where I *might* be able to reach one of the trout on the inner fringe, and worked my way slowly and cautiously toward this position. Zern, having moved 50 yards upstream, waded boldly out into the swirling current, prodding the water in front of him with his rubber-tipped staff.

I heard no splash, possibly because of my concentration on the water to my front, but Zern suddenly emerged like a blowing porpoise a few feet from my position. He was still prodding valiantly with his staff, but not all of his prods were in the intended direction. At times he appeared to be waving the staff like a baton.

He arose, like the Old Man of the Sea, 30 or 40 yards downstream, and staggered to the bank. By doing a parody of a handstand he managed to empty his waders of most of the water. I solemnly suggested that, in view of his already dampened condition, he had little to lose by essaying another passage. He regarded me calmly for a few seconds, then threw his rubber-tipped wading staff to a point out in the frothing river that might very well have established a new world mark for the javelin (had there only been someone with another rubber-tipped wading staff to go out and measure the distance).

As can be judged from the state of the river, this was an early-season episode. Despite the difficulties presented by the fishing at this time of year, the turnout of purists is, as mentioned earlier, heavy. They reason that practically anybody can take browns when conditions are right—but catching them when the water is high, cold and dirty is the trick that separates the men from the boys.

You will find such anglers as these busily turning over rocks on the ice-fringed shore on opening day, peering closely at the underside of the rocks in search of larvae. The identification process over, a member of this brotherhood will tie a small caddis, stone fly or even May fly nymph to the end of a long, fine leader. Having decided, after some study of the water, where he would lie if he happened to be a trout, this man will cast up and across the stream, letting the nymph settle and drift until it has straightened the line and been swept to the surface by the current.

It is at this instant, when the nymph has begun its movement to the surface, that the fish often sucks it in. The trout has a tendency to "smash" at a streamer or dry fly, but he tends to suck the nymph in gently, placing no telltale strain on the line to show he has taken it. Often only a barely perceptible movement of the leader informs the angler that he has a victim, and the response must be neither too slow nor too fast if the hook is to be set.

How a Float Can Be Used

A number of nymph fishermen tie a heavily dressed dry fly three or four feet up the leader to serve as a "bobber" or strike indicator. They follow the drift of this visible fly downstream, and if it pauses momentarily, or shows any eccentric movement, they sweep the rod tip high to set the hook.

The brown trout, possibly because of its adaptability to variations in climate and temperature, has the widest distribution of any trout (and possibly, of any other fish). It is found throughout most of Europe, parts of the Middle East, northern Africa, North and South America, Australia, New Zealand and even parts of Asia. Although it may vary slightly in coloration, it seems to retain the same living and feeding habits regardless of geographical location.

While shooting in Albania several years ago, I saw some large brown trout that were taken from mountain lakes. Many of them scaled from 10 to 15 pounds. I was told that during ancient times these fish were caught, packed in baskets of ice, and transported through the mountainous areas to Byzantium (now Istanbul, Turkey), where they were considered a rare delicacy.

There are many brown-trout enthusiasts today who, if they added up their annual expenditures for this fishing and the number of fish taken, would find they paid almost as much per pound as the ancients. Yet they keep at it, and with good reason.

For, although the brown does not put up the spectacular surface display of the rainbow trout or steelhead, the challenge it offers the serious angler is second to none. Even Izaak Walton, writing of the brown trout 300 years ago, recognized the wariness and selectivity of this fish, and appreciated the importance of slender tackle in taking it.

"Let your rod be light, and very gentle," he advised, "and the line should not exceed three or four links (strands) towards the hook, but if you can attain to angle with one haire (a horsehair leader) you will have more rises, and catch more fish." THE END

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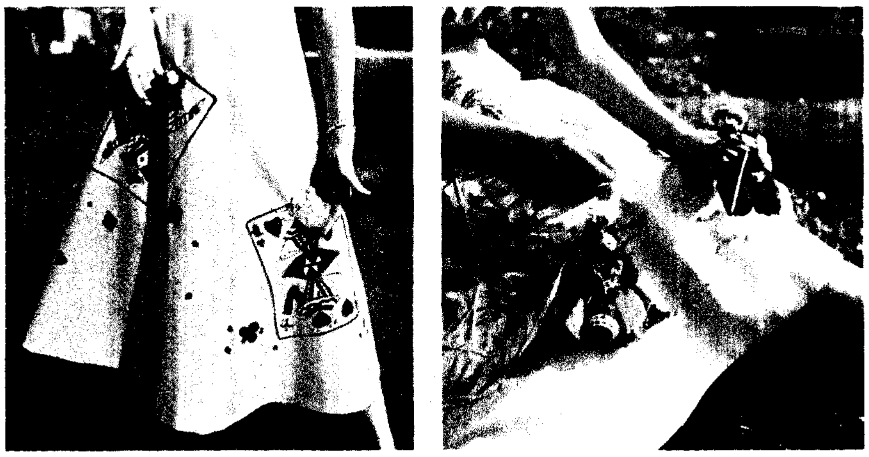
California's latest—skirts with three-dimensional figures. Here Gloria Marshall wears "Ladybug," which costs about $19



King and Queen (left) and Haystack (right) show how designs are appliquéd to new skirts. The dolls snap off for washing

Trick Skirts

Adding to springtime's fascinating display of colorful fashions, these novelty skirts have ideas of their own

PARISIAN designers may dictate the length, breadth and depth of women's clothes, but it takes nimble-witted American manufacturers to have fun with them. Latest happy-go-lucky, money-making entrepreneur to bring whimsey to ladies' sportswear is Mason W. Fuhr, of Los Angeles. Mr. Fuhr, a partner of Max Singer in Joan Roberts of California, has for the past two or three years been among the leading designers delighting West Coast ladies with skirts that are as tricky as they are good to look at. Last year he imported several thousand straw dolls from Mexico and tacked them onto colorful skirts. Women took to the dolls like kittens to colorful balls of yarn.

Advancing his doll-decorated skirts one step further, this year Fuhr is putting fabric birds, giraffes, dolls, playing cards, bees, and other flora and fauna on his skirts. Called Ani-Mates, the trick skirts' three-dimensional figures seem to have stepped out of Hollywood's best animated cartoons. The decorative animals, flowers and puppets, made in most cases of cotton, are attached to texturized, glazed cotton skirt fabrics in an eye-catching range of pastel colors. They are affixed like elfin creatures to bright backgrounds, hand-painted or embroidered on the skirts.

Typical of the line are: ladybugs on painted greenery; straw boys and girls cuddling under painted haystacks; bright red fish sitting in embroidered boats, dangling little men at the ends of fishing rods; and playing cards on which the kings and queens have knitted heads. The most ambitious skirt features a full-length kangaroo displayed in whimsical splendor from waistline to hem—knitting a sweater. Its pouch holds tiny skeins of yarn; its paws hold little knitting needles.

To make laundering easy, many of the three-dimensional designs and figures are held in place on the new skirts with snaps, and are thus easily removable. Prices for most of the models, which are being sold in almost every big city from coast to coast, are in the $20 range. No bobby-sox items, they are planned to intrigue the country-club set, vacationists, young suburbanites and debs and postdebs with penchants for picnics and open-top cars.

According to Mr. Fuhr, however, even more important than the success of his particular skirts, is the fact that his efforts are drawing attention to the West Coast's fast-growing fashion industry, its energy and its ingenuity.

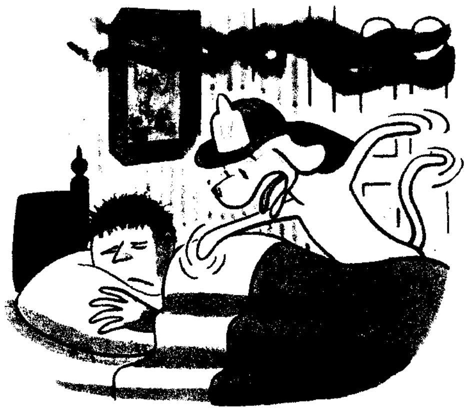
"Out here," he says, "we may not be high-style, but we know how to have fun with fashion." ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

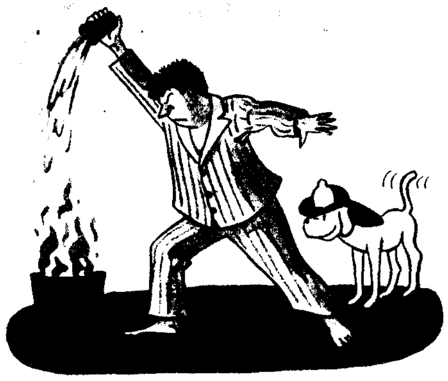
Showing off complete outfit, Kay Sharp proves trick skirts look fine in the country. Top is separate, costs around $6

Kangaroo model has pouch for animal's knitting. Wearer can use it for small change. This spring, stores in big cities across nation are carrying the skirts

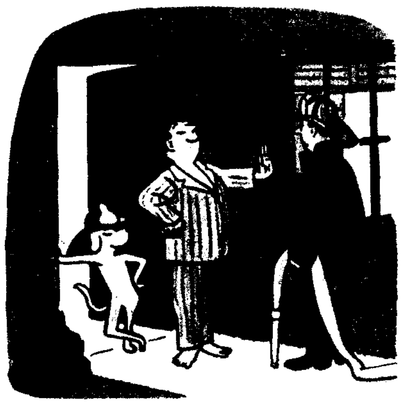
Here's how it seems in wishful dreams...



The night was dark, the weather cold,
When Smokey barked in warning bold.

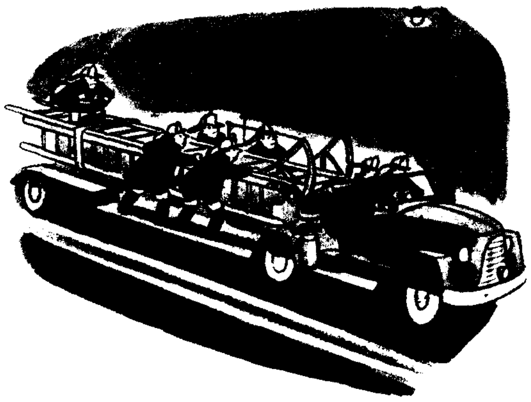


Quick as a flash you dashed about,
And soon the fire was safely out!

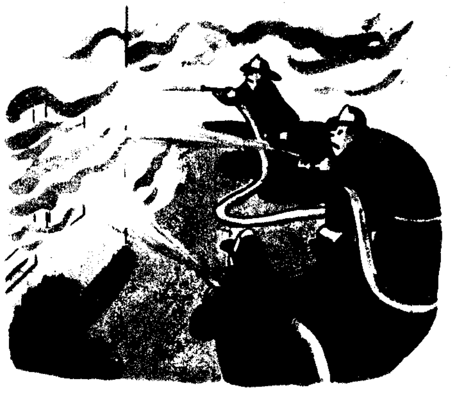


And at the door you told your feat.
The firemen agreed—'twas really neat!

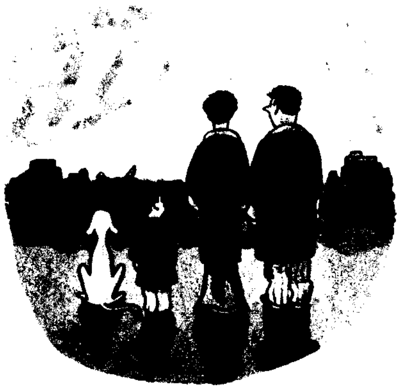
but here's what really happens



Deep in your sleep you heard the shout!
"There's little time, you must get out!"



All you could do was watch it burn,
And maybe think, "I'll never learn!



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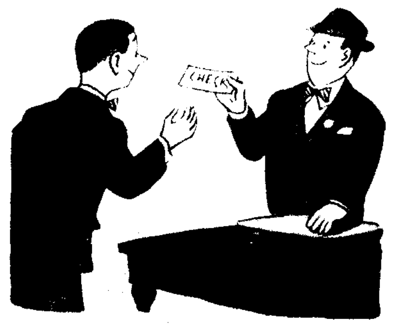

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WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

A Spring Motif

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

watched them, fascinated. He had the sense of mixed empathy and detachment that he had experienced once, camping in the mountains, when he had waked to see a pair of heifer does, their flanks rosy with dawn, each lifting a forefoot and sniffing the air outside his pup tent. And, oddly enough, it was Bitsy, more than his own daughter, who compelled his imagination. For Mary Anne, young as she was, was a finished product. Like a daffodil responding to the first overtures of spring, she had already blossomed, with no perceptive effort, into her predestined pattern, and it was only at rare moments—when she wanted extra pocket money or was stumped by a Latin construction—that her father presumed to consider her in need of his aid. Bitsy's essential shape, on the other hand, was still as uncertain as the course of the season itself. Her tentative shoots of beauty were sporadic and almost painful, like flowers on a naked, thorny bough.

ON HER birth certificate, Bitsy's name appeared as Louise, but, before the inky footprint on that document had dried, her parents had given her the name she was never to lose. The elder Blackburns, built on the grand scale that results from a long line of well-fed ancestry, had been enchanted by the sheer littleness of the infant they had produced. Yearning over the miniature perfection of her ears, her nose, her toes and her fingers, they had delved in their minds for a word to express all the exquisite tenderness that these miracles excited in them. Being not especially endowed with vocabulary, they had come up with "Itsy Bit," which, with proud coos of delight, they had contracted into "Bitsy."

For a short time this *nom d'amour* hadn't seemed entirely inappropriate; Bitsy had started life as small and pink as most babies, and, dandled in her mother's arms, she had suggested nothing bigger than a cabbage rose on the bosom of a large and beautiful woman. But the Blackburns had ignored the probable consequences of heredity and a high-protein diet. Before her first birthday, Bitsy had been muscled like the infant Hercules, who strangled a serpent in his cradle. At eight, she had been a giant of a child; clad in outsized smocks, she had towered above Lucetta, the dainty Negro maid who had walked her to and from school. At ten, by popular acclaim, she had been elected captain of the neighborhood baseball team. Now, at fourteen, she stood five ten in her bobby sox and hung her head to minimize her height.

In silence, the two girls passed beneath the cherry tree. A few petals, snowing down, lighted on Bitsy's dark, thick hair. As they reached the porch, Mary Anne spoke in a clear, encouraging voice. "Take it easy, Bits," she said. "Other women have lived through this. Just play it cool."

Henry Cameron chuckled—Mary Anne's airy sententiousness was always leaven to his spirits—but he burned to know what universal cross of womanhood Bitsy Blackburn bore. When he heard the girls thrump their books down on a table in the hall, he opened the door of his den. "Hello," he said, trying to keep his tone disarmingly casual, "I *thought* I heard human footsteps."

"Hi, Daddy," said Mary Anne.

"Hello, Mr. Cameron," said Bitsy in a dull, uninflected voice. She added, from routine civility, "Nice day."

"Too nice to waste indoors," Henry said. "You girls worn out?"

"We're exhausted," Mary Anne replied promptly. She was evidently anxious to scotch the chance of being invited to embark upon some chore like pulling wild onions out of the grass. "Utterly exhausted."

"So am I," her father said amiably. "Come in and relax with me."

The girls looked uneasy. Their presence had been tolerated, but never courted, in Mr. Cameron's retreat.

"Why—thank you, sir," said Bitsy.

"Okay," said Mary Anne. She gave her father the sort of quick, bright-eyed glance that the fly in the nursery rhyme probably gave the cordial spider. As she allowed Bitsy to precede her across the threshold, she let an opaque expression, like a visor of moral resistance, drop over her face.

"I just want company," Henry said. "I don't intend to improve your minds."

"Don't read 'em, either," Mary Anne said. She dimpled demurely to take the edge off her impudence, but she continued to look suspicious. She plumped down upon the sofa and began to examine her varnished fingernails.

Bitsy sat beside her. She lowered her body by degrees, as if she'd learned from a succession of broken couch springs the value of physical caution.

Henry perched on the corner of his desk and lighted a cigarette. "How was school?" he inquired. As an opening gambit, the question had, at least, the virtue of familiarity.

"About as usual," Mary Anne said. "Miss Whitty's making us memorize the last part of MacArthur's speech, and Everett Jones put on this act in the cold-lunch line that got us all in stitches and made Junior Bailey suck chocolate milk up his nose. Everett said: 'Old teachers never die—and oh, Iago, the pity of it!' "

"Everett knows millions of literary quotations," Bitsy said. Her voice was sad and tender.

"I think Miss Whitty heard about it," Mary Anne continued. "In activity period she told Everett he had an unfortunate attitude toward life."

"Miss Whitty has something there," said Henry. "I saw him, not long ago, streaking up the road like a bat out of hell." He had chosen, deliberately, this somewhat rakish description of young Jones's progress. He waited to see what reaction it would produce in the girls.

"Ha, ha! You're a card, Daddy," said Mary Anne. "Hellbat Jones. That's a good name for him!" She glanced significantly at Bitsy.

"I was using a trite figure of speech," her father said quickly. "I trust you won't repeat it. It might hurt the boy's feelings."

"He has no more feelings than a slice of boiled ham," Mary Anne said. "But I won't repeat it because, as you say, profanity is trite."

BITSY looked directly at her host. She had very fine eyes, he noticed—clear hazel in color, like autumn water in a beech grove. But the expression in them now was so bleak that it wrung the heart. "Everett was getting away from me, Mr. Cameron," she said. "He called me his social—his social— *What* was it, Mary Anne?"

"Nemesis," Mary Anne said. "Whatever that may be!"

"That's a singularly ungallant name to call a lady," Henry Cameron said. "And, in this case, unfair."

"Well, Everett *reads,*" Bitsy said. "I guess he learns so many new words he has to use 'em on somebody."

"I commend your charity," Cameron said dryly.

"Thank you," Bitsy said. She sounded grateful for the least crumb of approval.

"Speaking of Junior's misadventure in the lunch line, aren't you kids hungry?"

Bitsy shook her head. "I can't eat. I'm depressed."

"Bitsy depresses easy," said Mary Anne.

"I've lost my breakfast three mornings straight," said Bitsy.

Henry looked sharply at her. Observing the real misery in her face and the greenish pallor, as of sickness or fear, in the skin around her mouth, he was clutched by a bourgeois, old wives' panic. Surely what leapt to his mind couldn't have happened to Bitsy. She was too nice and naïve and big! And yet, biologically, she was no longer a child, and in the courtroom he had encountered many sordid instances of precocious misbehavior among adolescents. (*"Other women have lived through this,"* Mary Anne had said.)

"Mother thinks I'll feel better when the dance is over," Bitsy said. "But I *may* feel worse."

"The dance?" Henry said weakly.

"That's what's giving me nervous indigestion," Bitsy explained. "I have to give a dance tomorrow night for seventy-five people. The whole ninth grade."

"Bits doesn't know when she's lucky," said Mary Anne. "A snazzy dance. With a real orchestra and a spring motif!"

"I wish I was dead," said Bitsy.

"Oh," Henry Cameron said. "I believe I heard your father say something about a dance." He wanted to laugh aloud from pure relief, until he reflected soberly that entertaining the whole ninth grade was no laughing matter.

MRS. CAMERON appeared in the doorway. She wore slacks—a garment that, her husband thought, made her figure look more feminine than ever in an absurd, agreeable way—and a bandanna tied around her short yellow curls. "Hank!" she cried. "What a grand surprise!" She came and kissed him. "Hi, girls. How was school?"

"About as usual," said Mary Anne.

"I've just come from your house, Bitsy," Julia Cameron said. "I've been helping your mother. I bet you can't wait for tomorrow night!" Her voice sounded false and chirpy.

"I wish I was dead," said Bitsy.

"Everybody worries before a party," Julia told her. "You'll have a wonderful time."

"It's different with me," Bitsy said stubbornly. "I've *been* to dances, and sometimes, beforehand, I thought they might be fun. But when I was at them I always wished I was dead." She stood up. "Mother wants to wash my hair."

Mary Anne walked to the porch with her friend. Julia sank down on the sofa. "I wish Bitsy'd show a little spunk and quit saying she wants to die," she said. "It's discouraging to her mother."

"The child's in a state of terror," her husband told her. "Why should she give a dance if she doesn't want to?"

"Bitsy needs a push," his wife said. "When you consider other girls her age—Mary Anne and the girls at the junior high school—you'll realize how little poise the child has."

"I *am* considering them," Henry said, thinking of the smooth, smug-mannered damsels who often came to his house and of how easily Mary Anne took color from them. "And I think it's throwing Bitsy to the lions!"

"I have my qualms, too," Julia confessed. "But Bitsy has to hold up her social end. And the way Al Blackburn's making money—did you know he gave Belle diamond earrings for her anniversary, and he's ordered her a new convertible for Mother's Day?—Bitsy can have unlimited fun if she'll only co-operate. If Mary Anne were like Bitsy—"

"I wouldn't care a rap," said Henry.

"You wouldn't?" Mary Anne exclaimed, coming into the room. "You wouldn't care a rap if I were a lummox like Bitsy and never even had a date to go to the movies or play Wee-Tee golf? I think that's darn' mean of you."

"I'd like you any way you were," her father explained. "I like Bitsy."

"I love her like a sister," Mary Anne protested. "But I'm glad I'm normal."

"The norm isn't constant, my dear," said Henry in his blandest jury-box manner. "And it's my contention that no girl should be required to endure these social functions and this business of what you call 'dating' " (he pronounced the word as if it were slightly vulgar) "—this artificial pairing off of the sexes—until those things seem normal to *her.*"

"Oh, Bitsy believes in pairing off the sexes," Mary Anne said. "She's been in love for three years. With Everett Jones."

"Of all the arrant nonsense!" her father scoffed.

"The torch was lit in the sixth grade," Mary Anne informed him. "She was wrestling with Everett and he got his knee in her stomach so she had to bite him. When she tasted his blood, something happened to her."

Henry laughed in a helpless way that resembled weeping.

MARY ANNE, with a rueful show of reluctance, joined in the mirth. "I know it has its funny side," she said. "But then love often does. And Bitsy couldn't help herself. It was lit."

"Lit, eh?" Henry said, wiping his eyes.

"The torch," Mary Anne said. "At first she just picked on him. She followed him around and tripped him up and stuff like that, and he didn't mind too much. But then Everett's mother complained to Mrs. Blackburn and Mr. Blackburn told Bitsy a girl was supposed to be sweet and build up a boy's ego. So Bits started being real humble and telling Everett how gorgeous he was, and he began to prosecute her."

"Persecute," said Henry.

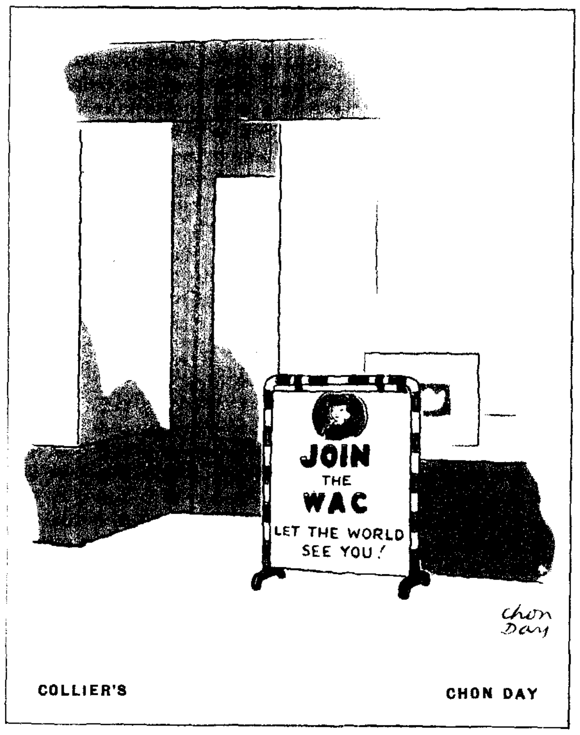
"I always get those words confused," Mary Anne said with a blithe unconcern that made her father wonder if she didn't use malapropisms on purpose, because she thought them winsome. "He gives her these hateful nicknames—Nemesis, you know, and the Girl from Mars. And he made a poem about her, a take-off on that dumb Lucy Gray thing we had to read in literature. Everett said: 'She dwelt among untrodden ways, among her pappy's loot, a dame whom no one cared to praise, and no one dared to shoot.' Bitsy cried when he passed it to her in algebra."

"I can hardly blame her," Julia said.

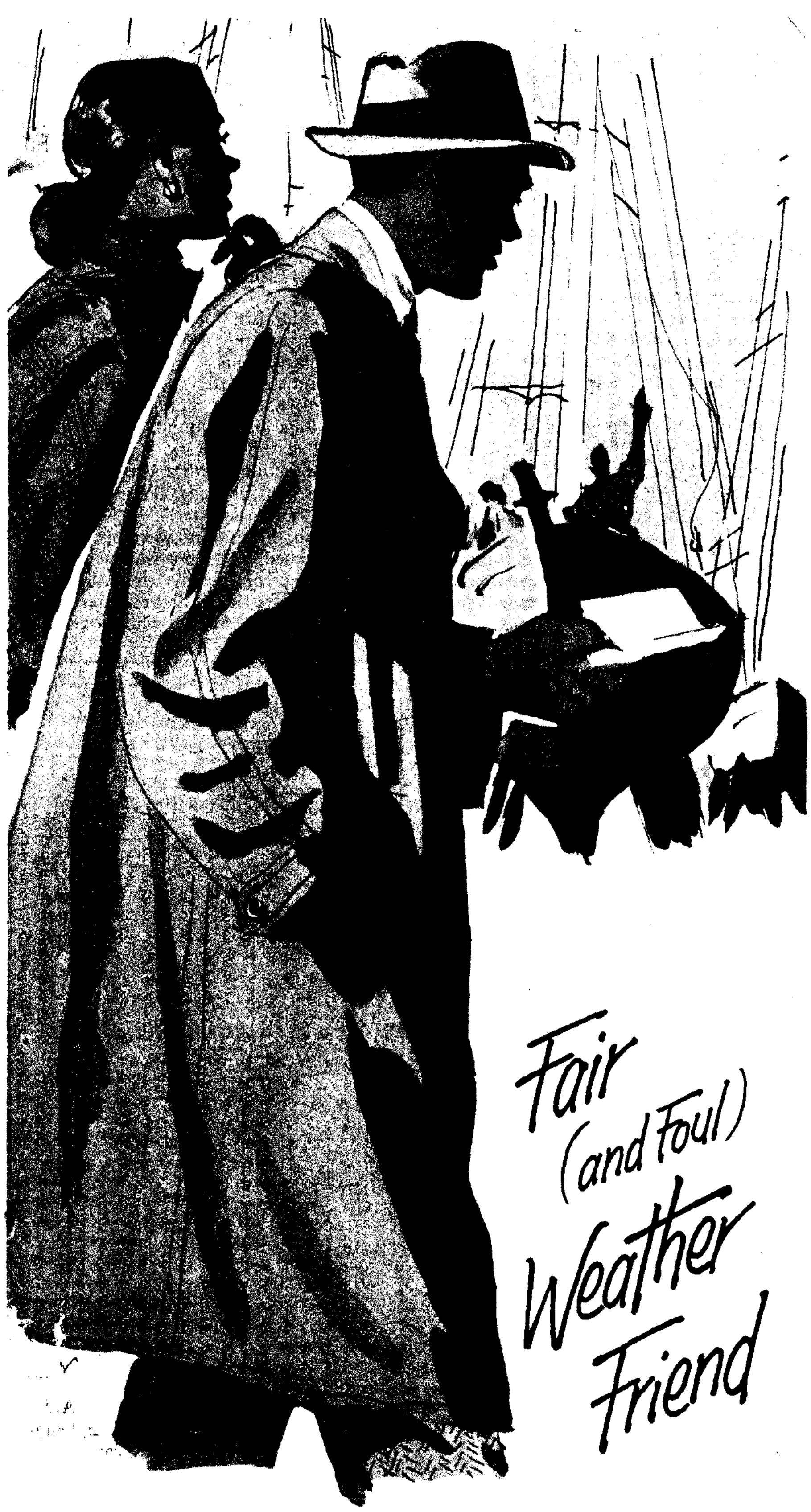
"She saved it, though. It's sacred to her because Everett touched it," Mary Anne continued. "And Everett's furious because his mother's making him go to the dance. He has to be Bitsy's partner and wear his brother's tux."

Henry frowned. "A tux? At fourteen?"

"I warned Belle Blackburn to make the occasion as formal as possible," Julia said. "I've never recovered from the time Mary Anne had a Halloween gathering



COLLIER'S CHON DAY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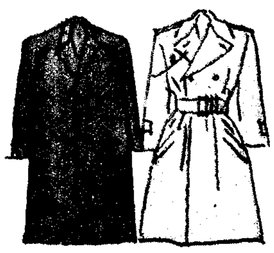

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MEN'S FASHION GUILD OF AMERICA

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

and I made a fatal error of calling it *informal!*"

"I was only thirteen," Mary Anne said, "but that party *made* me. People did things that wouldn't have been allowed in any other house in town!"

"They certainly did," her mother agreed. "The boys climbed on the roof and hurled vile epithets at passing cars. And, fool that I was, I put bunches of grapes around the jack-o'-lantern, and they picked them off, one by one, and threw them on the floor and slid on them."

"I remember," her husband said.

"I'm surprised you do," Julia retorted with a touch of old rancor. "If my memory serves, you claimed to be catching cold and went to bed in the spare room with the door locked."

"And the first dancing-school party!" Mary Anne cried with a nostalgic catch in her voice. "Miss Battle told the boys that no gentleman ever kicked a lady while they were dancing the conga. So they kicked us every time there was a waltz. That was Everett's idea." She sighed, as if for a vanished morning of life. "How juvenile those parties were! The one tomorrow will be an adult affair."

"Try to make it a success," Julia pleaded. "Keep the boys dancing."

"You know how boys are," said Mary Anne. "They won't listen to reason. They don't have human feelings." She clasped her hands. "Oh, I suffer for Teentsie. If she'll only play it cool!"

"What do you mean—cool?" asked Henry.

"Oh, you know . . ." Mary Anne's voice trailed off vaguely. "Just cool."

"I see. Cool," her father said. But he didn't really hope to see. He was sufficiently acquainted with the jargon of the young to know that even when it made sense it never made the kind of sense it seemed to make.

"Belle is as scared as Bitsy," Julia said. "She and Al want us over to hold their hands and give them courage. They have some new D'Oyly Carte records we can play in the upstairs sitting room."

"Will the Joneses be there?" asked Henry.

"No. Everett won't appear in public with his parents," Mary Anne said. "They embarrass him."

"Will we embarrass you?" her father asked.

"Not me," Mary Anne said, shrugging. "My French teacher says I have *sang-froid.*"

For a moment, Henry toyed with the idea of inquiring into the circumstances that had led to the teacher's remark. But, feeling that it was high time to re-establish a prudent distance between himself and his daughter, he rose. "I've enjoyed talking with you, my pet," he said. "And now, I dare say, you wish to practice your piano lesson. I intend to cut the grass."

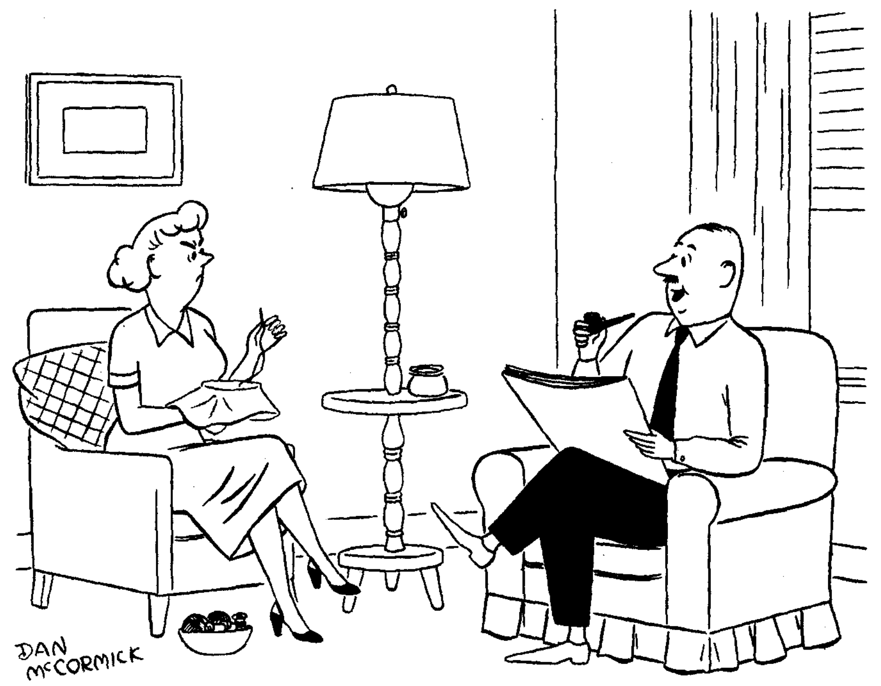
THE Camerons and the Blackburns had been friends a long time. Their houses—Henry's a modest, half-timbered structure and Al's a Victorian eminence which his grandfather had built, fifty years before its surrounding fields had been chopped into half-acre residential lots—stood within the proverbial stone's throw of each other, but the single stone, real or verbal, ever cast in either direction had been one shied by Bitsy at the age of seven.

On that occasion (subsequently referred to in the neighborhood as "the night Bitsy shot a lawyer"), the child had slipped out after hours with the intention of summoning Mary Anne to join her in exploring the woods across the road. The little girls had plotted their clandestine adventure for some weeks, and the signal of Bitsy's presence was to be a pebble tossed lightly against Mary Anne's window. But, rattled by darkness, Bitsy had underestimated both the size of her missile and the power behind her heave. And, dazzled, as she looked upward, by the luminaries of heaven, she had forgotten which Cameron window was which. She had sent a rock as big as a pullet's egg into the bathroom where Henry Cameron had been shaving before a dinner meeting of the county bar association.

The stone had come through the pane with a sound like the report of a pistol (and, in fact, as was noted later, it had made a hole as smooth as— if somewhat larger than—one drilled by a bullet), had whizzed within a quarter inch of Henry's ear, and had crashed into the mirror above the washbasin. All Henry's nerves, as if gathered into one gigantic knot, had given a mighty lurch; his razor had slipped, and, staring aghast at his reflection, distorted by splintered glass and a foam of blood and lather, he had cried shrilly: "Julia! I'm a dead man!"

At the sound of his voice, so unlike its usual calm and measured self, and at the horrid import of his words, Bitsy had collapsed upon the hard winter ground. "I've killed him!" she had moaned in the deep, desolate tone of a hound baying at the moon. "I've killed Mary Anne's daddy!" Then, being a child with a sense of sin and justice, she had begged: "Policeman, take me away! I'm a gangster!"

At length, limp from weeping, she had been put to bed with a hot-water bottle and a pint of ice cream hastily fetched from the corner drugstore, but it had required a visit from her imagined victim, who looked normal and intact except for the Band-Aid on his left cheek, to console her. Then, leaping from her bed, she had half strangled him in her embrace and had kissed the seat of his injury with a violence that had dislodged its bandage.



"Hired a new secretary today. Seems inefficient and incompetent. A nice figure, though"

COLLIER'S DAN McCORMICK

While Henry Cameron mowed the lawn, he recalled that little comedy of errors. In it, he reflected, as within the frame of a skillful one-act play, Bitsy's salient qualities had been revealed. And the girl hadn't changed much since then. Oh, she had learned not to crush your furniture when she sat on it or your hand when she clasped it, but—as witness her attachment to the ridiculous Jones boy—she hadn't learned to gauge or disguise the strength of her passions. And her clumsy candor which, like crude health, aroused the admiration of an attorney on the verge of middle age, aroused only scorn in the breasts of her contemporaries.

The girl needed time, Henry thought. Unbadgered, allowed to open her petals slowly, one by one, Bitsy would someday blossom into the majesty nature reserved for her. To force her prematurely into an alien pattern—and not even because the pattern was essentially good—was a stupid refinement of cruelty. He wondered that such softhearted women as Al's wife and his own Julia would have countenanced the scheme.

The next morning, Henry went to his office early. He had a brief to prepare before court was called, a full day of examining witnesses and challenging jurors, and a dinner conference with a rich, greedy client who wished to break an uncle's will. He returned home just in time to change into the tuxedo, faintly redolent of camphor, that his wife had laid out for him.

AS HE came downstairs, Mary Anne said, "Hi, Daddykins, you look like a man of distinction. See what Junior Bailey sent me!" She was wearing a blue dress made of some stiff but filmy stuff, and she looked sure of herself as she indicated the gardenia in her blonde hair. "He's my partner, but I'm going with you and Mother. I promised Bitsy to come early."

"How is she?" Henry asked.

"In a daze," Mary Anne said. "Her dress is a dream number. Yards and yards of tulle sprinkled with rhinestones. Strapless. Her father's sending her a white orchid corsage."

"Good," said Henry.

"And the house!" Mary Anne went on. "They have this spring motif, you know. Even the ice cream is in the shape of flowers. And they've fixed these trellises in all the corners—kind of bowers where couples can sit out dances. They're covered with paper leaves all stuck with real roses from the florist."

"I hope Bitsy appreciates it," Mrs. Cameron said. "Let's start."

"Mr. Blackburn wanted to have canaries twittering round among the flowers," Mary Anne continued. "But Bits said birds had messy habits."

"I'm glad someone has remained sane," Henry grumbled.

The Camerons walked to the party. The night was warm and still. The moon was nearly full and the fruit trees, blooming all over the neighborhood, were like luminous clouds on the lawns.

The Blackburns' big, cut-glass paneled door was opened by Lucetta, who wore a black taffeta uniform and a lacy cap and apron. Her smile was forced. "Good evening," she said. "My! Mary Anne, you look like you come straight from New York! Mrs. Blackburn said would the ladies step upstairs." She touched Mary Anne's arm. "Put some starch in Bitsy. The poor lamb's in misery." She took Henry's coat. "Mr. Blackburn's on the phone. He'll be here directly, sir."

Henry let his gaze rove the length of the big central hall and into the twin parlors with their folding doors flung open. The carpets had been removed, the furniture, except for scattered love seats and sofas, carted off, and the bare, waxed floors had a luster that hurt the eyes. The shade of the silly bowers that Mary Anne had spoken of looked sinister rather than cozy, and at the end of the hall, under a stained-glass window that had been the pride of the eighties, a five-man orchestra was ambushed among potted palms and oleanders.

"How does this strike you, Lucetta?" he asked.

Lucetta's eyes gleamed with the liquid fire that is a special beauty of her race. "Frankly, sir, I'm nervous," she said.

Al Blackburn hurried out from the library. "Greetings, Hank!" he said. "It's a comfort to see you." He clapped Henry on the shoulder. "I have a favor to beg. Belle doesn't know yet—I just got the call—but we're in a jam." He explained that the president of the local Building and Loan Association, an elderly gentleman by the name of Edgerton, had suffered a thrombosis and that both he and his wife were wanted at the hospital. If the Camerons would hold the fort . . .

"Sure, Al," Henry said bravely. "And stay as long as you're needed."

"I appreciate that," Al said. "Off the record, I'm in line for Mr. Edgerton's position, and it wouldn't look decent if I didn't show the concern I honestly feel. And Mrs. E. is inclined to be hysterical. She'll need Belle." He paused, scanning the spacious rooms. "I'm almost thankful to miss part of this shindig. I feel hollow—the way I did while Bitsy was being born."

"It's bound to turn out well," Henry assured him.

"It ought to," Al said morosely. "It's costing as much as a wedding."

Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn left as the guests began to arrive. The three Camerons and Bitsy stood together near the door to do the honors. In her full tulle dress Bitsy looked even larger than life. Mary Anne kept poking her in the small of the back to remind her to stand up straight.

"I wish I was dead," Bitsy muttered.

"Be cool," Mary Anne said.

ALL the girls were dressed much alike in the same sort of fluffy dresses that Mary Anne and Bitsy wore. They acted alike, too. They all said: "Isn't this a perfect night for a dance?" and "This house is like a fairyland" and "Bitsy, your dress is out of this world." And they all said those things in accents that sounded not only false but as if they were *meant* to sound false—as if a fashionable insincerity were the impression they strove to convey. The boys, practically indistinguishable from one another in their dark clothes, had their own patter. "How's life been treating you?" they inquired of Henry Cameron in a man-to-man tone. "Feels like summer out," they observed to Julia. "You're mighty dressed up," they told Bitsy.

Only Everett Jones, doubtless against his will, seemed to retain his identity. His face, though he tried to make it blank, wore its usual expression of cynical hauteur. His dinner jacket was a trifle short in the sleeves. He thrust out his hand in a grudging way. (His palm was clammy to Henry's touch.)

"You look divine, Everett," said Bitsy. "Like a senator or something."

"Don't kid me, big girl," Everett said. He walked away.

The orchestra began to play the Tennessee Waltz, slowly and sadly.

"Can't we have a livelier tune to break the ice?" Henry asked.

"No," his daughter said. "Well"—she looked significantly at her mother—"I guess Bits and I ought to circulate."

"We must disappear now," Julia told her husband. "The modern chaperon is invisible."

In the upstairs sitting room, with the heavy door closed against the dance music, Henry put Iolanthe on the record player. After half an hour, he said to his wife: "Hadn't you better take a gander at the kids?"

"Yes," Julia said, "but I dread to." She went out. In a few minutes she returned. "Hardly anybody's dancing," she reported;

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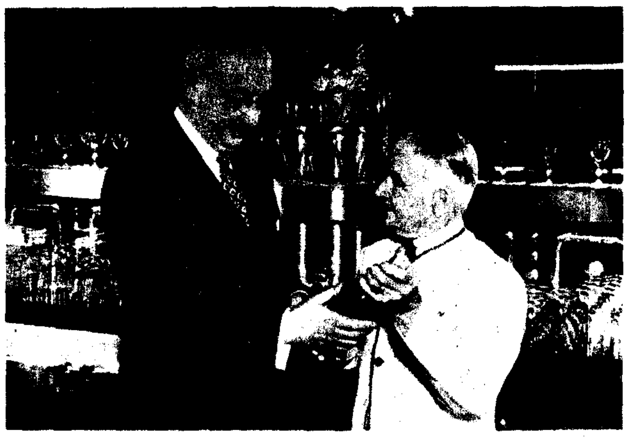

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"just Mary Anne and the Bailey boy and a few couples who're—"

She hesitated. "I hate the inelegant expression but I can't think of a better one—a few couples who're going steady."

"Low language suits a low practice," Henry said. "How's Bitsy doing?"

"She's sitting bolt upright on a sofa in the hall, with a tragic smile on her face. Most of the boys are huddled in one parlor, laughing coarsely. The girls are in the other, on the verge of tears. Everett Jones is leaning against the wall, trying to look like Lord Byron."

"I wish the Blackburns would come back," Henry said. "It's *their* funeral!"

"I rather hope they won't until the party picks up," his wife said. "It may yet. The evening's young."

BEFORE long, there was a rap on the door and Lucetta came in, carrying a tray that held two glasses, soda and ice. "There's bourbon and Scotch in the liquor cabinet, Mr. Cameron," she said.

"Thanks, Lucetta. I need a drink."

"I could do with a dram myself," said Lucetta.

"Have one then," said Julia.

"No thank you, ma'am," said Lucetta. "I promised the Lord three years ago that if He'd let me keep my teeth I'd never touch another drop of spirits."

"A rash vow," Henry murmured.

"I kept my teeth," Lucetta said. "I indulge in a can of beer now and then." She twisted her apron. "Oh, Mrs. Cameron, little Bitsy's heart is busting in two!"

"What went wrong?" Henry asked.

"It's like a mean dog smells fear and hounds a person," Lucetta told him. "Them boys know Bitsy's scared and they've set out to spoil her party." She narrowed her eyes. "I'd like to stomp 'em!"

"Send Mary Anne up," Julia said. "Maybe she can help."

Promptly, after the maid's departure, Mary Anne arrived. "The party's a flop!" she cried. "Bitsy's ruined forever! The Blackburns will have to move far, far away! To Alaska or Wisconsin."

"Now, now," said her father.

"Everett did it!" Mary Anne said angrily. "He told all the boys that dancing was a primitive form of amusement!"

"Has Bitsy danced at all?" Henry asked.

"Junior Bailey danced with her once. He always does the correct thing."

"Suppose I go down and suggest a Paul Jones," Julia said.

"A thousand times no!" Mary Anne exclaimed. "Stay where you are. This isn't a Grade Mothers' Social. This is an *adult* affair!"

"Don't shout," Julia said. "I merely wished to help."

Mary Anne raised her eyes toward the ceiling. "Nobody can help but God," she said in a stage whisper. On that pious and not very hopeful note, she left.

Henry Cameron switched off the phonograph in the middle of the fairies' "tripping hither, tripping thither" chorus. He found a broached bottle of bourbon in the liquor closet. "Would you like one?" he asked his wife, as he poured himself a stiff drink.

"No, thanks," she said. "I want to keep my breath pure in case I have to mingle with the guests. But it's stuffy in here. I could use some air."

Henry raised a window. As he did, a blast of wind, scented with new-cut grass and syringa and impending rain, rushed into the room. He lowered the sash with a bang. "A storm's coming fast," he said. "The sky's overcast and there's hairpin lightning on the horizon. We'd better see about the windows downstairs."

When they reached the landing, the Camerons saw that Lucetta, also, had remarked the change of weather. Assisted by the houseboy and two colored janitors borrowed from Al Blackburn's office building, she was closing the windows. The orchestra was still playing, but in a discouraged way. No one was dancing. One parlor was still crowded with boys and its twin with girls in various attitudes of dejection or transparent nonchalance. Everett was still sneering into space. Bitsy was still on the sofa, but she was no longer smiling. Her face wore a look of purpose, of gathering resolution.

The storm broke. Such thunder as might have heralded the descent of Jove from Olympus clapped its mighty hands above the roof. The music ceased abruptly; one melancholy trombone note wailed and gave up its plaintive ghost. An eerie tinkling trembled in the air—the sigh of a house in which there are many crystal chandeliers. The guests screamed in mock terror. Everett Jones threw back his head and walled his eyes like a frightened horse.

As if at a signal, Bitsy arose. She swept into the center of the hall. In her full, besparkled dress she appeared to ride upon a starry, wind-borne cloud. She stuck two fingers between her teeth and emitted a blood-freezing whistle. "Aw right, kids!" she yelled in her old sand-lot voice. "Line up! Boys on that side! Girls on this!"

Startled, the children obeyed her.

Bitsy took her place in the exact middle of the rainbow row of maidens. Sternly, she surveyed the dark row of boys. "Get opposite me, Everett Jones!" she ordered in a clarion tone. "And take your glasses off!"

As if he had lost all power of volition, Everett did as he was told. He stuck his glasses in his pants pocket. A girl giggled.

"Shut up!" Bitsy roared. "Silence in the ranks! Everybody in his battle station?" She lifted her right arm in a commanding gesture. (Given a helmet, Henry Cameron thought, she'd have doubled for the Goddess Bellona.) "One. Two. Three. *Fight!* Men against women!"

There was an instant of shocked surprise. Then, to the accompaniment of coy squeals, the sexes exchanged playful swats. But Bitsy and Everett were in earnest. Silent, crouching, they advanced into the no man's land between the lines.

Henry rallied to his duty. "Here! Here!" he cried, starting down the stairs.

A second peal of thunder, louder and closer than the first, rent the air. The house was plunged into darkness.

Julia Cameron touched her husband's arm. "You can't save him now," she said. Her tone was complacent.

Lucetta's voice said: "It's a fuse. The box is in the pantry." And for a minute after that everything was so still that Henry could hear the heavy breathing and the scuffling feet, as the boy and girl struggled for supremacy. A flash of lightning illuminated the hall. The guests stood in a wide ring around the protagonists. Everett, his face hideous with rage, had Bitsy by the hair. Bitsy held her fist clenched, like the fist of a gentleman who remembers, come what may, the Queensberry rules.

Bitsy's voice rang out. "Hellbat!" she screeched.

Thunder crashed. Its final reverberation was followed by a less ethereal noise that Henry, from a cursory acquaintance with crime literature, identified as the thud of a falling body.

"She felled him with a left hook," he said.

The lights came on.

Everett, limp as a propped-up rag doll, sat against the wall with his spindly legs stuck out before him. Bitsy, composed except for heightened color, stood over him. When the Camerons and Lucetta reached her side, she said: "I didn't give him all I had."

Bitsy was taken upstairs by Mrs. Cameron, Mary Anne and the maid. Henry, waving aside half a dozen boys, helped Everett to the downstairs lavatory.

"If you'd like to lie down a while—" Henry began.

Everett, holding a cold, wet towel to his jaw, appeared astonished. "No, sir," he said. "It's not broken." His eyes darkened. "I *could* have killed her."

"You did right to use restraint," Henry told him kindly.

Everett curled his lip. "It wasn't a question of right and wrong," he said. "But there are things a gentleman can't do."

"Precisely," Henry said. "You have the matter of conduct in a nutshell."

Everett put on his glasses, tied his tie, and ran a pocket comb through his hair. Gazing in the mirror, he cocked one eyebrow. "She called me a hellbat," he said musingly. He didn't sound offended.

Returning to the hall with Everett, Henry Cameron noticed that the tempo of the party had changed. With verve and vigor the musicians were playing There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight. The guests were in motion. They were dancing or chasing one another or pulling roses off the artificial vines and flinging them through the air. They all displayed that gaiety, that abandon, that spiritual elevation that is said to come to those who have been miraculously delivered from peril.

Bitsy descended the stairs. Her hair was sleek and shining. She held her head high and walked with the dignity of a queen who condescends to share the simple pleasures of her subjects. Everett, with Henry close on his heels, ready to prevent a renewal of hostilities, approached her. The two children stood face to face. Unsmiling. Taking each other's measure.

"Shall we dance?" said Everett.

Henry saw his wife sitting on the landing. He joined her.

"The storm passed as quickly as it came," she said. "Moon's out."

"The air's cleared in here, too," said Henry.

IT WAS just on midnight—supper had been served, couples had retreated into the deflowered nooks to be hauled out with shrieks of innocent ribaldry by their friends, general happiness had prevailed, and the orchestra was signing off with Goodnight, Sweetheart—when Mr. and Mrs. Blackburn returned. They joined the Camerons on the steps.

"We were sorry to miss the fun," Belle Blackburn said, "but it was touch and go with Mr. Edgerton." With a radiant face, she looked down upon the cavorting couples, the rose-strewn floor and the listing trellises. "It's perfect. Like a madhouse!"

"'There was a sound of revelry by night,' eh, Hank?" Al said. He looked boyish and taken with himself. He wasn't a man who read much poetry. "Shakespeare?"

"You're warm, Al," said Henry.

When the last guests had gone, the Cameron family walked home, in companionable silence through the fresh, lovely night. The storm had left a charming kind of wreckage on the lawns. Snapped-off heads of daffodils, budding twigs and a drift of fruit blossoms were littered about like the debris of a successful party.

"Bitsy's on the map," Mary Anne said, as they went into their own house. "Nobody'll ever forget that dance!"

Her mother laughed softly. "What was it she called the Jones boy? A *hellbat?*"

"She was quoting Daddy, sort of," said Mary Anne.

Julia stroked her husband's cheek. "Everybody quotes him. He's smart," she said. She smiled at him. "But you look tired. I'm going to sit you down in your den and fix you a nice nightcap. You never did finish your drink at the Blackburns'."

Ensconced in his favorite chair, with his shoes off and his feet comfortable in the loose slippers that Mary Anne had brought him, Henry Cameron thought himself the most fortunate of men. His wife came in from the kitchen. On a silver tray she brought a highball for him and two cups of warm milk for herself and Mary Anne.

"What are you looking so salubrious about?" she asked.

"I *feel* salubrious," Henry said. "I was thinking of Bitsy's triumph and of Woman with a capital W—of her infinite variety!"

Mary Anne sat down on the floor. She rubbed her nose against her father's knee; it was a trick she'd had in her early childhood to denote ecstasy. "That Bitsy Blackburn!" she murmured. "I won't ever have to worry about her again!" She closed her eyes and yawned. "Oh, brother—did she play her hand cool!"

THE END

ACT 1
Jaro Fabry

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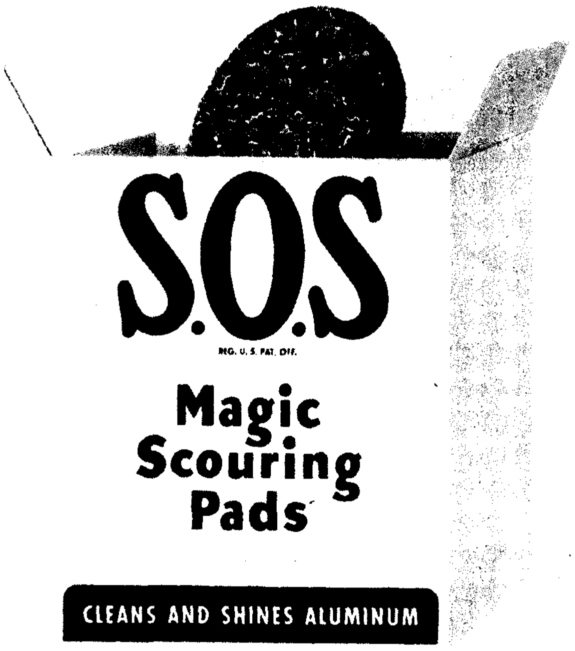

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Up Front in Korea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

as fast as I could go when sure enough, a short round somebody at the factory had left some powder out of landed up the ridge a way.

I didn't know there were any witnesses that saw the sloppy way I hit the dirt, but while I was spitting those cold pebbles out, this head came over the ridge.

"It's all right," the head said. "That was a friendly round."

"It is all the same to me," I told him, "whether they made it in Pittsburgh or Petrograd. That was no friendly round."

"I bet you are new around here," this head said to me.

Then it turned to somebody I couldn't see on the forward, or unfriendly, side of the ridge, toward the enemy.

"Haw," another voice said, "I bet he don't even know this is a static front."

* * *

Willie, I tell you I was feeling pretty strange up there, and it didn't help any when from the place where this head had been came the most God-awful boom and a sheet of fire went out about fifty feet over the trail.

That did it, I thought. Some enemy spotted that guy making funny remarks at me and they lobbed one right on him.

"Do you need any help?" I hollered.

This head came over again.

"Sure," he said. "We need company. We have got so we can't stand the sight of each other."

I climbed up and this guy that owned the head showed me what had made all the fuss and fire. It looked sort of like a bazooka, only bigger, and he said it was a 57-millimeter recoil-less cannon. This gunner was a colored fellow named Johnny Young, and he said he was from Martinsville, Virginia.

"You fire this thing just like a rifle," Young said. "Look over there and I will show you what I missed."

Across this valley was a snowy slope with a little black speck on it, which he said was the peephole in a North Korean bunker. He cut loose with another round and you never saw such fire as came out of the back of that weapon.

"I wish you would tell me when you are going to do that," said this sergeant down the ridge a little way, rubbing his ear. He said his name was Bob Shanahan, from Chicago, and he was Young's section chief.

"You think *you* got troubles with this gun," Young said. "You should of heard what happened to a bunch of Chinese the other day when they captured one. One of their prisoners told us about it. You know how this thing spits fire backwards so there won't be any recoil . . ."

"I know," Shanahan said. "I been thinking about plugging them holes so there *will* be a recoil and it'll knock you right off this hill. Then you will quit drawing mortar fire with that thing and I can get some peace on this static front."

"Anyway," Young said, "they got hold of one of these 57s and half a dozen or so rounds of ammunition, and according to this prisoner we got, one of them fired it while a bunch more stood behind him to see how it worked."

"Cooked their goose, hey?" said Shanahan.

"When they cleaned up the mess," Young said, "they figured they had been shooting it backwards by mistake. So they turned it around and the guy fired again and killed a bunch more that was standing in front of it—only they thought it was behind—to see how it worked."

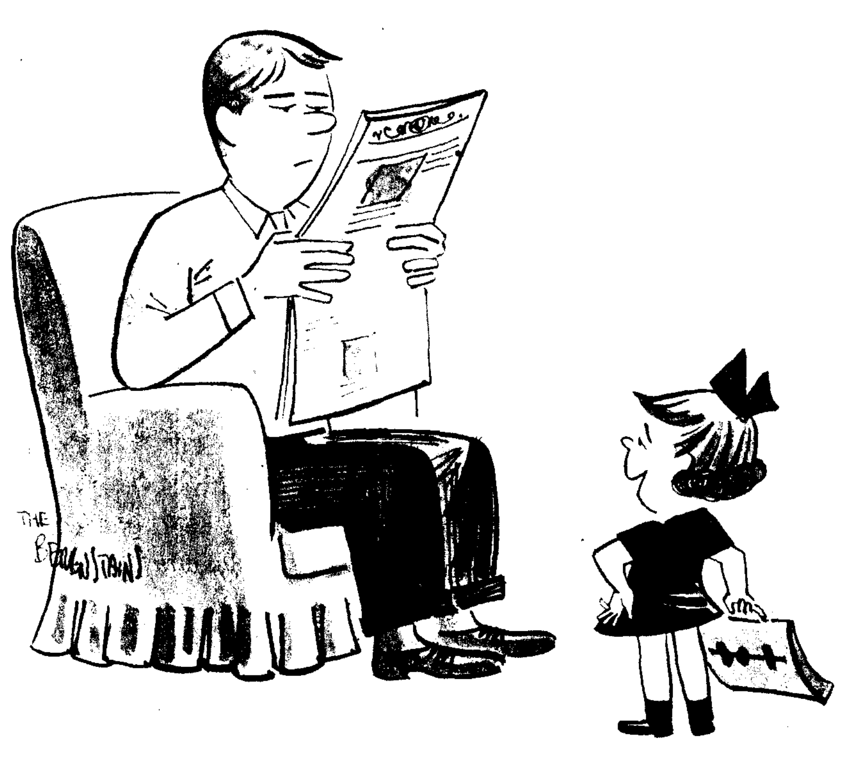
"Sure," said Shanahan, "so I suppose they tried it sideways and that didn't work either, so they threw it away."

"They must of," Young said. "They haven't fired it at us yet."

Shanahan started looking at something with his field glasses and Young laid his gun down and whispered to me.

"You wouldn't think so to listen to him," he said, "but Shanahan is bugs about these guns. He thinks they will make that old field artillery obsolete. We take them right

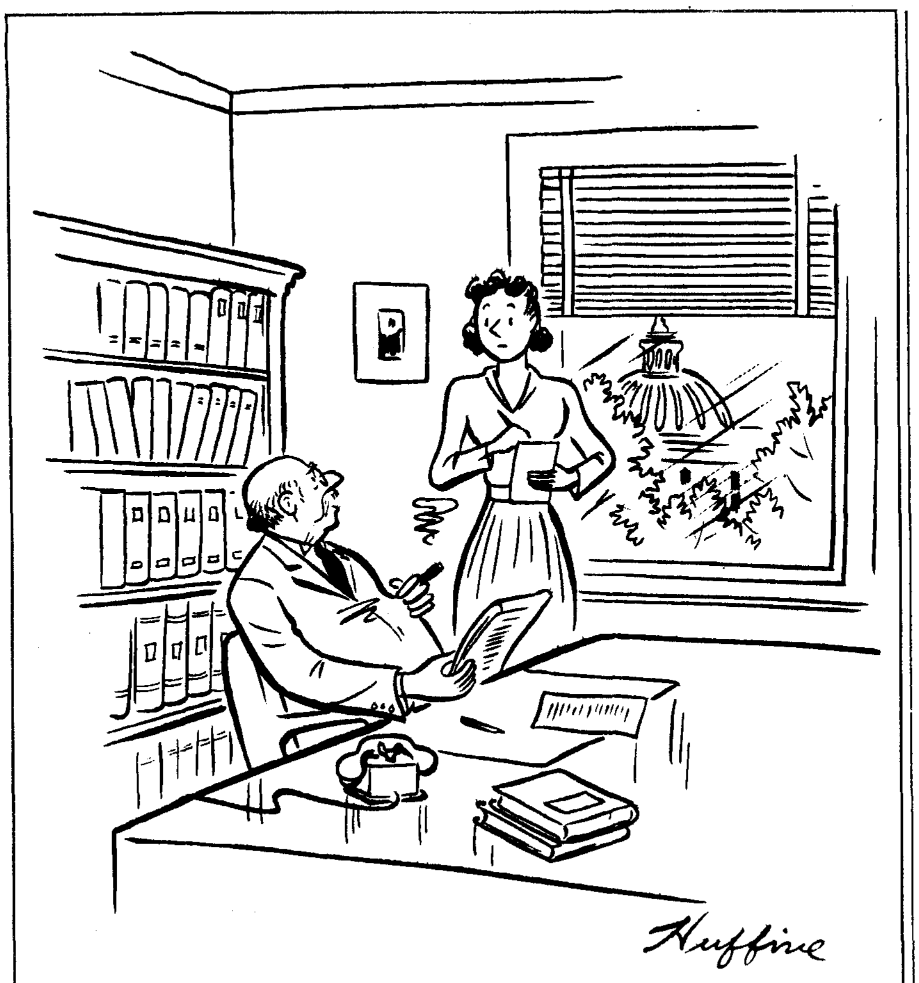
SISTER



COLLIER'S

"Miss Dwyer says she can always tell when a parent has done a student's homework. I thought you'd consider that sort of a challenge"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN



"How can I make it absolutely clear, beyond any shadow of doubt, that under no circumstances will I be a candidate—without making it sound like a flat refusal?"

COLLIER'S DAVID HUFFINE

out on patrols. They got a 75-millimeter job, too, which is even rougher."

"To my way of thinking," I said to him, "it is cold and miserable laying up here on this ridge, and somewhat on the hazard side with a few hundred hostile eyes looking over at you making yourself conspicuous with this gun. I ran into some cheerful infantry in Seoul and now I find you up here with a grin on your face. This is going to make my work very hard, as I do not want to say in my articles that this is a happy-go-lucky life you guys are living, because I know better. How do you do it?"

"Look at those guys down there," Shanahan called over at me, "if you think it's so bad laying up here."

* * *

Down the mountain a little way, on the north side toward the enemy, where the sun never hits and the slope was even steeper than the side I had climbed, the snow and ice was waist-deep and a bunch of guys in white camouflage suits floundered around in the barbwire laid out in front of the company positions.

"Somebody cut the wire last night," Shanahan said. "They're fixing it and laying some more mines. I bet there's not a happy face in the lot."

"How come they don't get sniped at?" I asked him.

"Why, they do sometimes," he said, "but we're laying up here to sort of discourage any such ideas. Somebody shows himself over there and we can make him awful sick with this gun. They are getting used to the idea that we are willing to throw a few shells to save a man's life."

I mentioned the short tree stumps all over both sides of the ridge.

"Somebody sure had ambition," I said, "cutting all that timber down to improve his field of fire."

"They weren't cut," said Young. "Look close and you will see those stumps were chewed off by every kind of weapon you can think to name. Some days are not as quiet as other days."

There was a hellish bang down among the boys in the wire and when the smoke cleared a medic was helping one of them up the slope toward the company, but he slid back three steps for every one he made.

"Tripped one of our own mines," said Shanahan. "He couldn't see the trip wire in the snow. It's one of those jobs that bounces up in the air before it goes off, only it must have been frozen in solid or he wouldn't be on his feet now." He hollered down the slope and they hollered back that the man was mainly just shaken up.

"Now you were asking about us being cheerful laying up here," said Shanahan.

"Never mind," I said. "I like it here."

"Every night," Shanahan said, "we send patrols off down that slope and they go way to hell and gone out toward the enemy positions, blowing bunkers and looking for trouble. Some places it takes you an hour to make a hundred yards, slipping and sliding around, and twice as long back up the hill. No matter what kind of a job you are doing in these mountains, you can find somebody a lot worse off. When we don't have to go on patrol and can keep the gun up here it just naturally makes us cheerful."

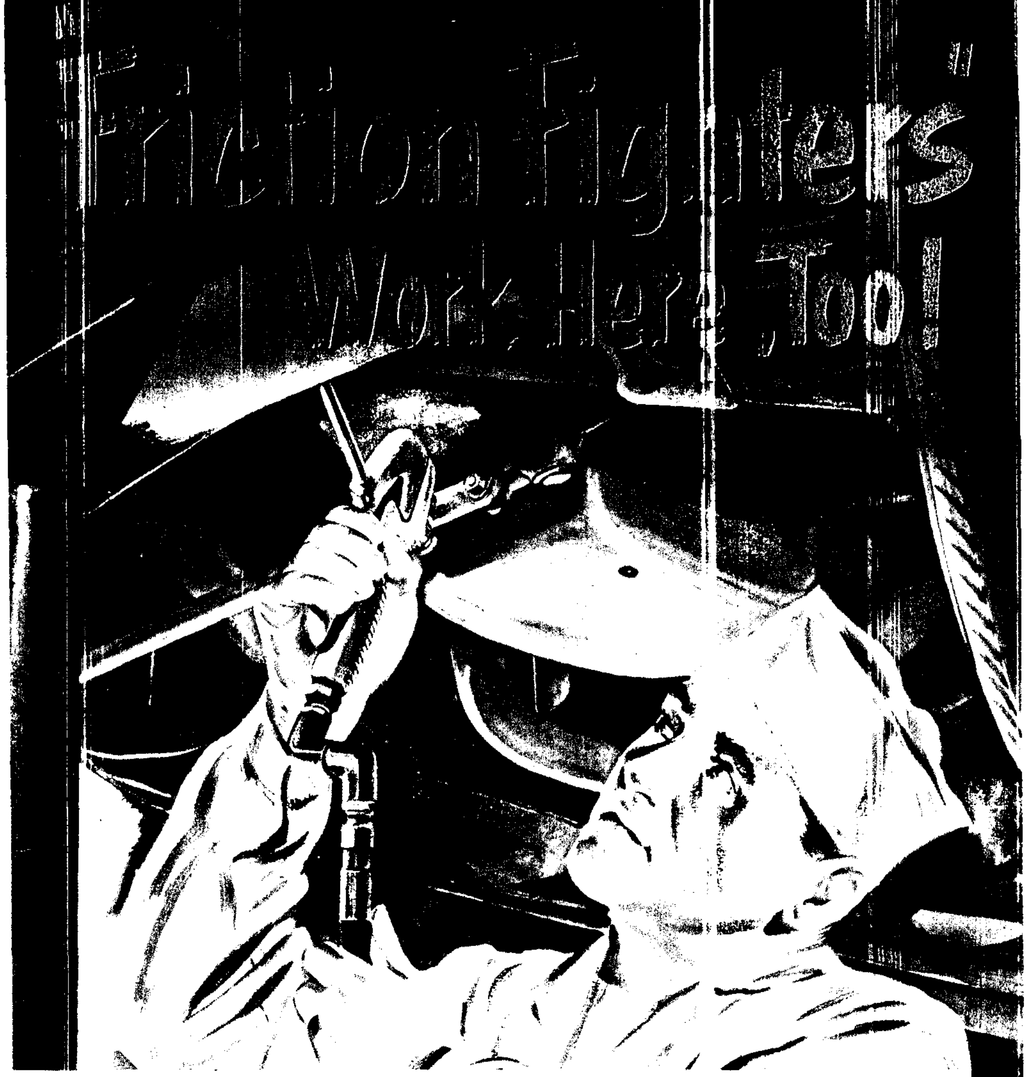
"Besides," said Young, "they have got a policy in this regiment that a man ought to make himself as comfortable as he can when there is no need for him to be miserable. Boy, have we got some bunkers. We have been up here six weeks and have had some time to fix them up. This outfit that is going to relieve us in a few days is going to be awful happy when they see the home we have laid out for them."

These guys invited me down to see the bunkers, and I'll write you again in a few days, Willie, and tell you about them. As long as I had to shoot off my mouth and talk myself out of that warm cot at division headquarters, I couldn't think of a nicer bunch of guys to be stuck on a mountain with.

Your friend,
Joe

Watch for another report from Korea by Bill Mauldin in next week's issue

ALEMITE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CLAUSTROPHOBIA—*Fear of Enclosure*

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

What Are You Afraid Of?

MAN is almost universally beset by fears. Yet, while everybody, from infancy to deathbed, is afraid of something, most of us adjust to our fears and are able to get along with them. We get over being afraid of the dark. Ghosts no longer frighten and terrify us. Knives cease to threaten us. We plunge into deep water without giving it a second thought, and discover that shadows are simply patterns cast by solid objects. We can even handle frogs and snakes, and little, creeping, slithery things. But though most human beings reach maturity with the feeling that there is really nothing much to be afraid of, many cling to certain fears, unable to let go. Such intense and persistent fears are often called phobias. They are irrational, unwanted and inescapable, obsessing the mind and oppressing the personality.

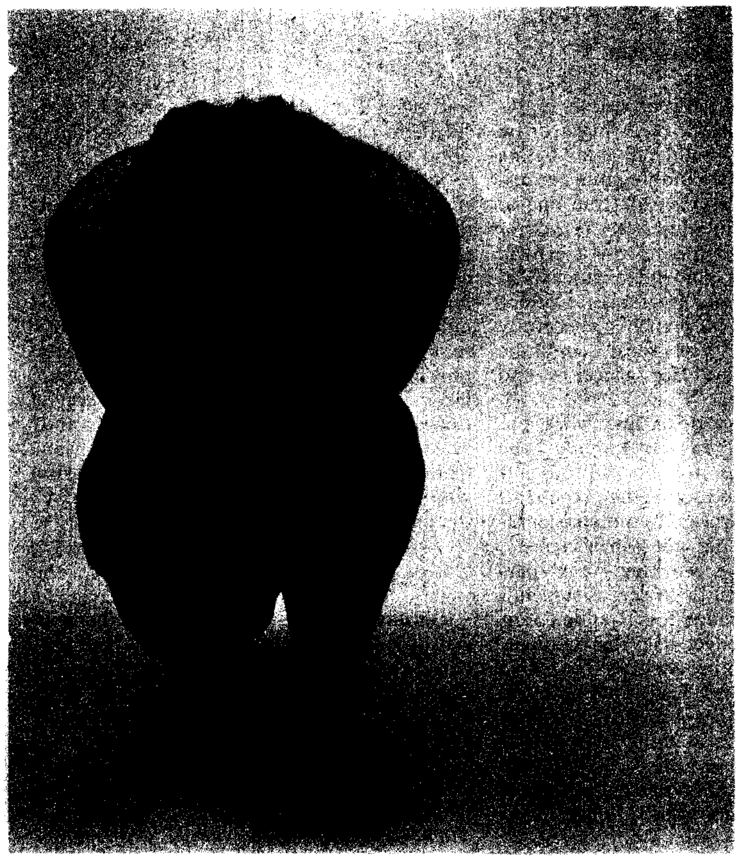
The fear of such things as high places, of being enclosed, of strangers, of animals, of illness is normal. In one degree or another everyone has experienced the trepidations these fears evoke. It is only when the mind feels trapped, when the body recoils, when the flesh creeps at the prospect of such virtually universal fears that serious emotional disorders may possibly be indicated.

The photographs on these pages represent seven of the more common fears and phobias. They are not visual psychological definitions; they are merely symbols of specific conditions which sometimes cause fright. The work of Alfred Gescheidt, a twenty-five-year-old photographer who fully believes that the camera often can say what words cannot, they capture with almost muscular urgency the feelings of men and women imprisoned by their own weaknesses.

"The human mind is a remarkable thing," says Mr. Gescheidt. "It often thinks of things which cannot be seen. Sometimes it helps to try and visualize such mysteries as fear."

With his stark, simple images, Photographer Gescheidt is not playing doctor. He is only asking: "What are you afraid of?" SEY CHASSLER

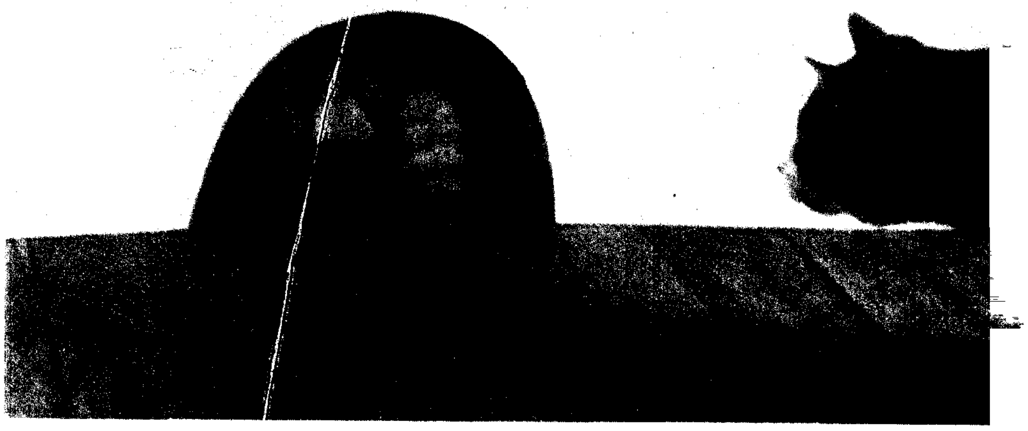
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALFRED GESCHEIDT



GYMNOPHOBIA—*Fear of Nudity*

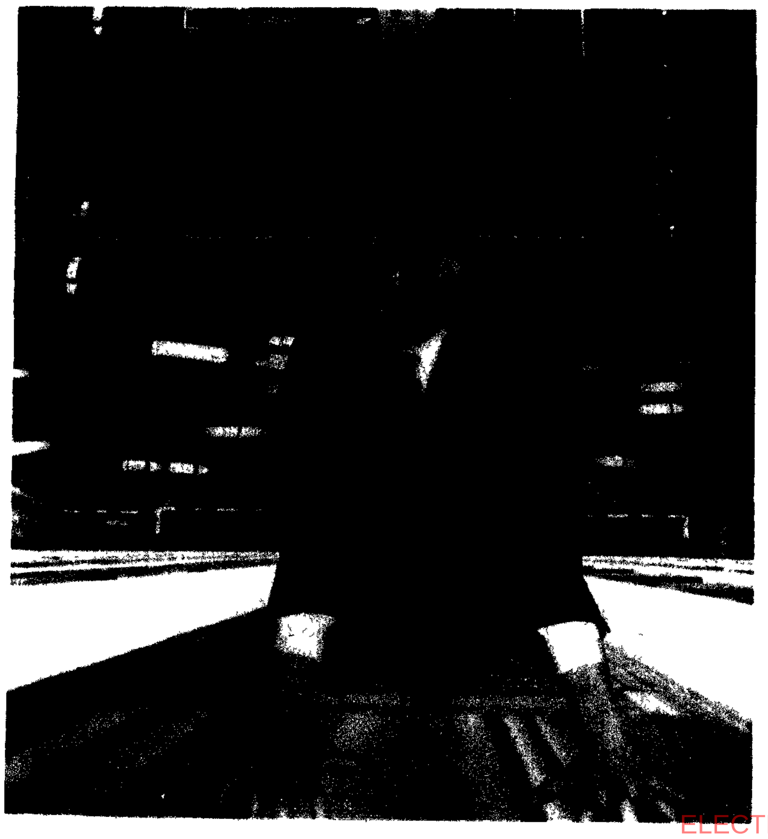
THANATOPHOBIA—*Fear of Death*

NOSOPHOBIA—*Fear of Disease*

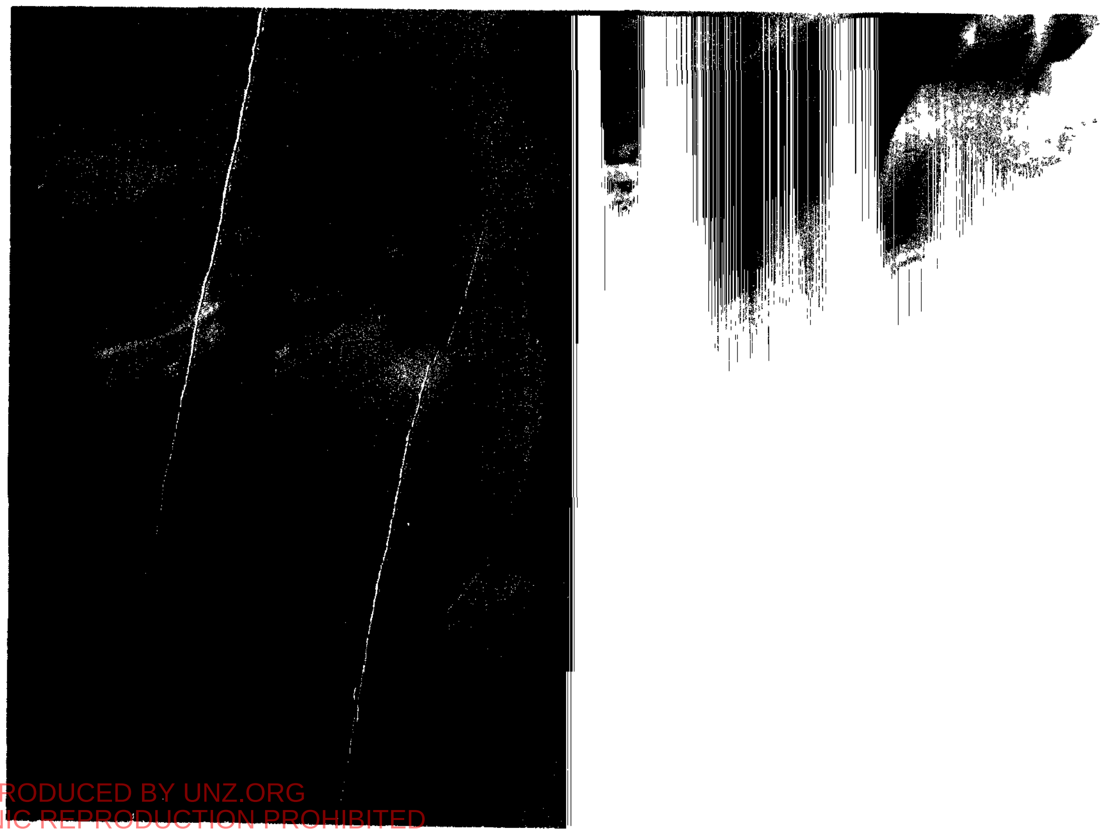


ZOOPHOBIA—*Fear of Animals*

ACROPHOBIA—*Fear of Height*



OCHLOPHOBIA—*Fear of Crowds*



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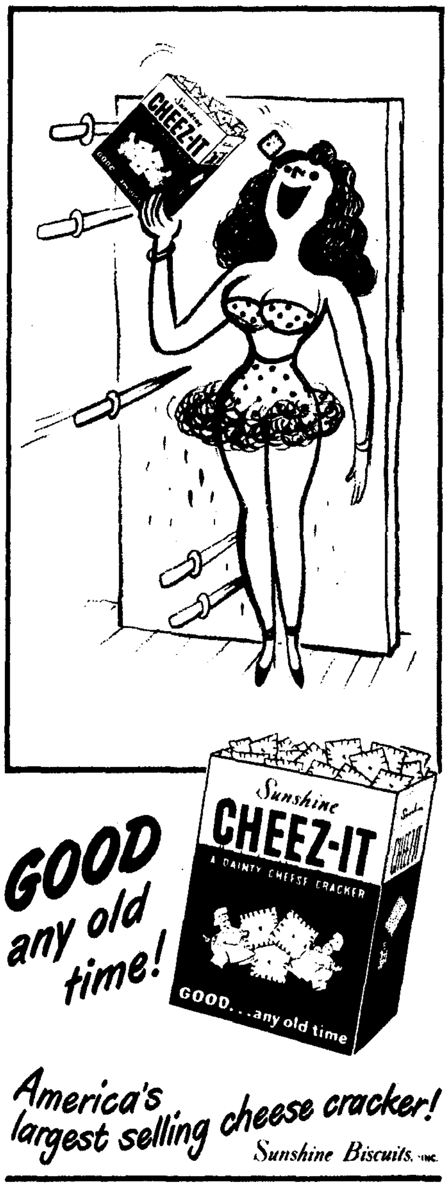


County Judge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

copies of Case and Comment, lawyers' trade journal, and the judge's desk is littered with envelopes and papers to be signed. There is a picture of Joe Davis, Jr., in West Point uniform, and a new West Point ash tray on the desk. ("Sonny" is a plebe, appointed by Senator William Jenner. The judge also has a daughter, Mary Ellen, an Indiana University Phi Beta Kappa now doing graduate work at Stanford University.)

Near Joe's low swivel chair is a handy cuspidor for visitors who chew tobacco. They might be farmers from Perry Township, in to complain about the roads out there (Judge Davis can't do anything about roads, but folks complain anyhow); or it could be Herb Silverburg, member of the County Welfare Board, or somebody after one of the dozens of statutory appointments the judge has to make annually. Much of the conversation is unrecorded informal talk, and an astonishing amount of similar business is transacted over the judge's telephone.

Favors Are All One-Sided

"People are always wanting me to do something for them, but I don't remember anybody calling me up here on the phone and wanting to do something for me," the judge remarked sadly.

"A lady will call up and say she voted for me and so forth, knew me in high school, and now her nephew, John, is in a little bit of trouble and maybe I could help the boy. Turns out John's forty-two years old and has pleaded guilty to armed robbery, or maybe rape, and she's wondering if maybe I can see my way clear to suspending his sentence. That's the way it goes. They think the judge is all-powerful and they really don't understand they're breaking the rules by calling that way."

Often Judge Davis has to turn down outright requests for legal services. Telephone callers, of course, can't see the sign on the wall behind the judge's desk which says: "It Is Unlawful for the Judge of this Court to Give Counsel or Advice in Relation to any Business of any Court."

Under Indiana law, the judge would be subject to a fine even if he maintained a separate office for legal practice.

Judge Davis estimates he handles from 50 to 100 telephone calls in his office daily. On a recent evening at home, he counted 16 calls. Several were from lawyers about cases coming up the next day. Four were from friends who wanted to tell the judge that his son was appearing right then on a television show with the West Point Glee Club. Judge Davis doesn't own a TV set, and his son isn't in the Glee Club, but the judge was grateful to the folks for thinking of him.

There are always a few calls at breakfasttime.

"I knew you wouldn't be busy at home," the caller will explain.

Frequently, anonymous persons offer secret tips on cases coming up in court. People in neighborhood squabbles or contested divorce cases are especially good at this trick. They get some of their story out before the judge can stop them, but invariably they are invited to come up and testify from the witness stand in open court. Nearly always that's the end of it.

In his office, the judge does a lively intermittent trade in necktie salesmen, inventors, cadgers and others who get past the bailiff. He's nice to all of them; a judge has to be. However, some are truly welcome. In a class by themselves are the local ministers who sometimes bring in petitions against sin, or just stop to pass the time of day with the county judge. Joe Davis has a fondness for preachers, and one of his favorites is the Reverend H. C. Lycan, eighty-three-year-old pastor of the non-denominational Church of the Morning Star, on the outskirts of Muncie.

The Reverend Mr. Lycan came in recently with a large printed placard on which was pasted a bright red star. Citing a few Scriptures, the affable minister explained that a contribution of from one to ten dollars would win you a star; for extra-large donations, you might win a crown. With mock caution, the judge plucked at the star to see if there might be a lottery number under it. The preacher cheerfully insisted everything was legal, and the money would be used for groceries and things for the poor.

"Yes, I know you do a fine work out there, Mr. Lycan. I was just kidding," the judge said, reaching for his billfold. It was empty, so he had to give the preacher a check (His Honor, who pays out considerable sums that way, did not win a crown).

During the judge's working week, parents come in frequently to see about children who may be headed for juvenile court, over which the judge has discretionary power. There are other visitors, too. One elderly farmer brings his ailing wife to Judge Davis about once a month. She lives in fear that someone is going to send her to the state insane asylum.

"I explain to the poor old lady that nobody is going to do that," Judge Davis says. "This seems to ease her mind, and she's all right for another month or two."

QUERY-WEARY

To vex, annoy and plague me,
To irritate and irk;
Just ask, "Are you a housewife?"
And add, ". . . or do you work?"

—CAROLINE CLARK

While the judge is working at his desk he will be interrupted dozens of times daily by attorneys (or, with luck, their pretty secretaries) with sheaves of papers for him to sign. Most of these documents are routine stuff like bail bonds, foreclosure decrees and the like, but the signature must be that of the judge himself. Since he doesn't believe in using rubber stamps, the circuit judge has to write "Joe Davis" several hundred times a week. His name used to be Joseph Henry Davis. Then he abbreviated it to Joe H. Davis.

Last year he filed his own petition in circuit court for a change of name, appointed Judge James Emshwiller from neighboring Blackford County to act on the case, and legally changed his name to plain Joe Davis.

"It saves a lot of time, and that's what folks call me anyway," the judge says.

Eliminating the Law's Delays

Conferences with lawyers and citizenry make tremendous demands on his time; nevertheless, Judge Davis has been able to reduce the number of cases standing for trial. He does this by a continual process of prodding lawyers to get their cases tried, by dismissing them himself, and by eliminating long court vacations. In 1951 there were 971 civil, 250 probate (will and estate), 130 criminal and 57 guardianship cases filed in his court plus several hundred juvenile and welfare board hearings. A total of 346 divorce suits were filed in circuit court, and of these 157 were acted upon, either tried or dismissed.

There's always a carry-over of old cases on the books but, at the end of 1951, most of these were divorce actions. The judge doesn't believe in hurrying a divorce case.

"In a divorce case, delay often does some good," Judge Davis says. "Where either party indicates a willingness to make a go of the marriage, I'll recess the case and offer them the use of my office. I just let them talk it out, and we've had pretty good success."

Such couples sometimes stop the judge on the street months later and tell him they're glad they changed their minds. His best surprise, not long ago, came when a couple he'd divorced asked if he would marry them again. Although Indiana circuit judges can perform marriage ceremonies, Joe declined this one on grounds that it was more properly a job for a regular minister. He called up the Reverend Lewis Weber Gishler, his own pastor, and arranged a meeting at the Presbyterian Church. Then he telephoned Mrs. Davis, who came down to the courthouse to drive the parties to church and act as witness.

The Court's Leisurely Aspect

On days when there isn't a trial, there is a dry, leisurely atmosphere about the spacious courtroom, with its ancient, carved walnut furnishings and tall arched windows. Attorneys dropping in may chat with clerk Charline Hoffer, and they usually pause to trade law yarns with Margaret Harrison, the judge's veteran shorthand reporter.

The court is a large family with plenty of official or semiofficial cousins. The fact that you're an insider is denoted by several things. You have the privilege, for instance, of hanging your hat on one of the hooks to the right of the courtroom doorway, just below the big wall picture of some 100 stern-looking members of the Delaware County Bar Association, living and dead.

A familiar hat there is the sizable, cowboy-type fedora belonging to Clarence Benadum, locally famous criminal lawyer who recently proved his versatility by tossing off a novel about the Civil War. A weatherbeaten hat, under which is a cane, is the trade-mark of Lew Denney, reporter for the Muncie Morning Star, who has been at this game so long that lawyers sometimes ask his advice.

Between these well-acquainted old-timers' hats might be a small black-veiled affair belonging to Charline McGuire, a woman lawyer who is Judge Davis' probate commissioner. Bailiff Walter Rees (he's also a preacher who marries applicants from the county clerk's office downstairs) keeps one eye cocked on the hats.

All these intimates, with the possible exception of Mrs. McGuire, have the sacred right of putting their feet on the big table in the court library while discussing foreign affairs or county politics—or, more likely, Indiana basketball. One lawyer used to hide his corn likker behind a volume of Bouvier's Law Dictionary during exacting trials. The court library is a wonderful place for off-the-record legal debates, tall tales and worn-out jokes, but most lawyers prefer to study in their own offices and Judge Davis says he does his best bookwork on the kitchen table at home. As for the courtroom, it's a nice, roomy place to work—except when there's a big trial. Then the public takes over.

The public rather awes Joe Davis.

"These are really the American people, who made this country what it is and will make it whatever it is going to be," the judge says. "They are expressing interest in their own government. After all, the court belongs to them."

A sensational murder trial that gave Judge Davis a bad time day and night for a whole month—from mid-February to mid-March, 1950—was the case of the State of Indiana against Donald Dalton and George Gratzer. The two youths, from the southern part of the state, drove to Muncie one night and got into a wild West shooting fracas during a poker game at the New Deal Cigar Store. Three local men were killed and Gratzer, an ex-GI, was wounded in the exchange of shots. Lawers Clarence Benadum, Earl Manor and Van L. Ogle, with a battery of outside ounsel, pleaded self-defense, claiming the defendants were fired on first. What got he public worked up about this trial was he implication that protected gambling was oing on in Muncie.

Dalton and Gratzer were jointly charged with killing all three victims (a fact that was to prove a tough procedural point for he judge) and were tried together before . jury. In the public mind, the town's police force was on trial too.

The Delaware Circuit Court has seats for only 140 spectators, but people stood in the aisles, perched on window sills, and jammed the doorways. Arriving as early as six o'clock to get choice seats, many brought their lunches. Spectators included high-school civics classes and one society matron who said it helped her get her mind off her pregnancy. During recesses, Judge Davis had a hard time getting back to his office for a smoke.

The courtroom crowd was, for the most part, orderly. Now and then there would be a ripple of laughter or applause when attorney Benadum scored on the police force, but the judge had to use his gavel only once or twice. "I think the folks co-operated very well," the judge says. "Most people do have a respect for courts."

The jury, however, created a jurist's nightmare by acquitting Gratzer, the wounded ex-GI, and convicting Dalton. The defendants were jointly charged in the indictment with killing all three men, but Gratzer had admitted shooting one of them, *and Dalton hadn't fired at that one.*

As a result, Judge Davis ordered a new trial for Dalton, because the law provides that every defendant in a criminal case must be charged accurately so that he may know exactly what he has to defend himself against. Dalton later pleaded guilty to manslaughter and is serving two to 21 years.

Whether or not this amounted to ideal justice—and there was considerable controversy on the point—the fact remains that a judge rarely can ignore a jury's verdict. Every slip-up is remembered, and political enemies will use everything they can in the next election, no holds barred. The judge will be called a scholar and a gentleman; he will also be called a Jesse James and an enemy of the people.

Routine of a Typical Day

At home, Judge Davis gets up about 6:30 A.M. He and Mrs. Davis listen to Fred Hinshaw's WLBC morning news broadcast over coffee. Joe goes out on the porch for the paper; he says he gets to read it first "unless my wife wants it." Mrs. Davis drives her husband down to the courthouse about nine o'clock, and His Honor's daily battle with human nature begins. Lunch usually is a sandwich and milk shake near the courthouse—the judge eats lightly to keep from getting sleepy on the bench. His day lasts until four or five, when Mrs. Davis comes after him. If there's a jury trial on, he may have to sit up half the night in his kitchen preparing instructions or rulings on close points at issue.

Now and then there will be a case the judge really enjoys. He likes adoption proceedings best. "That's when you can really bring happiness to people," he says.

He also puts great store by his occasional Naturalization Day proceedings, when the D.A.R. and school children are invited to court, and Mrs. Davis hands each new U.S. citizen a small flag for a keepsake. Juvenile court takes a lot of time but here, too, Judge Davis feels he can do some good.

Not long ago an angry merchant called up the judge and demanded that three boys, who had done some neighborhood pilfering, be given the limit of the law. Joe invited the complainant to attend the hearing. Such cases often depend on how the injured parties feel about it.

"Well, Judge," this citizen said after listening to the evidence, "the boys only got into a cigarette machine at my place. I had $500 worth of tools and other valuable property there, and they didn't touch any of it. I'll recommend a suspended sentence."

Actually, the judge is only part of the legal machine he is supposed to run. The 12 men and women of the regular jury panel are the real bosses. Regular jurors are chosen from tax duplicates (their names are later picked out of a box) for each term of court. In a big case, when Joe runs out of qualified jurors before a trial, additional names are drawn—but in a small case sheriff Pete Anthony goes out and collars a "bystander" on Main Street.

"People are pretty good about serving," Judge Davis says. He gets some dandy excuses, though. One schoolteacher, notified for the regular panel, called up Joe and said she couldn't make it but had found a delightful old man at the grocery who wanted to serve. The judge excused her, explaining that this wouldn't do.

Early Ambition to Be Lawyer

The circuit judgeship in Delaware County pays $8,500 a year for a six-year term, less than Joe Davis made in private practice. He got to be a judge by the usual route—Indiana University Law, prosecuting attorney, member of the school board. He says he decided to be a lawyer and maybe a judge when he was ten years old.

"I came up to the courtroom one day, when my father was county recorder," he recalls. "There was a murder trial going on —a man had killed another man at a dance hall, fighting over a woman. I climbed up on a radiator and watched old Ralph Gregory (long since deceased) arguing the case before the jury. He wore a black tail coat and had a long white beard, and he was wonderful."

A private in World War I, Joe was in Washington as a colonel in the judge advocate general's division of the Army during World War II. (As a Legionnaire, he still makes a point of helping servicemen.)

In 1946, local Republicans figured it would be politically handy to have a serviceman on the ticket, and Joe ran for office upon his discharge from the Army. He'll be up for election again this year and will have to devote valuable time to seeing people and repairing political fences. The Indiana Bar Association and many lawyers want to take county judgeships out of politics by nonpartisan elections and longer terms, but there are objections.

"It's a mighty good thing to have a judge directly answerable to the voters every six years," one lawyer, not a Davis fan, said.

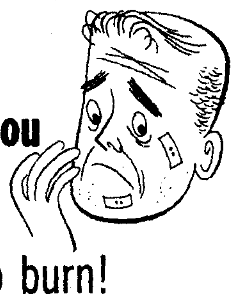
Here you have the real conflict in any county judge's job. People get queer ideas about a judge. Some expect him to be a plaster saint. Others expect nothing but the worst. What they find is a human being, usually trying hard to be perfect.

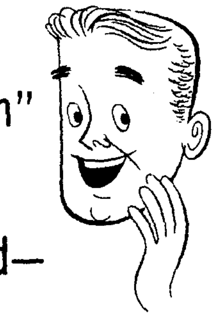
"I don't blame the judge," said a man serving time in the Delaware County jail, for drunken driving. But another, a white-haired and talkative repeater, declared that if a fellow only had more money he could hire a bunch of high-priced lawyers and beat the rap.

Judge Davis admits there may be something to this as a fact of life—but, he points out, judges have a legal duty to protect the rights of defendant and plaintiff alike. He doesn't deny that the machinery could be patched up in places. In his job, a county judge is something like a railroad engineer when the train is late. The engineer believes in railroads, and he is sorry—but not surprised—when the passengers kick.

Maynel Dalby, a Muncie druggist and notary public, says Joe Davis comes into his store often. "When I go up to see Joe to get my commission signed, I don't have to wait around," the druggist says. "He asks me how the boy is, how things are at the store. I think Joe will make it all right in this election. You can't tell about politics, though."

As for candidate Joe Davis, he isn't placing any election bets. That would be illegal, and he has to remember that he's Judge Joe Davis, too. THE END





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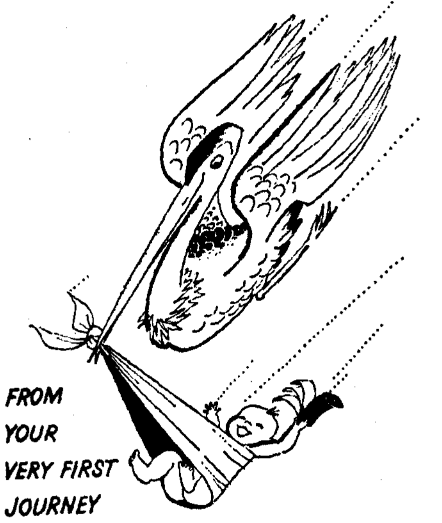
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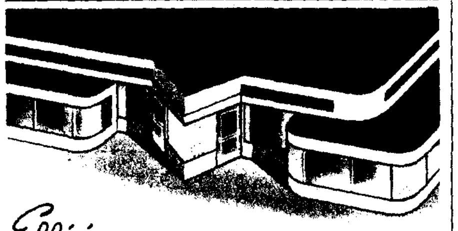
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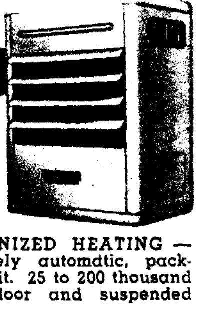
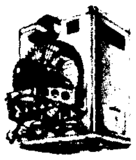




The Cereal Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

as much as we do of the cold, are much older. But it was a series of American developments toward the end of the last century which made possible their modern popularity, and American brands of these, too, have spread all over the globe.

Last year the dozen large and numerous small manufacturers (the latter having only regional or local distribution) produced $227,000,000 worth of the two types of cereals. To accomplish this they rolled, flaked, shredded, popped and otherwise mauled nearly 1,000,000,000 pounds of assorted grains. And so successfully did the results appeal to our appetites that, according to the Cereal Institute which the manufacturers sponsor for research and education, 85 per cent of the nation's families served cereals at least occasionally and an enthusiastic 50 per cent of us ate them every day.

One of the early ways of preparing the grains was to mash them up more or less thoroughly, add water or milk and boil the result into a thin, pasty porridge. The resultant primitive hot "cereal" was not, from the modern point of view, very appetizing. It was a dish used mostly by the poor. Up to about 100 years ago oatmeal porridge or mush was an important dish only among the thrifty Scots, and their addiction to it was the subject of almost as many bad jokes as was their thriftiness.

Oatmeal first was used in the U.S. as a gruel for invalids because of its easy digestibility. As recently as 1855 it was bought in an apothecary shop, an ounce or so at a time; and it probably had been imported from Scotland. But during this period an Akron, Ohio, miller named Ferdinand Schumacher developed a taste for the dish and enthusiastically turned out a few barrelfuls for sale. He also learned to roll the oats flat instead of grinding them into fine flour, thus making it possible to cook them into a tastier, less gooey mush. For several years Schumacher gradually built up a clientele, but it was a slow process. Then he caught the attention of the humorists.

Oats always have been widely used as animal fodder. To a whole generation of professional funnymen the fact that humans and horses were eating the same food became a standard source of innocent merriment.

Finley Peter Dunne's immortal creation Mr. Dooley, vaudeville comedians like Weber and Fields, cartoonists, even newspaper editorial writers joined in the fun.

A typical Joe Millerish gag of the period ran:

Pat: "I've been on the oatmeal a week and I'm shtrong as a horse."

Mike: "Sure, and you ought to be. Ain't you eatin' the same food?"

Schumacher was moved to intense indignation by such levity. He even hired a professor of medicine to write a long book seriously refuting the nonsense. Meanwhile, oatmeal rode to nation-wide popularity on a wave of laughter. By the turn of the century the humorists had made it a staple of American diet, and Schumacher had acquired fame as the Oatmeal King.

During this period, too, another more complicated development had been launched among a group of Seventh Day Adventists who settled in Battle Creek in 1855. There a leader of the sect, a woman named Ellen White who had an already established reputation as a prophetess, awoke one morning with a pronouncement. To true believers, she said, the only proper foods were those of vegetable origin.

In those days similar pronouncements were being made at frequent intervals by prophets of local honor all over the country. The nation was in a ferment which made it susceptible to the idea that a man's salvation depended on his diet. This was partly because the old pioneer eating habits—in which breakfast consisted of steak, pork chops or lamb chops, fried potatoes, fried apples, hot cakes, fried eggs, pie and other items, all in huge quantities—couldn't be carried over into the nation's new, more sedentary urban life without disastrous digestive results. But in most cases the extreme diet reforms lost their popularity as quickly as they gained it.

In Battle Creek they took on permanence through the sect's organization of what eventually became the famous Battle Creek Sanitarium, where a rigidly vegetarian diet was an important part of the treatment. That rigidity necessarily mothered the invention of many different foods, such as nut "butter" and nut "steaks." The hospital also served toasted cracker crumbs, the direct ancestors of modern breakfast cereals. But it was an ill effect of the diet which led to the first crispy, crunchy wheat flake.

One morning in 1895 an elderly female patient approached the sanitarium's head physician, Dr. John H. Kellogg, with an indignant demand for $10 to replace her false teeth. She had broken them on the rock-hard version of dry toast he prescribed for her breakfast.

"I then began to think," Dr. Kellogg later said, "that we ought to have a ready-cooked food which would not break people's teeth."

It was his story that his method of achieving this laudable ambition was quite literally dreamed up. Awakened at 3:00 A.M. one day by a patient, he had done his doctoral duty and started back to bed before remembrance of a dream suddenly flashed into his mind. In it he had boiled kernels of wheat, run them through a machine his wife used for rolling dough, scraped the thin films of wheat off the rollers with a knife and baked them in an oven. He decided actually to try the recipe, and it worked. (According to another version of the story, it didn't work very well, though, until some moldy wheat got into a batch, produced excellent flakes and led the doctor to the discovery that it was necessary to malt the kernels before cooking them.)

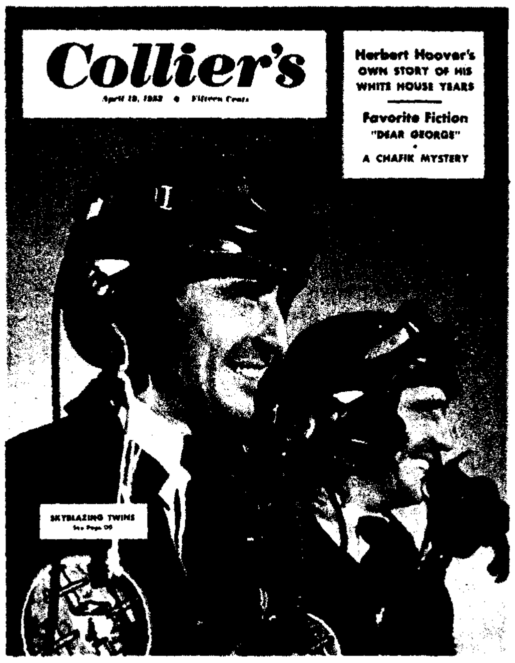
In any case, news of the new breakfast food gradually seeped out of the sanitarium as patients returned to their homes, taking along supplies to keep them going. One patient, Charles W. Post, was so excited by the possibilities of the flakes that he tried to persuade Dr. Kellogg to let him organize large-scale manufacture and general distribution. When Kellogg refused, Post set himself up in Battle Creek on a $68.75 shoestring and began inventing cereal products on his own. He made his first ready-to-eat cereal by baking whole wheat and barley into loaves, drying the loaves in a pan over a kerosene lamp and grinding them into tough, chewy little pieces. Launched in 1898, Grape Nuts were so successful that within two years they were being sold not only all over this country but also in Canada and Great Britain.

Battle Creek and the breakfast cereals were on their way. By 1901 the village had become one of the oddest boom towns in all the nation's long history of explosively expansive hamlets. Millions of people whose working days began too hurriedly and whose appetites were too small for the old-style heavy breakfasts found the cereals exactly what they wanted. And partly because of the Battle Creek Sanitarium's reputation, Battle Creek and breakfast cereals became synonymous. Almost everyone who wanted to go into the business headed there. At one point in 1902, the town had 42 different breakfast food companies, some of which were in so much of a hurry to get going that they set up their factories in tents on the outskirts.

There were, of course, many weirdies among their products. One consisted of wheat flakes impregnated with the flavors of pepsin and celery. Another was dehulled beans, so treated on the theory that the hulls were harmful; and it was advertised as "All the bean but the armor plate." Another was called Elijah's Manna. Its package carried a remarkable illustration showing the prophet seated on a rock attended by a raven who ogled a buxom maiden and announced in a cartoon balloon, "Well, I declare! If there isn't Hanna at breakfast on Elijah's Manna."

This outraged the pious everywhere, and the product was even banned from England. But the actual cereal was a type of corn flakes, and under other brand names it went on to become the

Next Week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More UP FRONT IN KOREA

By BILL MAULDIN

most popular of all the ready-to-eat type. It was with corn flakes that Dr. John Kellogg's younger brother, Will K. Kellogg, in 1906 got the Kellogg family into the manufacture of breakfast cereals for the open market. From the beginning Will Kellogg had been largely responsible for the production of breakfast foods at the sanitarium. By 1912 more than 100 different brands of corn flakes had appeared on the market.

By that time, too, the companies founded by Charles Post and Will Kellogg were dominating Battle Creek's breakfast cereal business. In the ensuing years the community benefited richly from the munificence of these two public-spirited business rivals. It all began when Mr. Post built a hotel. Mr. Kellogg built an *auditorium*. Whereupon Mr. Post built a theater. A recreation center, a school for handicapped children, an arboretum, a hospital, a wildlife refuge, a housing project, an airport and several other facilities followed. The upshot is that Battle Creek is amply provided with community facilities, and is today a thriving city of 43,453 people.

Legal Wrangles Over Rights

Credit for the invention of many different kinds of cereals still is in dispute. In the early years of the industry, courts on both sides of the Atlantic, ranging all the way up to the U.S. Supreme Court and the British House of Lords, resounded to the snapping, crackling arguments of the cereal companies' lawyers battling for patent rights. Most of the various types, however, have long since landed in the public domain and are made by several manufacturers.

Two leading cold cereals got their starts outside Battle Creek. In the 1890s a Cambridge, Massachusetts, Jack-of-all-trades named Henry Perky, advised by doctors to stick to a diet of raw vegetables and boiled whole wheat, found that he could make the latter more palatable by pressing it into long filaments. Seeking backers, Perky wandered all over the country with this idea, first sold the product at a restaurant which he ran for a while in Denver, then tried unsuccessfully to market machines for making it at home. In the end, he sold his rights to a Niagara Falls company which made that city the world's shredded wheat capital and which eventually became a part of the National Biscuit Company.

The other non-Battle Creek discovery was the result of chemist Alexander Anderson's study of the nature of starch cells. In one experiment, Anderson placed several granules of starch in a test tube, heated it to 500 degrees Fahrenheit and released the accumulated pressure suddenly by breaking the tube. The individual starch cells exploded, swelling to 10 times their original size.

Later, Anderson tried the same experiment on whole grains of rice with the same result. And when he tasted the exploded kernels, he realized that he had made not only a scientific but also a commercial discovery. The year was 1902, and the goings on in Battle Creek had been so well publicized that even a scientist couldn't miss the profit potentials in a new cereal product. It took him a couple of years to work out the details of the process and to make an arrangement with the Quaker Oats Company, but by 1905 his puffed kernels of rice were one of the leading products in the field.

Today, the industry produces three chief kinds of hot cereals. Still the leader, as well as the pioneer, is oatmeal, which now comes in either "old-fashioned" or "quick-cooking" varieties (quicker cooking simply because the individual particles are cut finer). Its rich, warm, earthy flavor makes it seem a particularly solid and substantial way to start a morning.

Then there is farina, such as Cream of Wheat, consisting of wheat meal milled to remove the outer bran. It is the most delicately flavored of the three leaders. The third is whole wheat, such as Ralston, with the straightforward, simple taste of wheat and having a pleasant, grainy texture. In addition, there are a few minor variations such as rolled wheat and a mixture of rolled oats and wheat.

Corn meal, hominy grits, plain boiled rice and similar foods can claim the right to consideration as breakfast cereals, since they *are* cereals and are occasionally eaten at breakfast. Breakfast cereal manufacturers, who are delighted to have *their* products eaten at times other than breakfast, admit that defining the field is difficult. But, they say, after all, what they are making is really breakfast cereals. Therefore, they don't consider as part of their field cereal products eaten chiefly at other meals and only incidentally at breakfast. This sounds, they admit, like hairsplitting, but they point out that a line has to be drawn somewhere.

Ready-to-eat breakfast cereals are made in a much wider variety than are the hot. In fact, the list could run to 30 or more. But nearly all of them fall into three classifications—flakes, shreds and puffs. Crisp, toasted flakes of corn, wheat or rice make an ideal *light* breakfast dish for millions. Shreds of wheat, wheat bran or a corn-and-soya mixture, formed into biscuits or packaged loose, make a much chewier dish. Puffs of rice, wheat, corn or oats, so ethereal they almost float on air, make the lightest breakfast of all.

Most of the manufacturing processes remain much the same as those originally devised by the inventors of the various products, except that the scale has been multiplied hundreds of times. In Buffalo, Akron, Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Cedar Rapids, Omaha, and Oakland, California, there are cereal factories so big that to the inexperienced eye viewing them from the outside they might be turning out anything up to bulldozers or locomotives. U.S. firms also have plants in Great Britain, Canada, Australia and South Africa. But the two biggest, along with several smaller ones, are in Battle Creek, which produces about two thirds of the nation's ready-to-eat cereals plus a small amount of the hot.

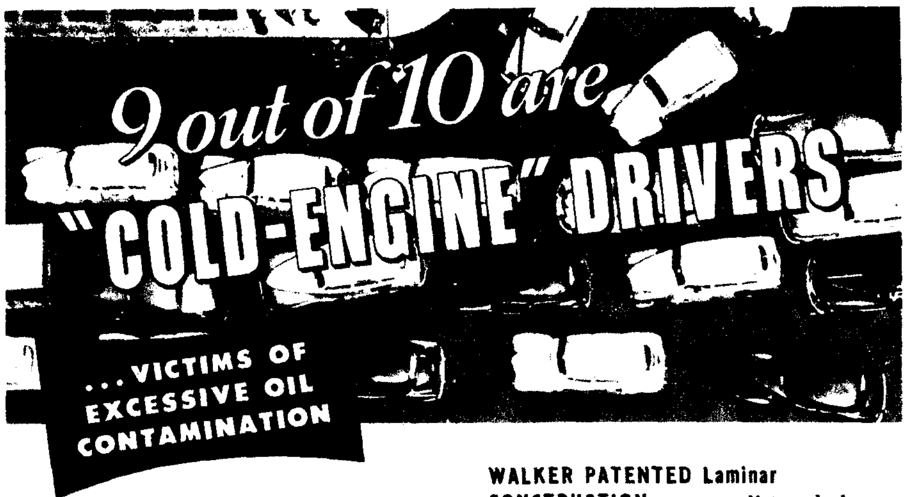
Both these largest plants consist of several huge factory buildings set in the midst of wide, parklike lawns decorated with long beds of massed petunias, geraniums and similar conservative flora. Each is dominated by a great bank of gleaming, concrete grain elevators. And from each, when the wind is right, there pours forth a strong, appetizing aroma of food a-baking, an aroma which is the cause of a standard local witticism. "Never mind," says the Battle Creek head of the house to his wife as she prepares to serve him cereal of a morning, "I've already had mine. Just took a deep breath when I got up."

How Corn Flakes Are Made

Each of the various types of hot and cold cereals goes through its own distinctive series of milling, flavoring, rolling, cutting and cooking processes, but the process of making corn flakes is fairly typical. Kernels of corn first are milled to remove the outer coat of bran and the tiny germ which is extremely oily and would go rancid in storage. The rest of the kernel, the endosperm, then is ground into grits.

Some 1,800 pounds of grits and flavoring of malt, sugar and sirup go into one of a long row of cylindrical, stainless-steel cookers which lie on one side and rotate slowly. During two and one half hours of cooking, the sugar caramelizes slightly and darkens the grits. Then the cooker tips on end and dumps the batch into a vat, which is trundled into a drying room where the temperature is held at 275 degrees Fahrenheit. After five hours there, the grits pass through a 90-foot, 450-degree traveling oven to the flaking rollers and thence to cylindrical, rotating toasting ovens. A short period of cooling follows, then the flakes are ready for the packing machines.

The most colorful variation from this process is that used in making the puffed cereals. Nowadays the cereal makers puff not only whole kernels of rice and wheat, but also little pellets of corn-meal dough and tiny, doughnut-shaped bits of oatmeal



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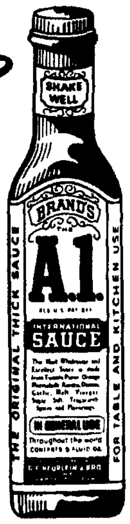

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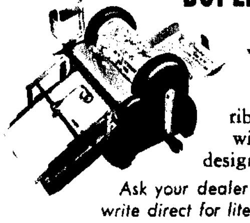

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dough, the latter made by first shaping the dough into macaronilike tubes, then slicing the tubes into sections. After flavoring and, in some cases, brief cooking, the kernels or dough balls go into huge steel pots shaped like old-style muzzle-loading cannons of murderous caliber. A heavy lid is clamped down over the muzzle, and the guns are rolled into an oven.

When the desired heat and pressure have been built up inside the gun, it is pointed into a closed chamber, the muzzle lid is whisked off and the pellets quite literally shoot out like a gigantic blast of grapeshot, puffing to several times their original size in the process. Moving belts then carry them through a cooling chamber and on to the packing machines.

A Packaging Robot at Work

These latter are every bit as ingenious as the machines for making the cereals themselves. At one plant I watched a machine shape the little, one-ounce, individual serving packages at the rate of 1,000 a minute. From this machine the packs were whipped under a spout which filled them in quick spurts. They passed on down the line doing a fast shimmy to eliminate air spaces. Then a carefully aseptic steel finger dipped into each one to make sure it was full to the brim, and a sealing device closed the inner wrapper and glued down the box lid. The boxes sped on to fill cartons, and a belt conveyer carried these in turn to a huge warehouse to await loading into boxcars, 50 or more of which leave the plant every working day.

The frantic hustle of the packaging operation is a sort of keynote of the cereal business. It is one of the world's most intensely competitive fields, and not even the most successful companies dare rest for a moment on yesterday's laurels. The cereal makers, therefore, have to be endlessly ingenious to win and hold the attention of their customers. In the industry's beginning, the keynote of most of the tub thumping was health. The early ads read like patent medicine testimonials. "Saved from appendicitis operation," was one headline. Another ad, in a breach of taste which would be unthinkable nowadays, warned that eating a competing product might set up a "fermentation" which would lead to Bright's disease, diabetes and a whole host of other horrendous ailments.

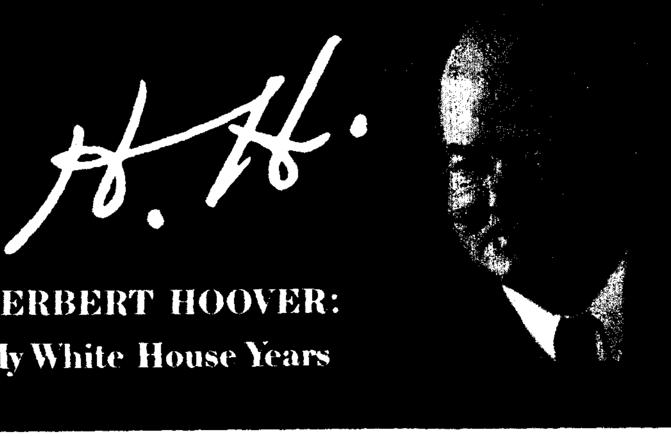
Today, the industry shudders over such past sins. Its chief talking point on the subject of health is that most Americans eat too little for breakfast and would do well to take the time for a bowl of cereal. Studies conducted at the State University of Iowa and elsewhere by nutritionists and physiologists show that on a breakfast of cereal, milk, bread, butter, orange juice and coffee most of us perform far more efficiently during the morning than we do on the mere cup of coffee which is becoming the whole breakfast for more and more of us. And by adding B-complex vitamins and iron to their products, the cereal makers have done much, say the nutritionists, to improve the vitamin and mineral content of our national diet.

But mere reasonable arguments never have been enough to sell very many people anything, no matter how good for them. From the earliest days, for instance, cereal salesmen have been among the most lavish and most canny dispensers of free samples. One highly successful company got its start on nation-wide distribution by giving housewives a whole year's supply of cereals in return for persuading their local grocers to stock its brand regularly.

Another company's complicated giveaway system once threw a small Missouri town into an uproar. Several of the town's homeowners awoke one morning to find cabalistic signs scribbled in chalk on their front walks. A gang of bandits had been operating in the vicinity, and the burghers were immediately convinced that the signs were intended to mark those homes which had been selected for looting in a raid. The sheriff organized a posse of vigilantes for the town's defense and sent a demand to the governor that he call out the National Guard. When it later developed that the signs had been made to guide a crew of cereal sample dispensers, the crew members barely escaped being ridden out of town on rails.

Even more important than the free sample is the extra added attraction of the premium. In fact, premiums have made cereal box tops a form of currency almost as familiar as legal tender. There are many different kinds, such as package inserts (pictures of sports heroes, for instance, to be collected in a series), cutouts on the box itself, and "over-the-counters" in which the premium is handed to the customer by the grocery clerk. Sometimes the box itself is

Next Week in Collier's



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a sort of premium, being made in such a way that you can open one side, pour in milk and eat the cereal directly from it.

By far the most popular, however, is the "self-liquidating" premium for which the customer sends in a dime, a quarter or a little more along with box tops. This amounts to selling the premium at wholesale plus handling costs, gives the customer a bargain and the cereal company a great harvest of good will. It's easy for the company to obtain the premiums at wholesale since returns on the offers normally run from 100,000 up. Once General Mills' offer of an "atom-bomb ring," containing harmless radioactive material, drew some 3,000,000 responses from Kix eaters.

No matter how big the response, though, no reputable manufacturer would dream of making a penny's profit on the premiums. "That," as one of them puts it, "would be unethical."

Few premium offers are aimed at men, because they respond very poorly. There are numerous enticements, ranging from nylons to 82-piece silverware sets, for housewives. But the chief appeal is to youngsters, usually the five-to-fifteen group. Until mid-1951 the big thing was the cowboy angle—six-shooters, chaps and such. Since then the emphasis has shifted to interplanetary space.

HARRY LAMPERT

"And in addition to singing the lead, Gus, you'll have to carry the first tenor . . ."

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

"And," says one premium expert, "we have to be awfully careful with our rocket-ship designs. One slip and we're bombarded with protests."

Partly because they are so susceptible to premium offers, youngsters eat slightly more cereal on the average than the rest of the population. Teen-agers, however, eat slightly less. There are very few other variations in cereal-eating habits among different groups, and those few are slight.

All types of cereals sell just a little better in the Midwest and on the Pacific Coast than in other regions, and better too in rural areas than in urban. Corn flakes, the most popular ready-to-eat cereal throughout the country, are a little more dominant in the South than in the North. Wheat flakes, which rank second nationally, go a little better North than South. But just about the only other noticeable regional preference is the Southwest's yen for raisin bran, a combination of whole-wheat flakes and raisins. And in hot cereals the only unusual local leanings on the record are the popularity of an odd farina-and-soya combination in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area and a farina-and-cocoa powder mixture in Sioux City, Iowa.

No longer ago than the thirties there was a big seasonal variation in our cereal-eating habits, with the hot cereals booming in winter and the cold in summer. Now, even this has dwindled to the point where we use much the same amounts of both types the year round.

The great majority of us eat our cereals with sugar or honey and either milk, cream or half-and-half and, occasionally, fruit. But there are a few rugged individualists who strike out on their own. Following an old Scotch custom, some use salt instead of sugar on their oatmeal. Others use butter instead of cream. And then there's a concoction, much favored by Boy Scouts, who take it along on hikes for a snack, of dry oatmeal mixed with raisins and brown sugar.

As near as the manufacturers can make out, though, we eat about 90 per cent of their output for breakfast. This makes cereals our biggest one-meal dish. In a way, cereal men enjoy this distinction, since it enables them to concentrate their promotion efforts; but they can't help eying other possibilities once in a while. The Cereal Institute, with a good deal more hope than conviction, has worked out a scheme for using cereals in every course of a seven-course dinner: cheese-soaked bits of shredded wheat for appetizers, puffed rice for croutons in the soup, corn flakes as breading for the fish, and so on down the line to wheat flakes for pie crust.

Recently, however, a really big step forward from the breakfast-only category has been made by the new sugar-coated or, as the manufacturers prefer to call them, "pre-sweetened" cereals. Almost every year since the industry's infancy it has tried to tickle the nation's appetite with at least one or two new types of cereal. Several times there have been attempts at sugary flakes or puffs. But it was not until the launching of a presweetened puffed wheat in 1949, made and packaged by supersecret processes to keep it from becoming a sticky mass in the box, that the idea really caught on.

Now there are several presweetened types, and they are challenging the old leaders in popularity. And what's more, their manufacturers estimate that from one third to one half their output is eaten at times other than breakfast.

A Cuban Idea for Dunking

Some of our good neighbors have quite original ways of eating their cereal. A few years ago there was a big boom in the corn flakes market in Cuba. One of the U.S. companies sent an investigator to find what had turned the trick. He reported that the Cubans had developed a great fondness for dunking toast in coffee, that a bread shortage had come along and that some bright unknown had discovered, and had spread far and wide the news, that corn flakes could be dunked a spoonful at a time.

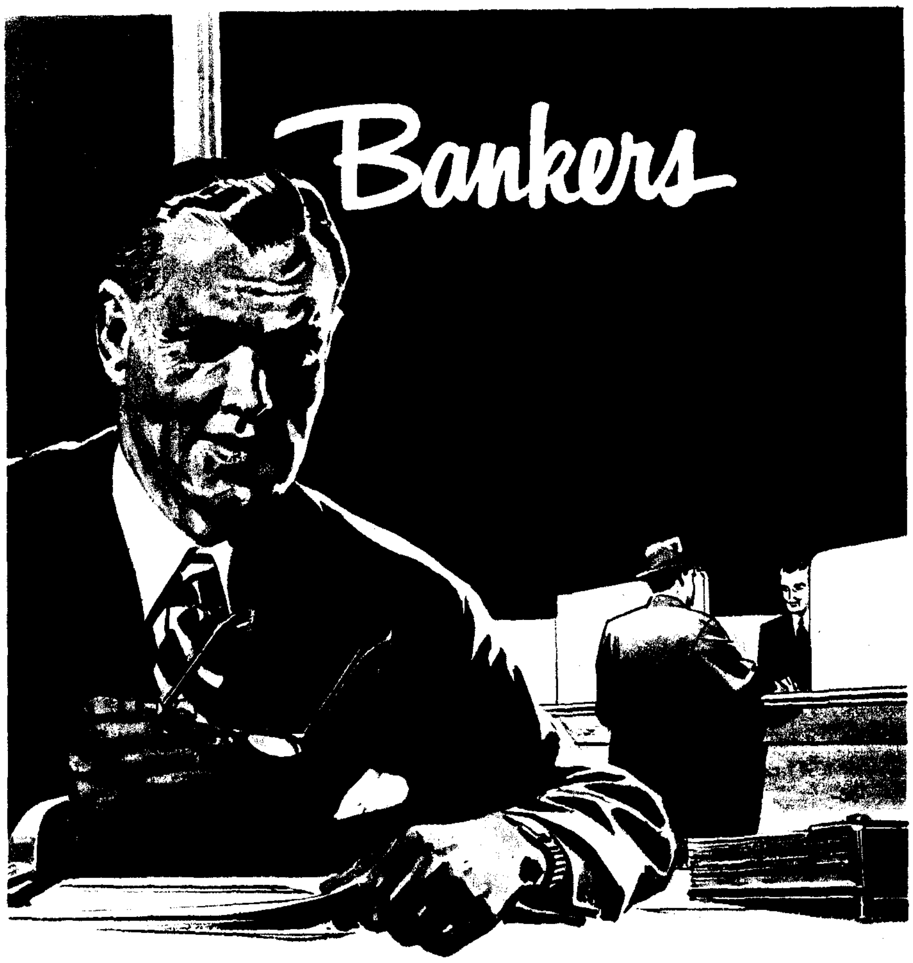
South-of-the-border interest in *tostaditas de maiz* (corn flakes) has grown so much recently that just last summer one U.S. company built a new plant in Mexico. Success in Latin America, however, has not thus far been followed by success in Latin Europe. Indeed, from her reaction to date, it seems likely that France may remain a permanent holdout. One company tried to get a toe hold there by the time-honored method of distributing free samples of corn flakes in selected areas, then persuading grocers of those areas to try stocking a few cartons. Results were nearly nil. To learn why, the company sent investigators to question the recipients of the samples. They learned.

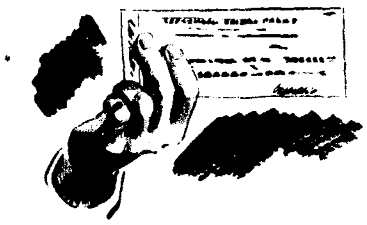
"Alors," said one housewife with a good Gallic shrug, speaking for many of the others, "what use are they? No matter how hard I scrub, they make no suds."

But in northern Europe, American breakfast cereals are steadily growing in popularity and serving as ambassadors, if not exactly of the whole American way of life, at least of our way of eating. Not long ago one U.S. cereal company received an unusual testimonial to this when it arranged for distribution of its products in Holland. It was in the form of a letter which explained that the writer had lived in Canada with her young children during World War II.

"And when we returned home," she went on, "the only thing my children yearned for was their breakfast cereals. I'm so happy that now they can have them."

The letter was signed by Juliana, Queen of the Netherlands. THE END





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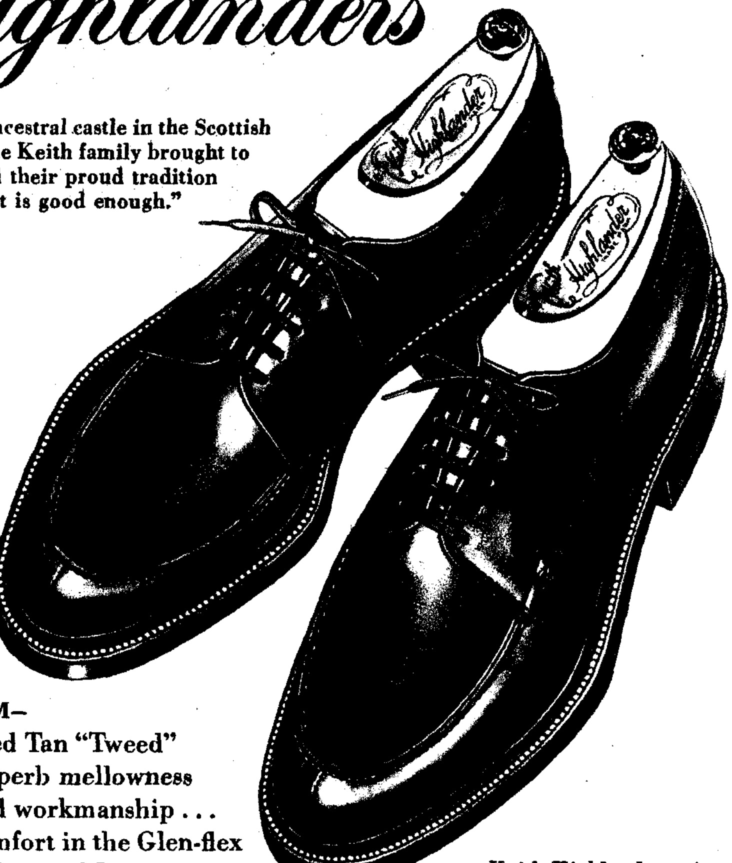

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What I Believe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

have a slightly different plan. Congress has enacted about half of the necessary legislation. It should enact the rest. Most of the savings of the Hoover Plan, however, can only be made effective with the full cooperation of those heading the executive departments. In fact, much of the legislation merely removes the obstacles to the streamlining of these departments along modern lines. I would make economy a keynote in all departments and bureaus.

As I understand it, the Hoover Commission did not recommend the complete abolition of any activity authorized by law. I think they should be recalled or another commission appointed to determine whether a number of bureaus cannot be entirely eliminated. Furthermore, I approve the plan favored by Republicans last year of an arbitrary cut in all government personnel of 10 to 15 per cent. I do not think there is any department where nine men could not do the work that is now done by ten, and probably more efficiently.

Some of these recommendations would apply to the military budget also, particularly the use of civilian personnel, but I feel that the whole mobilization program should be completely re-examined and very substantially reduced at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Truman says that in the fiscal year 1953 he will spend $52,000,000,000 for the armed forces, more than $10,000,000,000 for foreign aid, and $2,000,000,000 for the atomic energy program. This was to be the peak year, but now he contemplates a similar expenditure for the fiscal year 1954. I think the whole program should be re-examined by a commission of mixed military and civilian experts who are in no way committed to the present program.

I agree that we must meet the Soviet threat at many points throughout the world, but I don't think we can do so everywhere in the world. I would like to know exactly what the present huge military force is to do the first year of war, if war breaks out, and what additional steps are to be taken during the first year and the second year. It seems to me that one military project has been added to another, first by the Army and then the Navy and then the Air Corps, without any complete integration of plan.

I question the size of the foreign aid. I think the whole method of procurement should be carefully examined, where we hear repeatedly of vast orders far beyond any present needs. We should study the question whether our Army, Navy and Air Corps are not unduly wasteful in the use of personnel, both uniformed and civilian. I think it is essential that the military budget be reduced to a figure which we can carry more or less indefinitely without turning this country into a garrison state and abandoning every ideal of improvement here at home.

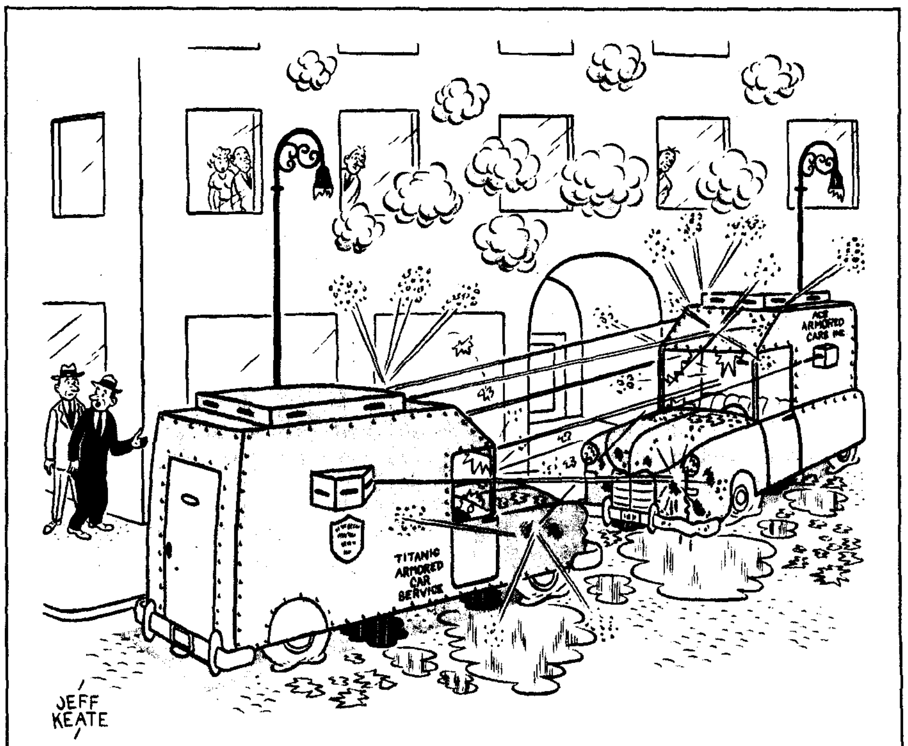
After all, perhaps Stalin's real purpose is to disrupt our domestic economy and productive system to such an extent that Communism will have an easier time in an ultimate conflict.

Can the Republican candidate for President win this year without the independent vote?

There is a lot of misunderstanding about the so-called independent vote. There are a few intellectuals weighing the arguments of both sides in order to make up their minds which way they will move. I don't think they are numerous enough to justify the Republicans in modifying the principles in which they believe. I don't believe that we are going to get any considerable number of New Dealers to vote for us anyway. On the other hand, millions of Democrats will support an outright campaign based on principle. They are just as much opposed to Mr. Truman's Fair Deal as are the Republicans.

The truth is that most of the so-called independent voters are people who have not been interested in politics. They may perhaps have a slant one way or the other, but their lack of interest is such that they have not made up their minds and they are completely open to conviction.

The way the Republican candidate can get this independent vote is to present his views so convincingly that he arouses the enthusiasm of all those who do take an interest as Republicans, and then the candidate organizes his followers to go out on a house-to-house canvass to transmit their convictions to these independent voters. If we can get a large number of uninterested voters interested, we will win. The only way to get them is by enthusiastic, organized personal efforts. Publicity alone cannot do the job. If they are not interested, they will not read much about the cam-



COLLIER'S "It started with just a simple collision, and then one word led to another" JEFF KEATE paign. But an enthusiastic Republican worker can get several of his indifferent neighbors steamed up.

In 1948, some 35,000,000 men and women who might have been expected to vote did not. That's the fruitful field for us this year. These stay-at-homers have got to be reached by personal contact, by volunteer workers serving their party and their country without pay.

In Ohio in 1950, we built the kind of volunteer organization needed by the Republicans all over the United States this year. We had several volunteer workers at every one of the 10,000 polling places where there were enough votes to justify the effort. The total vote was about 400,000 more than had ever voted in an off-year election—and I won by 431,184. If we can do a comparable job throughout the nation of turning out the vote, there would be some 8,000,000 more voters going to the polls this November than four years ago. It is in that group that the Republican party has its best hope of winning the election.

There seems to be a widespread belief that "Taft can't win." How do you explain this?

I don't believe there is any such widespread belief today. That is propaganda put out by Mr. Truman and the Fair Deal propagandists, and it has been echoed by some people who favor other candidates. The most conclusive answer is that I have always won.

To some extent this argument is a holdover from 1948 when a lot of Republicans were afraid I couldn't win because of my sponsorship of the Taft-Hartley law. But that argument doesn't hold any longer. My campaign in 1950 was based on the Taft-Hartley law and I had the opposition of all the top brass in the labor movement in Ohio.

Nevertheless, we carried our fight directly to the union workmen and we won. I carried 84 of the 88 counties in Ohio, including every one of the eight large industrial counties, with a larger percentage of the union vote than any Republican in Ohio has received in recent years. Ohio has 8,000,000 inhabitants and is a typical cross section of the United States. We carried Dayton and Youngstown, known as labor counties, which had been going two to one Democratic in recent years.

My opponents rely on opinion polls, some of them rigged, to claim that I am a weak candidate. This is queer stuff for Republicans to be relying on. In 1948, the polls showed that Truman could not possibly win. He did win. In my opinion, the important question to determine is whether a candidate is going to conduct the right kind of campaign. He can win if he makes an all-out fight on every issue against the Truman administration, and if he understands the type of political organization needed to bring to bear all of the enthusiasm and the determination which characterize the Republicans of today.

What is your attitude toward the United Nations?

I have always believed in an effective international organization to preserve peace. I was in favor of the United States joining the League of Nations, as was my father. I voted for the United Nations charter, but I pointed out at the time that it was fatally defective so far as any hope that it would prevent aggression by collective military action. The point I made then has been proved by the complete failure of the United Nations to take any steps whatever against the aggression of Communist China in Korea.

At the time the North Koreans attacked, the Russians were boycotting the Security Council, and we were able to get a resolution calling on all nations to go to the defense of South Korea; but then the Russians returned and vetoed any action against Communist China. From the beginning it was obvious that if any one of the five permanent members undertook aggression or supported aggression by its satellites, it could prevent action on the part of the United Nations. Consequently, the Korean war has simply proved that the United Nations is futile to prevent aggression by any large aggressor.

This does not mean that the United Nations should be abandoned. It has a real use in trying to prevent war by persuasion, by consultation and by bringing causes of war out into the open where they can be clearly seen and perhaps removed.

My own view is that an international organization can only be effective if there is no veto power, and I would be willing to give up the veto power only if it is based primarily on law and justice. There must be a law to which all nations agree, defining what they can do and what they cannot do, and particularly defining what aggression is. The nations must then covenant to abide by that law and abide by the decisions of some international court on violations of the law and as to the meaning of the law.

I do not think we can hope for peace in this world unless we build up an international opinion on behalf of law and justice between nations, so that the decisions of the court will command the support of the great majority of the peoples of the world. Furthermore, every nation must in good faith agree to abide by the decision of an impartial tribunal.

The difficulty with the United Nations Charter is that decisions are made by the Security Council, not on the basis of any law but purely on the basis of policy. They may decree the destruction of a nation, contrary to all justice, if they find as a question of policy that in their opinion it will promote peace and security. As long as that remains the basis of decision, I do not see how we can surrender our veto power.

One other point I want to make plain. I do not favor a world state. I am not willing to permit any legislature to make laws for the United States or for its people where we have a small minority representation. I feel that a world state is impractical and that it would dissolve in war almost as soon as it was established.

At the present time I think we might well start proceedings to amend the United Nations Charter to make it an organization based on law and justice. But we can't make much progress as long as Russia vetoes any change that we may propose.

Do you think your health and strength will allow you to keep up the pace you have been going?

My health seems to be excellent and I know no reason why I can't do the kind of work which I have been doing both in Washington and when necessary in political campaigns.

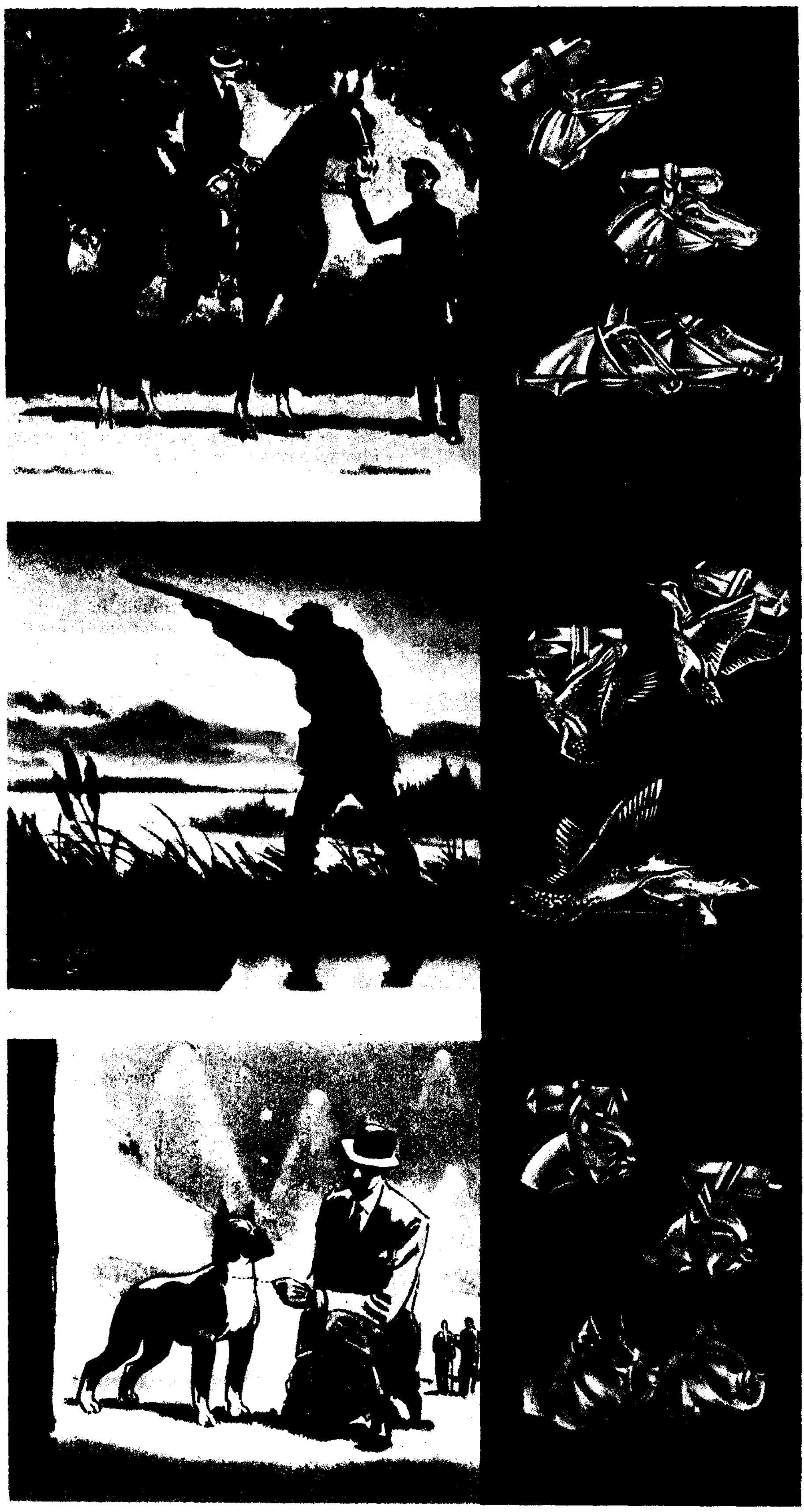
If you do not get the nomination, would you support any Republican who did?

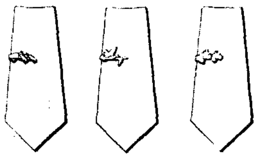
If the Republican convention should select a candidate other than myself, he will have my full support. I feel that a continuation of the present administration would endanger the liberty of this country both at home and abroad.

What is your position on civil rights?

This question involves a lot of different problems, but I suppose broadly speaking the question is whether I feel that the federal government should intervene to protect individuals in their constitutional rights against the action of other individuals and states and local governments.

I have supported the anti-poll-tax legislation because I think the federal government does have an interest in seeing that every man has the right to vote in federal elections. I have supported the antilynch legislation because I feel that the federal government has the right to protect a man against the action or failure to act of local





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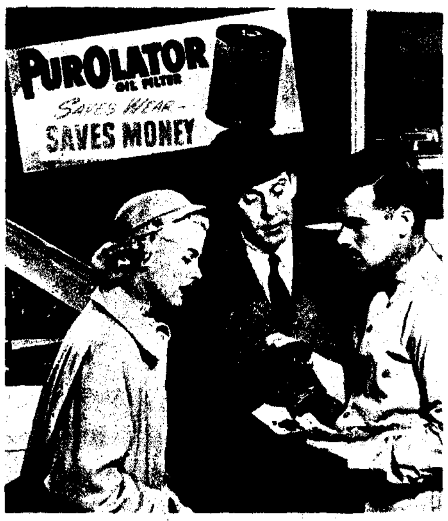

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governments in matters affecting his life and liberty. I have supported all bills to eliminate discrimination in the armed services. The federal government has an interest in seeing that interstate commerce is also conducted without discrimination.

Wherever the federal government has a responsibility, I think it should be exercised. I have supported a federal Fair Employment Practice Committee on a voluntary basis to study the whole problem of discrimination in industrial employment. This seems to me primarily the duty of states, but I do think the federal government has a responsibility and can at least set up a commission to study the problem, present the facts and bring about the removal of discrimination by education and persuasion. This was the kind of commission which Mr. Roosevelt set up during the war, and it made substantial headway without compulsory power.

I have been opposed to writing a federal law giving every man who is refused employment the right to sue the possible employer on the ground that he was influenced by some discriminatory motive or prejudice. That seems to me an interference by the federal government in millions of employer-employee relationships—the regulation of business and individual life. It is just that kind of regulation and interference in other fields which I have always strenuously opposed. I particularly object to giving some federal board power to pass on the motives of the employer, a fact almost impossible to determine in many cases.

I believe that a commission backed by the President to study the situation in each city, to propose a plan to cure inequality if it exists, and to persuade the employers to carry out that plan, backed by the personal interest of the President, could make substantial progress. In general, this is one of those fields where constant improvement can be brought about by education, whereas an attempt to force the same improvement would create bitter resentment.

I approve of the general position taken by the Supreme Court requiring states to furnish equal educational facilities to their citizens of all classes.

What would you do about inflation?

In my opinion inflation results from excessive government spending—particularly deficit spending—from the extension of credit by government, and the failure to control the undue increase of private credit.

I have already suggested how I think the expenses of the government could be cut. My own view is that when government increases its expenses so much that the federal, state and local governments spend more than 25 per cent of the national income, any further increase is inflationary, whether balanced by taxes or not. The increase of taxes over that percentage is almost certain to increase prices. As taxes become more burdensome, the effort to pass them on to the ultimate consumer becomes more determined and more successful.

For instance, if we wanted to balance the budget next year I don't know any way of getting $15,000,000,000 more except by taxes on the low-income groups. Even if we confiscated every man's income over $10,000 today, we would get only $3,000,000,000 more than we now get.

Excise or sales taxes, of course, would increase the price of the products bought by every workman. If we wanted to get the money from income taxes, we would have to take about 20 per cent of the present take-home pay of people in the lower brackets. The hardship would be so great that there would be an immediate demand for increased wages, and it would be hard indeed to resist. Thus, in one way or another, taxes will lead to increased wages, increased costs and further increases in prices. This is the same spiral brought about by direct credit inflation.

Under the present circumstances I do think we have to give the President power to fix prices and wages, because while these controls do not really prevent the results of inflation, they do delay them; so that the spiral cannot get out of control as it did in Germany and elsewhere. But it does only delay the inflation.

The only real solution is to hold all government spending down to about 25 per cent of the national income. That would mean a federal budget of perhaps $55,000,000,000 instead of $85,000,000,000. We ought to get back to that figure as quickly as possible and that would permit a reduction in taxes.

What is your position on federal aid for education?

The field of education, like that of health, welfare and housing, is assigned under our Constitution to state and local government. The American people believe in a welfare state to the extent that local government should give free medical care to those who can't pay for it, relief in food and clothing for the unfortunate, minimum decent housing to the people who can't pay the current rents for private-owned housing.

Of course, we have long recognized that the state has an obligation in education even greater to supply free primary and secondary education to all children, even those able to pay for it. In effect we have socialized this type of education.

While the federal government has no obligation in this field and certainly should not be allowed to control it, I do feel that it has a proper place in giving and providing research and advice and, in cases of real need, financial assistance.

The federal government is authorized by the Constitution to spend money for general welfare purposes. I have supported many federal-aid programs in these fields, but always on certain conditions. First, there should be a real need. In other words, states and localities must show that they cannot do a job up to the standard which the American people as a whole would like to see. Federal aid for education, for instance, is justified only by the inability of states to provide a minimum decent education for every child.

Unfortunately, there is a wide difference in wealth among our states. Mississippi has less than one third the income per person that is received in the state of New York. I think federal aid should be given to those states which, after making an effort greater than the general national average spent for education, still cannot provide a minimum per child sufficient to give a decent education. Therefore, I have supported a bill for federal aid to education which acts as an equalization fund between the states to give every state enough assistance so that it may provide a minimum education.

All federal aid should be given only on condition that there is absolutely no federal control. For this purpose the bill which I sponsored distributes money on a strictly mathematical basis. No federal officer has discretion to change it. No federal officer can require any state to change its methods of education as a condition of receiving aid. The same general conditions should extend to federal aid for health, housing and relief.

There is another condition today. The total amount of federal aid must not be beyond the capacity of the federal government or require too great a burden of taxation. Under present conditions in which we are spending so much for military purposes that we threaten the whole economy of our country, I don't see how we can undertake any new domestic project, no matter how meritorious.

Do you think the Republicans should go after the votes of the Southern States?

I certainly do. There are millions of Southern Democrats who agree with the present position of the Republican party in every particular. They are completely op-

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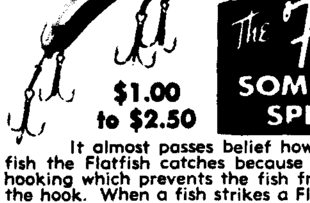

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posed to Mr. Truman and his Fair Deal. I cannot believe that they would not vote on the side of their convictions, if the case is clearly presented to them and the electoral laws in the Southern States permit that vote.

If I were nominated, I would put on an all-out campaign throughout the Southern States as well as in the North, and in my opinion the Republicans would carry many Southern States. I think they could have carried several Southern States in 1948 if they had made the attempt with any sincerity. Instead, Republican strategists seemed to be afraid that the effort to carry the Southern States would in some way alienate groups in the North to such an extent that they would lose Northern States. I do not agree. The Republican party should be a national, not a sectional party.

It is said that Southerners will not vote for a Republican under that name. The answer is that they did vote in 1928 for a Republican. Hoover carried five Southern States—Virginia, North Carolina, Florida, Tennessee and Texas.

They will vote for a Republican if the right kind of campaign is put on and if the incentive is great enough.

You have indicated your lack of confidence in the Joint Chiefs of Staff. On what is this based?

It is based on the fact that the Joint Chiefs of Staff seem to have been completely inconsistent in their recommendations to the American people on military policy.

On March 15, 1950, General Omar Bradley, chairman of the Joint Chiefs, appeared before the Senate Appropriations Committee and said that 13, 14 or certainly 15 billion dollars would be enough to give us adequate military security. He said further that talk of that "great big figure" of $20,000,000,000 had not come from the Joint Chiefs. They had not gone along with that. Then he made his position more emphatic by declaring that if he should recommend any such figure as $30,000,000,000, the country should seek a new chairman.

Today, however, the Joint Chiefs seek $52,000,000,000 for our armed forces, plus $10,000,000,000 for foreign aid. It is true the Korean war has come since General Bradley thought 13 or 15 billions enough for a year. But the nature of Russia has not altered. The character of Russia has not altered. The aggressive designs of Russia are not new. They have not come into being only since March, 1950. It is the same Russia. So, it must be true that the Joint Chiefs did not understand the situation in 1950. They underestimated the danger then. Doubtless now they overestimate the need for money. They were wrong then or now. Probably both times.

It is said on behalf of the Joint Chiefs that they probably have been under heavy pressure from the administration to conform to administration policy. This certainly is no excuse. They have the obligation to give the American people their best judgment on military questions regardless of political pressure. If they have yielded to political pressure, that is enough ground for lack of confidence.

What kind of campaign should the Republicans make?

A straight-out fight against the New Deal and the Fair Deal's Socialistic philosophy, the corruption that is destroying faith in government, the fantastic errors made in foreign policy, and the spending policies that threaten our safety from within as much as Russia threatens us from the outside.

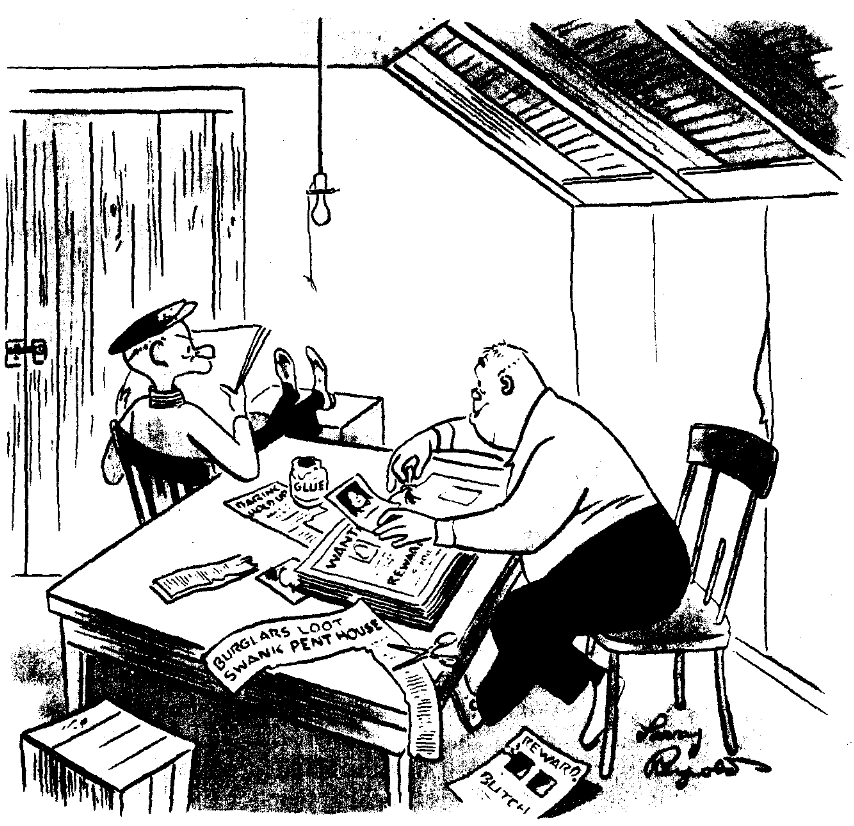
A "me-too" candidate hasn't a chance this year. In other elections the Republicans have tried to win by endorsing what the radical Democrats had done, then claiming that anything they can do, we can do better. The voters didn't go for that, and they never will.

There can be no enthusiasm in a campaign where there are no clear-cut issues, where both candidates are promising the same things, but by slightly different methods. We have got to have real enthusiastic workers to win, and we can get them by fighting, not by echoing what the other fellows say, with a rasping note added to the echo.

The two-party system depends on having two parties, not just two names for the same party.

THE END

BUTCH



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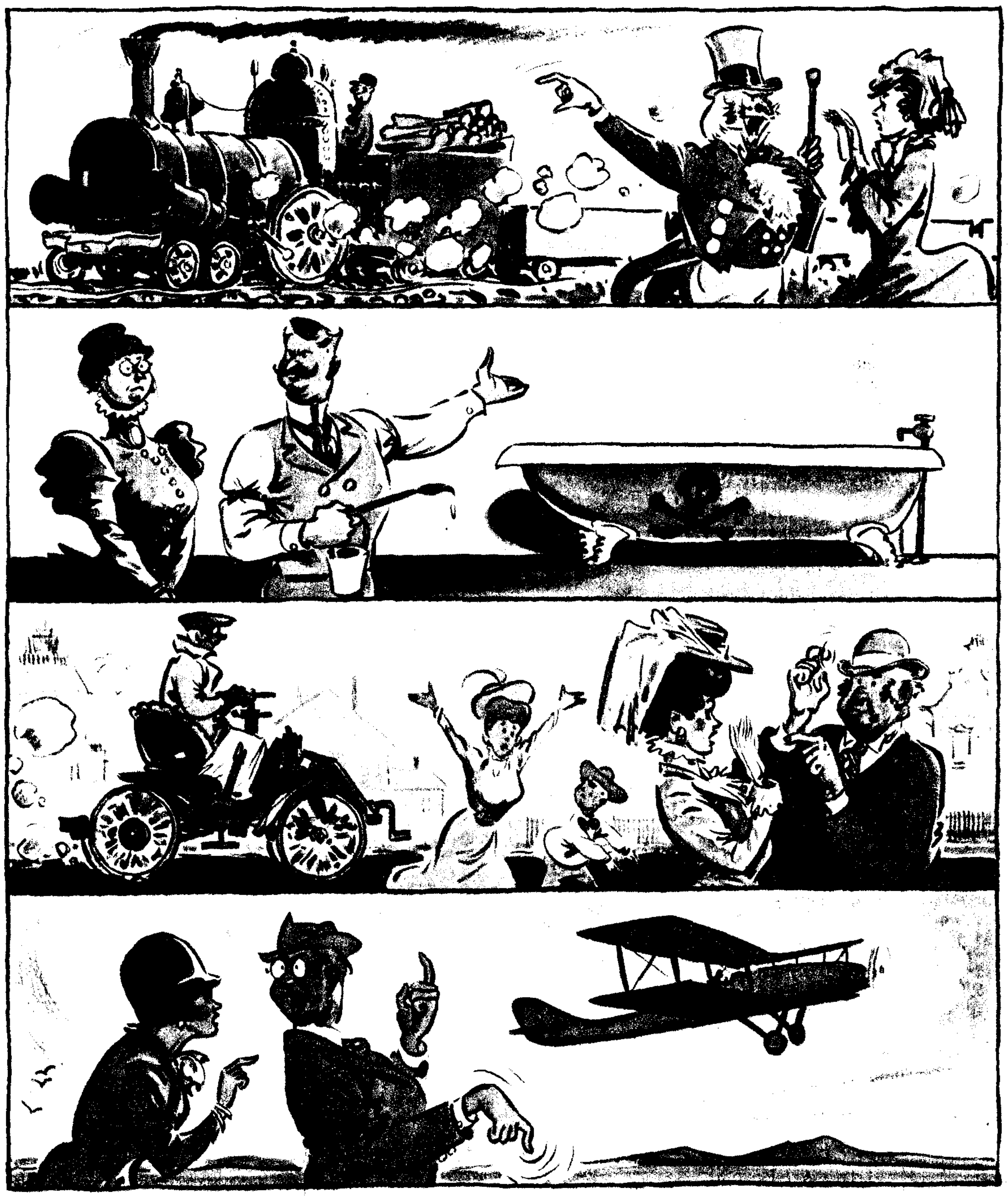


DORMAN H. SMITH

"It's Too Dangerous"

THE REACTION of the citizens of Elizabeth, New Jersey, was understandable and probably inevitable. Three times in as many months airplanes coming to or from Newark Airport had crashed in their city. In two of the three crashes the planes had plunged into dwellings, killing some of their occupants as well as passengers and crew. The Port of New York Authority closed the Newark field after the third accident. If it had not done so, the people of Elizabeth were prepared to close it by mass action.

But there was nothing understandable or rational about the reaction that swept the country after the third disaster in Elizabeth. Excited, fearful residents of cities from coast to coast demanded that their airports be closed, too, or that immediate steps be taken to move them away from populated areas. That was hysteria—contagious, epidemic hysteria. And like any other hysteria, it created an additional problem without solving any existing one.

The sober fact is that the three crashes in Elizabeth must be considered a coincidence, although a tragic and unprecedented one. Newark Airport is the oldest commercial airfield serving metropolitan New York. It has been operating more than 20 years. Its safety record is excellent. Nothing connected with the field had anything directly to do with these accidents. Mechanical failure, weather conditions, and possibly pilot error and faulty maintenance seem to have been the factors involved.

Closing Newark merely transferred—and, by adding to the traffic load of nearby airports, increased—the mathematically slight but ever-present chance of a plane crash in a residential area. Certainly the neighborhood of La Guardia Field, to which many flights were rerouted, is just as built up as the vicinity of Newark Airport. The same thing would be true of almost any other big-city air terminal.

Some cities have tried to escape this situation by locating their airports 30 and more miles from the center of business activity, to the considerable inconvenience of air travelers. And there has been talk of building future fields even farther away, and bringing passengers to their destination by helicopter shuttle service. Yet there doesn't seem to be any way, short of unrealistic legal prohibitions, to prevent the growth of human habitations and business enterprises around a big airport. And helicopters are still aircraft, and their use would not entirely eliminate the hazard of air accidents.

We do not mean by this that safer flying is not possible, or that its achievement should not be pursued. It may be that the Elizabeth disasters will impel airports all over the country to give more serious thought to improving their physical design and traffic control.

But these things *will* not be accomplished by hasty, thoughtless emotionalism. For modern travel, modern commerce and industry, modern civilization, in fact, are geared to the speed of flight. And the wholesale closing of airfields would injure business, upset property values, and cause disruption in many other fields.

The fight against the airplane is as sure to fail as the fight against the railroads in their early days. The airplane is here to stay. It is fast, and it will certainly be faster. It is noisy, and will probably continue to be so for a long time. It is, like any form of transportation, potentially dangerous. But highway accidents take three times as many lives as air accidents for every hundred million passenger miles. And, strange as it may seem, horse-and-buggy travel at its height was far more lethal, per passenger mile, than airplane travel is today. As for household accidents—well, statistics show that home is one of the most dangerous places you can be.

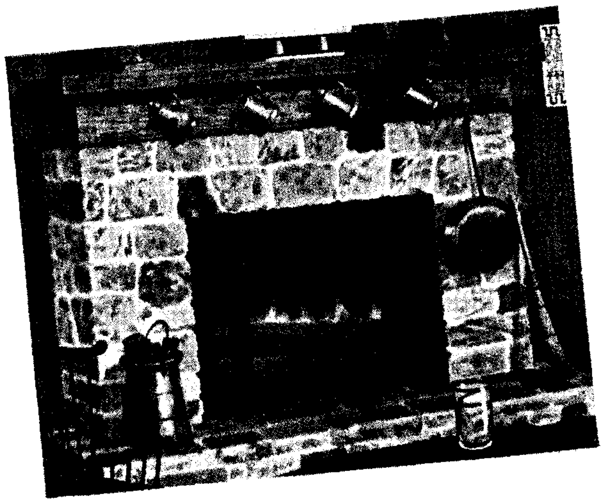
What we call progress may not be an unmixed blessing, but it is inevitable. Mankind has always paid for it. Nobody, we feel sure, ever died from a fall in the bathtub during all of the Dark Ages, the Renaissance, and for several generations thereafter. Yet that doesn't move anyone to cry out today against porcelain plumbing fixtures or hot running water.

Modern man must take his comforts and conveniences with the risks that they involve. Sometimes there are those who, in a moment of panic, would like to back out of this bargain. But they can't. They can't stop the clock of progress. They can't even turn it back for long.

Low Blow

WE FEEL that we must take issue with Senator Tom Connally, who recently said to a delegation of Hawaiians in Washington, "I have nothing for which to apologize, and I have not eaten my remarks." The remarks to which he referred, made earlier on the Senate floor, included the statement that "I am a better American than a great many of the people who live in Hawaii."

The kicking around that the Hawaiian statehood bill got was deplorable enough without this added, gratuitous kick by the Texas senator. If the people of Hawaii—all of them—needed to prove their loyalty and demonstrate their right to statehood as well as citizenship, they certainly did so from Pearl Harbor to the end of the war. It seems to us that one proof of good Americanism is the realization that being a good American depends neither upon the color of one's skin nor the spelling of one's name. We believe it is time that Senator Connally accepted this fundamental and self-evident truth. We also believe that he does owe the people of Hawaii an apology.



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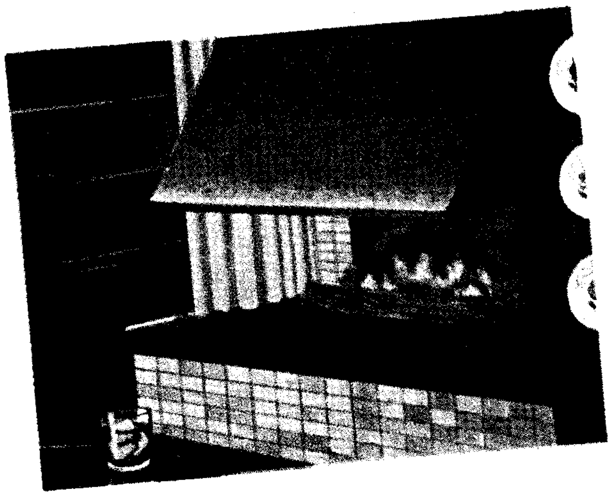

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